MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

GOLDEN AGE

SUB-MARINER®

VOLUME 2

SUB-MARINER COMICS® Nos. 5-8

BILL EVERETT, CARL PFEUFER & GUSTAV SCHROTTER

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER COMICS

VOLUME 2

COLLECTING

SUB-MARINER COMICS Nos. 5-8

BILL EVERETT • CARL PFEUFER

GUSTAV SCHROTTER

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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Edited by **Al Fago**

*It was not industry standard in the Golden Age of comics to provide detailed credits for each strip. The artists worked with an ever-changing studio of assistants and secondary artists. The credits in this volume represent the most accurate information available at the time of publication.

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INTRODUCTION
BY ROY THOMAS

No comic books were ever more "timely" than the World War II-era issues of *Sub-Mariner Comics,* published by Martin Goodman's company called—Timely Comics.

I began thinking about that name—"Timely Comics"—when I happened to glance at the red-white-and-blue shield containing that phrase which appears on the cover of the first (but no other) of the four issues reprinted in this volume. Although artists and writers in the field still called the company Timely up through the early 1960s, till Goodman and editor Stan Lee rechristened it "The Marvel Comics Group," no kid who began reading *Sub-Mariner, Human Torch, Captain America, Marvel Mystery Comics,* et al., after 1942 or so would ever have called it "Timely." Because, after that date, the word never appeared on a cover—though the name "Marvel" did, off and on, during the latter half of that decade.

So where did the name "Timely" come from, anyway?

I'll confess that I never had a clue—until a knowledgeable comics collector and historian named Michael Feldman clued me in, a year or so ago. It seems that, back in the latter 1930s, publisher Goodman briefly had it in mind to try to compete with *Time* magazine… and used the name "Timely" to suggest a similarity to the name of the Henry Luce periodical without getting *too* close and risking a lawsuit. (M.G. wasn't the first publisher to try to gain a bit of reflected glory from the popular flagship title of what eventually became Time-Life, Inc., and finally Time-Warner. In its early days, *Time* subtitled itself "The Weekly News Magazine"—so naturally, its major imitator, also born in the '30s, called itself *Newsweek*.)

Goodman's choice of name was fitting, however, even for his comics. For, like I said above, Timely Comics were timely, and none more so than the one that starred Bill Everett's marvelous Prince Namor, the Sub-Mariner.

As noted in *Vol. 1* of this series: by the early days of 1942, when *Sub-Mariner* #5 went to press, Everett himself was in the process of departing for the U.S. Army, in which he would serve for the duration of hostilities. He would soon be replaced on his major creation by a coterie of artists and writers, most especially Carl Pfeufer.

The first story in issue #5 is the only one in this volume that has a distinctly Everett look—and I suspect that "Wild Bill" (as Stan Lee would christen him in the 1960s) drew it. Others, too, have credited at least its penciling to him. (The inking has sometime been credited to one "Allen Simon," who apparently worked for Timely—but mostly as penciler—between 1941 and 1948.) To me, Bill seems the likely architect of that panel on page 2, which labels the various parts of a submarine Namor has designed. As a young man in the 1930s, Everett had been art editor of a technical magazine about radio, and he was fascinated by gadgets and inventions, including the primitive television of that day. Bill loved the sea even more, and had briefly been in the U.S. Merchant Marine before becoming a comic book pro, as was noted in a text feature in 1941's *Human Torch Comics* #2. As he told me in a circa-1969 interview for my magazine *Alter Ego*, he "had always been interested in anything nautical, anything to do with the sea—ever since I was born, I guess."

The most noteworthy thing about *Sub-Mariner* #5, though, is the fact that each of the three 20-page comics stories therein—two starring Namor, and one spotlighting the Angel—features villains from the same gene pool: the Japanese. Their Empire's attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, had occurred on December 7, 1941, with other assaults in the Pacific being launched in the hours and days that followed. Up to that time, Timely had been living up to its name primarily by Nazi-baiting… using Germans, even Adolf Hitler and his goose-stepping cohorts, as the bad guys in stories many months before America entered World War II on the side of the British Empire and, as it happened, the USSR. But, even though Hitler declared war on the United States only a few days after America went to war with his Japanese ally, Timely's writers and artists and editors utterly ignored the Nazis in issue #5, instead turning their full four-color fury on its now-hated *Eastern* foe. Up to that time, the Japanese had rarely figured as opponents in Timely stories, despite U.S. opposition to that island nation's attempt, since 1937, to conquer China.

That's another aspect of that word "timely": Martin Goodman's little company moved *fast!*

Whether it was the burgeoning staff, or Lloyd Jacquet's Funnies, Inc. comics shop which produced some of the work published by Goodman, they didn't let grass (or seaweed) grow under their feet once they decided to do something. Other companies' comic books with "Spring 1942" cover dates were lucky if they managed to have their artists draw last-minute covers that showed their heroes battering the Japanese, in comics whose interiors often contained not a single "Oriental" face, but only Nazis or, just as likely, bank robbers.

Not timely Timely, though! The Goodman group managed to turn out a *trio* of 20-page sagas that reflected the hatred for the Land of the Rising Sun that was suddenly the #1 emotion in American hearts. Strangely, there's no mention of the Pearl Harbor sneak attack, or of Namor's motivation for suddenly taking his undersea kingdom to war with the Japanese. Apparently, no explanation was felt necessary. He just started sinking ships of the Japanese Navy with a vengeance. (Well, his father *was* an American, after all. But, in the first story, Namor is protecting not the U.S. mainland, or even Hawaii, but Australia…whose northern city of Darwin would be attacked by Japanese planes in February 1942, in what has been called "Australia's Pearl Harbor.")

Subby picked up fast on the wartime invective as well, tinges of racism and all. There's no precisely logical reason why the term "Japs," as short for "Japanese," should be deemed particularly insulting…but it is, and it was, and every U.S. comic book writer and artist knew it. That's why they used it. The full word "Japanese," in fact, was an endangered species during the Second World War, not least in comics. Even the (in some ways more accurate) term "Nipponese," used on p. 4 of the first story in #5, was more likely to pop up than "Japanese." It was as if using the latter word would be treating this new enemy with something akin to respect, and that must be avoided at all costs. The difference in ethnicity between the two antagonistic nations somehow added a nasty, racist undercurrent to the proceedings, immediately surfacing in expressions such as "Jap dogs" and a reference to a pilot as "one little Jap-belly."

(By way of restoring balance, it must be added that, from my readings in Japanese history during this period, that nation, too, was no stranger to racist rhetoric, and its press and propaganda vilified the so-called "white races" at every opportunity. War does not increase civility between opposing countries, and few innocents are left by battle's end.)

The Philippine Islands, then an American possession, were attacked by the Japanese some hours after Pearl Harbor—and Namor gets into *that* part of the fray, as well, by the second story in #5, which some sources say was penciled by later *Captain America* artist Syd Shores. Because most of the Philippines had been overrun so quickly by the Japanese, they are already depicted therein as in control of the nation's capital, Manila.

Another timely reference: on p. 10, Namor says it "looks like I'll have to pull a MacArthur." This referred to the fact that General Douglas MacArthur, in charge of U.S. forces in the Philippines, had had to retreat to Corregidor, a small rock of an island near Manila, which he and the remnants of the American military defended for the next few months before MacArthur was ordered to Australia and the rest of his army surrendered. (MacArthur, whose resistance to the Japanese had suddenly made him an American hero, is shown on the final page of the story.)

Even the Angel managed to get into the act with a story about a "Japanese sandman," a reference to a recently popular U.S. recording. Oddly, the Japanese in this story worship "Morpheus, god of sleep"—a decidedly ancient Greek deity. Oh, well, nobody ever said Golden Age comics writers were great researchers!

By *Sub-Mariner* #6, three months later, a balance of sorts had been restored. I hope I shouldn't have attached a spoiler warning to this intro, but the villains in the first story in that issue—though it's set in "western Canada" and a Japanese foe might have seemed more likely—turn out to be Nazi spies.

This may well be because, even though the natural inclinations of the American public were to "Remember Pearl Harbor" and want to strike back at the Japanese before turning on the German conquerors of Europe, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his military advisors knew better. The U.S. government and its allies adopted a "Germany First" policy and utilized propaganda to explain their position to the populace. Thus, after an initial flood of anti-Japanese stories, the Nazis soon returned as the foes in half or more of the comic book stories that reflected the war.

(The *truly* surprising thing about that first story is that Namor disguises himself as a lumberjack named Joe—and nobody seems to notice his oddly-shaped head or pointed ears. They couldn't see his winged ankles because he kept his boots on, I suppose.)

Still, *Sub-Mariner* #6 played it fair: Namor exposes Nazis in the first story, then turns on the Japanese in the second. By this time, Carl Pfeufer had become the major Subby artist for the duration, though whether he inked as well as penciled most of these stories is uncertain. Like most artists taking over a popular feature from the artist who created it, he followed the original illustrator's style, especially at the outset, and his early Sub-Mariner work bears a strong resemblance to Everett's. As time went on, however, he and other artists began to exaggerate the triangular nature of Namor's head, and gave him a beefy musculature which often crossed over into gross caricature. Still, Pfeufer was a good artist.

When the script (probably *not* by Pfeufer) called for it, he could play the race card as well as anyone. On pg. 8 of the second story in #6, for instance, Namor disguises himself as a Japanese sailor, not only by donning the proper uniform, but by pushing his jaw back, sticking his teeth out (to give a buck-toothed look), and: "Presto! I'm a sappy Jappy!" One winces to read such words today, but at the time they were par for the course, and they need to be preserved, not censored and whitewashed. Judge not, if you didn't live through the dark days after Pearl Harbor, December 1941.

The Angel, for his part, went back to fighting mere sadistic murderers for the rest of his stories in this volume, in stories with no overt connection to the war. The full-bore anti-Japanese crusade had quickly passed its crest.

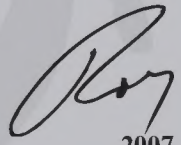
In *Sub-Mariner* #7, even Namor himself wasn't confined totally to war-oriented stories. The villain in the first tale therein is a "mad doctor" type who has reactivated the corpses of long-dead pirates—and he could care less if there's a world war raging. The Angel does battle a paramilitary outfit, but they sport skull insignias, not swastikas or the Rising Sun. And Subby's final opponent is the apparent reincarnation of a Mississippi riverboat gambler! Even so, the sea sovereign is shown smashing Japanese invaders of the Aleutian Islands on the cover—another "timely" intervention, since this was the "Fall 1942" issue, and in June of that year—around the time the cover would've been prepared—the Japanese did indeed invade that chain of Alaskan islands, from which it would take a year to expel them.

And it was once again the Japanese—on the fourth cover out of four on this volume's issues, all hitting the newsstands in 1942—who felt the wrath of the Sub-Mariner on the cover of issue #8, where the hero is shown totaling a Nipponese aircraft carrier with his Godzilla-like stature and might.

Inside, both Namor stories again pitted him against the Japanese—although, in the first, you'll find both Nazis and Japanese. At least the writer didn't have Germans and Japanese physically working side by side in the tale. In real life, there was very little day-to-day coordination between the two major partners of the Axis. The Japanese ran wild in Asia and the Pacific Ocean, while the Nazis concentrated on Europe and, for a while, North Africa. With both Britain and the Soviet Union occupied with the European phase of the war, it was primarily the United States—with the aid of beleaguered Australia—that had to keep one eye on the European war, the other on the Asian/Pacific theatre.

And, under company editor Al Fago (Stan Lee's wartime stand-in), *Sub-Mariner Comics,* like the rest of the Timely lineup, pretty much followed the government's lead in that area, too…and would, for the rest of the war.

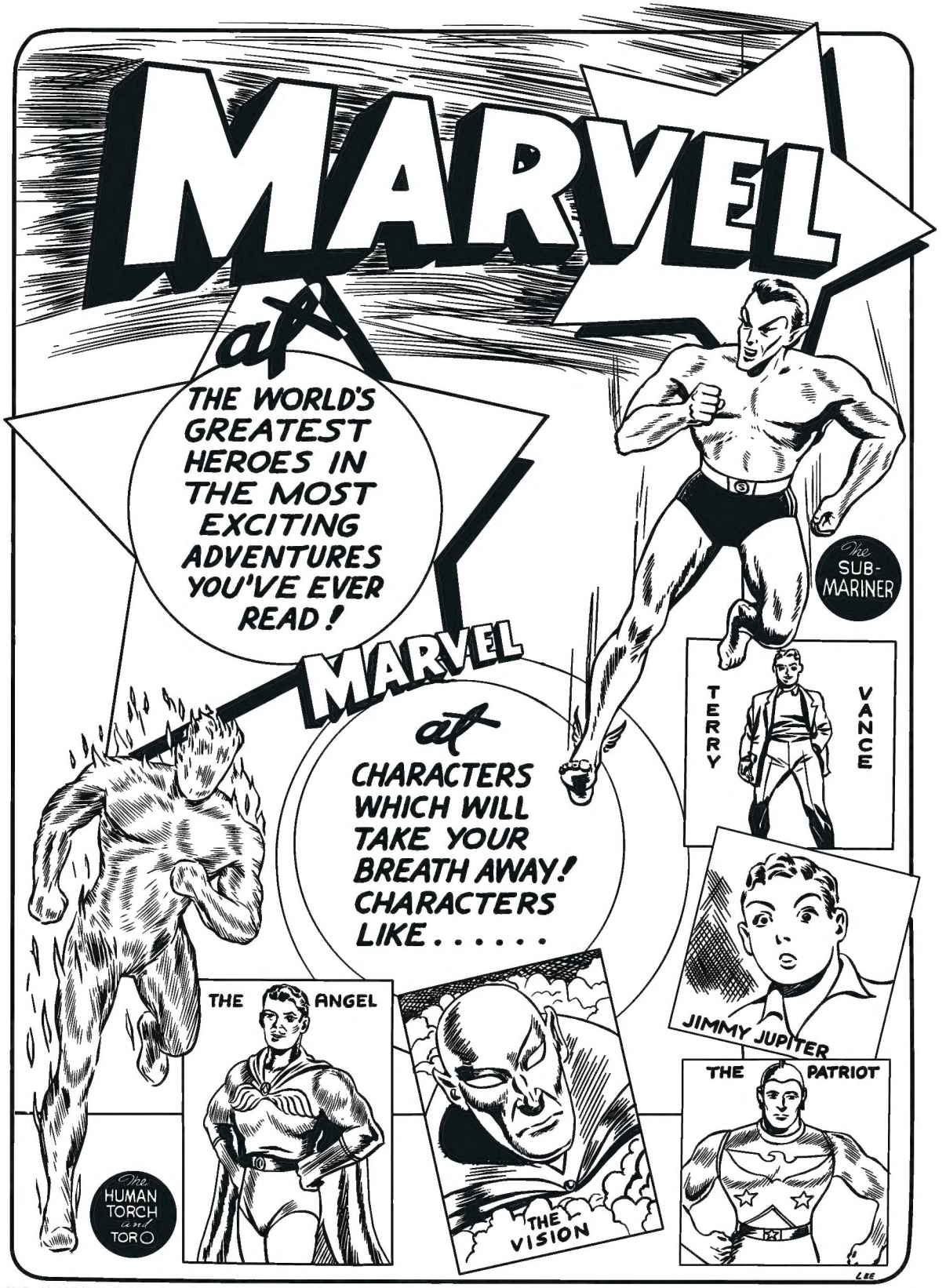
Maybe Martin Goodman really did know what he was doing when he named his company "Timely Comics"!



2007

Roy Thomas has been a writer in the comics field since 1965, when he went to work for Stan Lee as a staff writer and editorial assistant. He recalls seeing his first Timely/Marvel comics in 1945 or early '46, when he was five years old…and has been a Sub-Mariner fan ever since. In the 1960s he wrote a number of Namor stories set in modern day, and in 1975 launched The Invaders, *which related new World War II exploits of Namor, Captain America, and the Human Torch. But he tried hard not to call anybody names!*

SUB-MARINER COMICS
NO. 5
SPRING ISSUE
PLUS 20 PAGES of
THE ANGEL
TIMELY COMICS
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS



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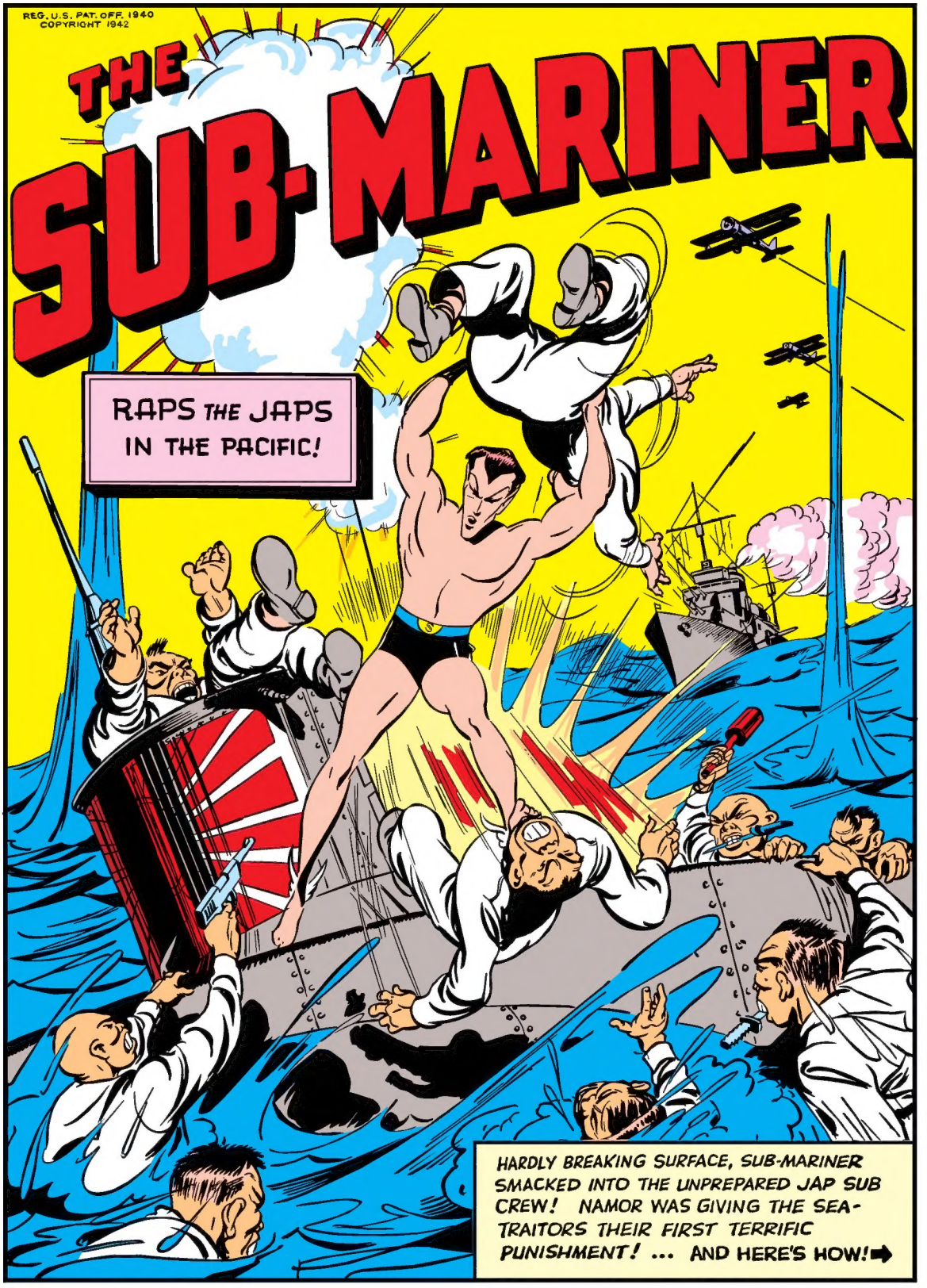
THE SUB-MARINER

RAPS THE JAPS IN THE PACIFIC!

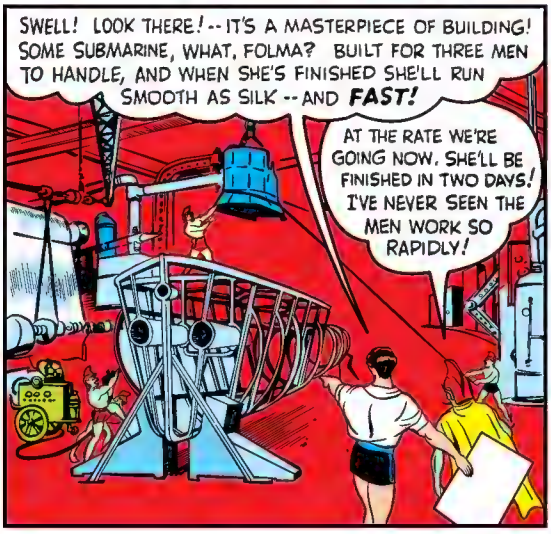


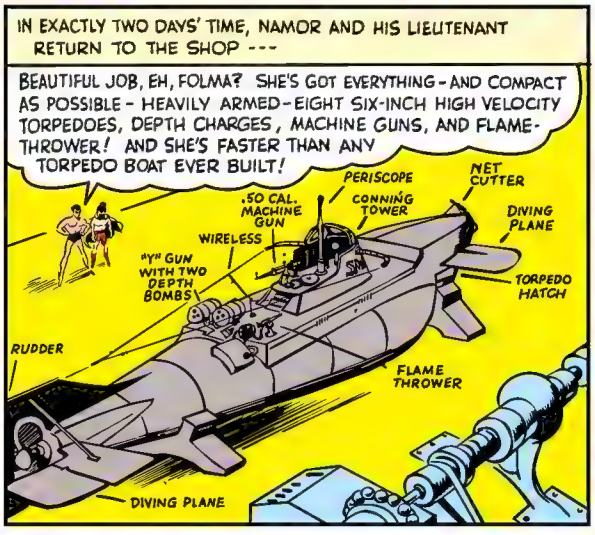
HARDLY BREAKING SURFACE, SUB-MARINER SMACKED INTO THE UNPREPARED JAP SUB CREW! NAMOR WAS GIVING THE SEA-TRAITORS THEIR FIRST TERRIFIC PUNISHMENT! ... AND HERE'S HOW!➡

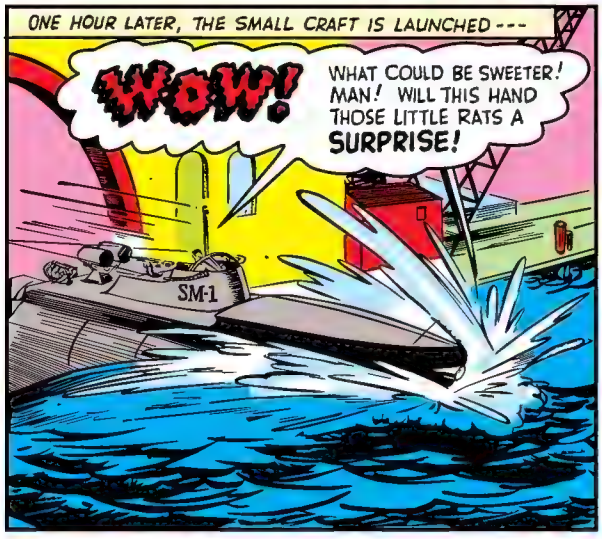
WE FIND PRINCE NAMOR AT A DRAFTING TABLE IN HIS ICE-CASTLE AT THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC...
YOU SENT FOR ME, YOUR HIGHNESS?
YES, FOLMA. AS MY CHIEF LIEUTENANT, IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT YOU RUN OVER THE FINAL DETAILS OF MY LATEST "BRAIN-CHILD."

THE JAPANESE HAVE BEEN PRETTY SUCCESSFUL WITH THEIR TWO-MAN SUBMARINES, BUT THIS LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE WILL MAKE THEIR UNDERWATER CRAFT LOOK LIKE WATER-LOGGED ROWBOATS!

COME ON OUT TO THE MACHINE-SHOP WITH ME, FOLMA.. LET'S SEE HOW THE MEN ARE GETTING ALONG WITH THE CONSTRUCTION.
THEY'RE INSPIRED, PRINCE THEY'RE WORKING LIKE MADMEN!


SWELL! LOOK THERE! -- IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF BUILDING! SOME SUBMARINE, WHAT, FOLMA? BUILT FOR THREE MEN TO HANDLE, AND WHEN SHE'S FINISHED SHE'LL RUN SMOOTH AS SILK -- AND FAST!
AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING NOW, SHE'LL BE FINISHED IN TWO DAYS! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE MEN WORK SO RAPIDLY!


IN EXACTLY TWO DAYS' TIME, NAMOR AND HIS LIEUTENANT RETURN TO THE SHOP ---
BEAUTIFUL JOB, EH, FOLMA? SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING - AND COMPACT AS POSSIBLE - HEAVILY ARMED - EIGHT SIX-INCH HIGH VELOCITY TORPEDOES, DEPTH CHARGES, MACHINE GUNS, AND FLAME-THROWER! AND SHE'S FASTER THAN ANY TORPEDO BOAT EVER BUILT!
PERISCOPE
NET CUTTER
.50 CAL. MACHINE GUN
CONNING TOWER
DIVING PLANE
WIRELESS
"Y" GUN WITH TWO DEPTH BOMBS
TORPEDO HATCH
RUDDER
FLAME THROWER
DIVING PLANE


ONE HOUR LATER, THE SMALL CRAFT IS LAUNCHED ---
WOW!
WHAT COULD BE SWEETER! MAN! WILL THIS HAND THOSE LITTLE RATS A SURPRISE!
SM-1

ASSEMBLING HIS BEST MEN AT THE DOCK, HE SELECTS HIS CREW CAREFULLY . . .
HARLA, YOUR RECORD PROVES YOU THE BEST ENGINEER I HAVE, SO YOU'LL MAN THE MOTORS! JADDA YOU'RE CHIEF GUNNER WITH AN EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH RATING, SO I'LL TAKE YOU TO HANDLE THE ARMAMENT! -AND YOU, FOLMA, WILL STAY HERE TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME BY WIRELESS. I, MYSELF, WILL HANDLE THE CONTROLS AND THE RADIO!
2

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE SMALL SUBMARINE LEAVES ITS BASE, CLEAVING THROUGH THE ICY WATERS, HEADING NORTH AND WEST ---

IN A DAY OR TWO WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT THIS LITTLE BABY IS CAPABLE OF, JADDA!

YES, SIR!

SM-1

Meanwhile...

ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF AUSTRALIA, ALL IS IN ORDERLY TUMULT, AS BATTERY AFTER BATTERY PREPARES FOR THE IMMINENT INVASION BY THE JAPANESE FLEET.

AND EXACTLY ONE DAY LATER THE BATTLE SIRENS SCREAM, AS THE YELLOW FLEET STEAMS DOWN ON THE ISLAND. GUNS BOOM, AND AIRPLANES WHINE OVERHEAD AS THE JAPS APPROACH!

WHOOM

WHOOM

IN GERMAN BLITZKRIEG TECHNIQUE, THEY CHARGE THE COAST AND BOATLOAD AFTER BOATLOAD RIDES THE SURF TO THE BEACHES! **INVASION!!!**

SUDDENLY... UP IN THE MIDST OF THE RAGING BATTLE, THE PERISCOPE OF NAMOR'S SUBMARINE POKES ITS INQUISITIVE NOSE!

WOW! JUST AS I THOUGHT, JADDA!

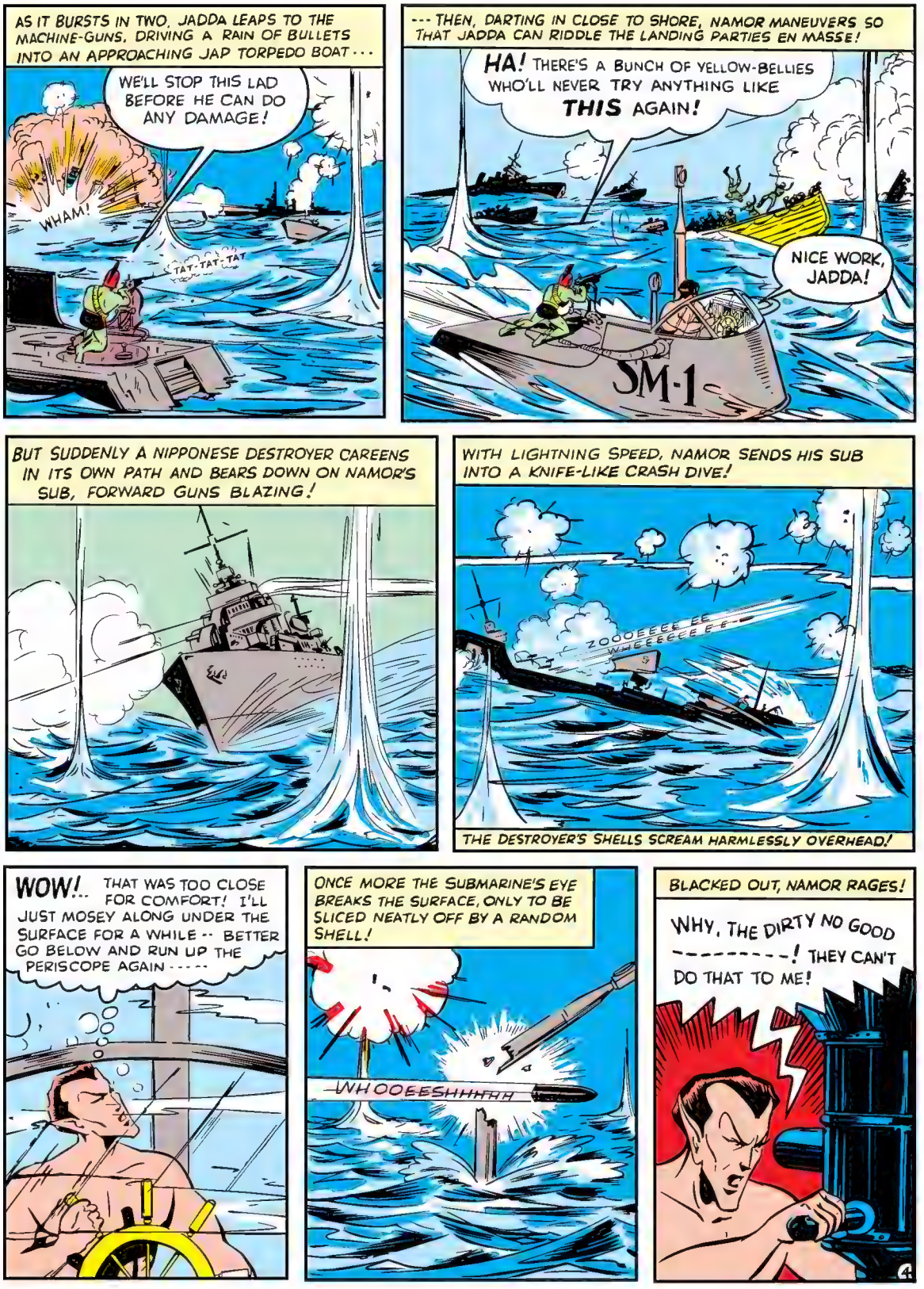
BOOM!

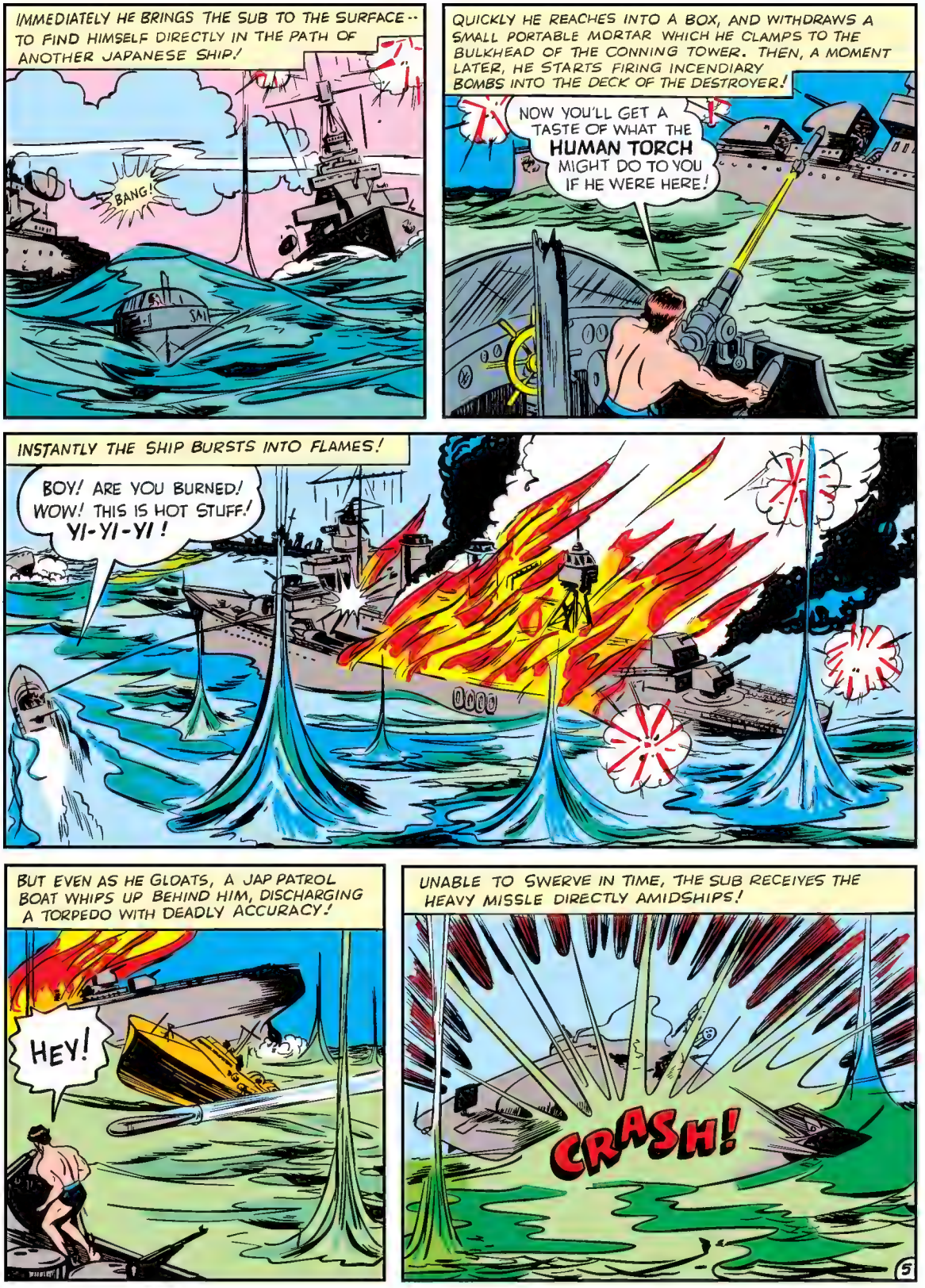
BRINGING THE SUB RAPIDLY TO THE SURFACE, NAMOR TURNS THE PERISCOPE IN TIME TO SEE THE BRITISH FLEET MOVE IN ON THE SCENE!

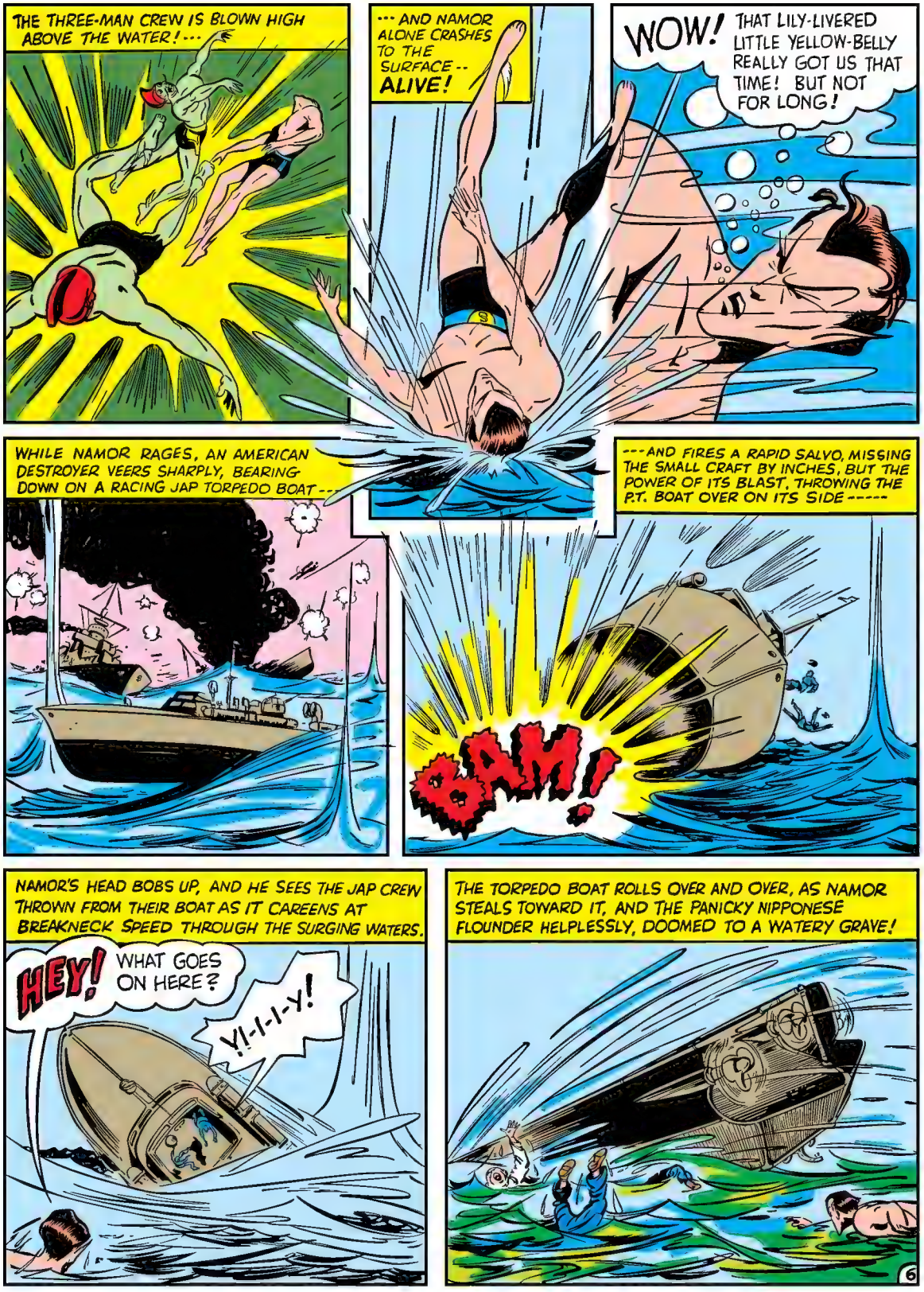
GOOD! THIS'LL MAKE THE FIGHT MORE INTERESTING!

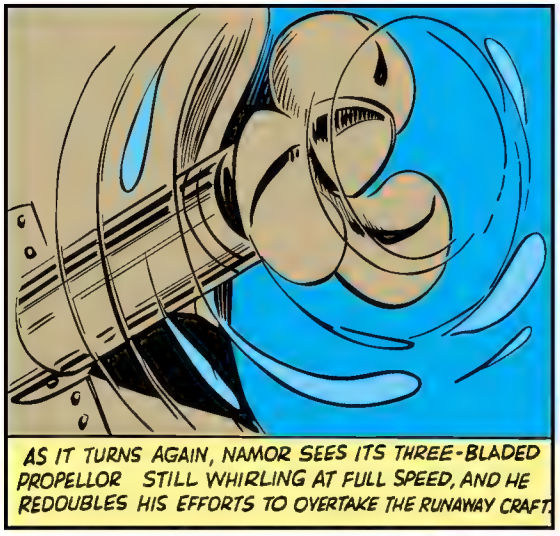
THEN, AIMING THE NOSE OF THE SUB AT A JAP DESTROYER, HE PULLS A LEVER, AND ONE OF THE SMALL TORPEDOES LEAPS THROUGH ITS HATCH, TRACING A RAPID WHITE PATH THROUGH THE CHURNING WATER!

WHAM!

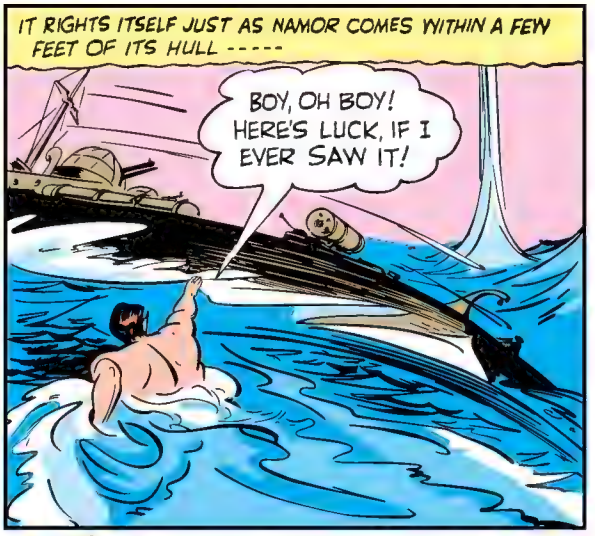

AS IT BURSTS IN TWO, JADDA LEAPS TO THE MACHINE-GUNS, DRIVING A RAIN OF BULLETS INTO AN APPROACHING JAP TORPEDO BOAT ···
WE'LL STOP THIS LAD BEFORE HE CAN DO ANY DAMAGE!
WHAM!
TAT-TAT-TAT
··· THEN, DARTING IN CLOSE TO SHORE, NAMOR MANEUVERS SO THAT JADDA CAN RIDDLE THE LANDING PARTIES EN MASSE!
HA! THERE'S A BUNCH OF YELLOW-BELLIES WHO'LL NEVER TRY ANYTHING LIKE THIS AGAIN!
NICE WORK, JADDA!
SM-1
BUT SUDDENLY A NIPPONESE DESTROYER CAREENS IN ITS OWN PATH AND BEARS DOWN ON NAMOR'S SUB, FORWARD GUNS BLAZING!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR SENDS HIS SUB INTO A KNIFE-LIKE CRASH DIVE!
ZOOOEEEE EE WHEEEEEEEEE
THE DESTROYER'S SHELLS SCREAM HARMLESSLY OVERHEAD!
WOW!... THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I'LL JUST MOSEY ALONG UNDER THE SURFACE FOR A WHILE -- BETTER GO BELOW AND RUN UP THE PERISCOPE AGAIN -----
ONCE MORE THE SUBMARINE'S EYE BREAKS THE SURFACE, ONLY TO BE SLICED NEATLY OFF BY A RANDOM SHELL!
WHOOEESHHHHH
BLACKED OUT, NAMOR RAGES!
WHY, THE DIRTY NO GOOD ---------! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

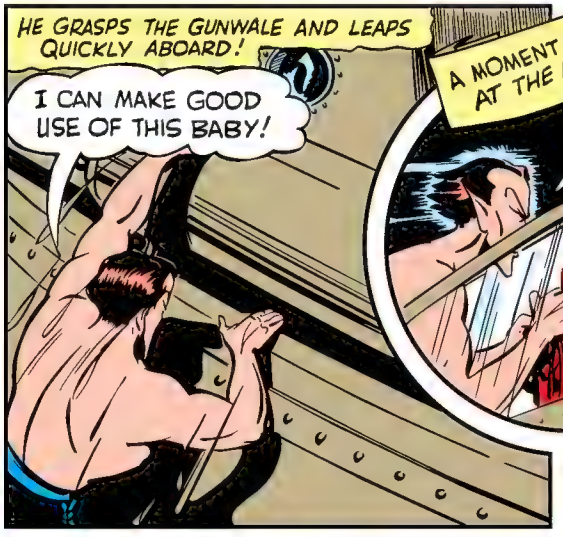

IMMEDIATELY HE BRINGS THE SUB TO THE SURFACE -- TO FIND HIMSELF DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF ANOTHER JAPANESE SHIP!
BANG!
QUICKLY HE REACHES INTO A BOX, AND WITHDRAWS A SMALL PORTABLE MORTAR WHICH HE CLAMPS TO THE BULKHEAD OF THE CONNING TOWER. THEN, A MOMENT LATER, HE STARTS FIRING INCENDIARY BOMBS INTO THE DECK OF THE DESTROYER!
NOW YOU'LL GET A TASTE OF WHAT THE HUMAN TORCH MIGHT DO TO YOU IF HE WERE HERE!
INSTANTLY THE SHIP BURSTS INTO FLAMES!
BOY! ARE YOU BURNED! WOW! THIS IS HOT STUFF! YI-YI-YI!
BUT EVEN AS HE GLOATS, A JAP PATROL BOAT WHIPS UP BEHIND HIM, DISCHARGING A TORPEDO WITH DEADLY ACCURACY!
HEY!
UNABLE TO SWERVE IN TIME, THE SUB RECEIVES THE HEAVY MISSLE DIRECTLY AMIDSHIPS!
CRASH!
5

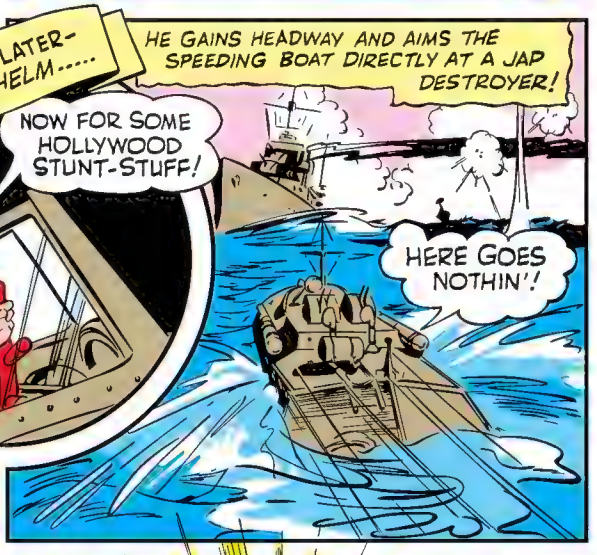

THE THREE-MAN CREW IS BLOWN HIGH ABOVE THE WATER!---
---AND NAMOR ALONE CRASHES TO THE SURFACE-- ALIVE!
WOW! THAT LILY-LIVERED LITTLE YELLOW-BELLY REALLY GOT US THAT TIME! BUT NOT FOR LONG!
WHILE NAMOR RAGES, AN AMERICAN DESTROYER VEERS SHARPLY, BEARING DOWN ON A RACING JAP TORPEDO BOAT---
---AND FIRES A RAPID SALVO, MISSING THE SMALL CRAFT BY INCHES, BUT THE POWER OF ITS BLAST, THROWING THE P.T. BOAT OVER ON ITS SIDE -----
BAM!
NAMOR'S HEAD BOBS UP, AND HE SEES THE JAP CREW THROWN FROM THEIR BOAT AS IT CAREENS AT BREAKNECK SPEED THROUGH THE SURGING WATERS.
HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?
Y!-I-I-Y!
THE TORPEDO BOAT ROLLS OVER AND OVER, AS NAMOR STEALS TOWARD IT, AND THE PANICKY NIPPONESE FLOUNDER HELPLESSLY, DOOMED TO A WATERY GRAVE!
6

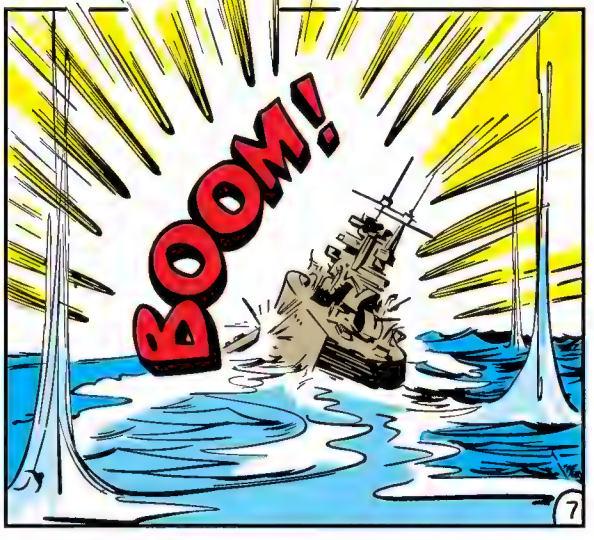


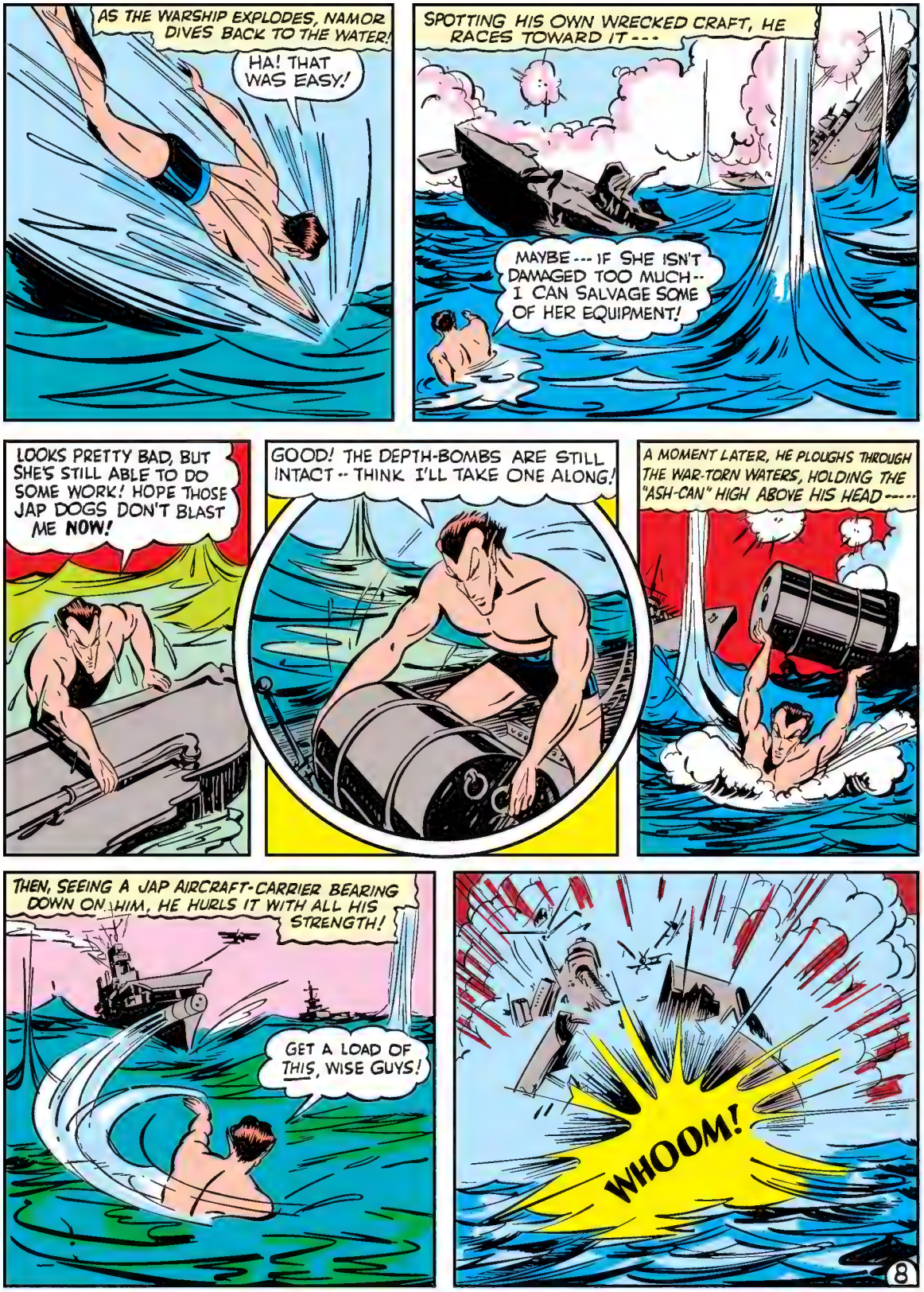
AS IT TURNS AGAIN, NAMOR SEES ITS THREE-BLADED PROPELLOR STILL WHIRLING AT FULL SPEED, AND HE REDOUBLES HIS EFFORTS TO OVERTAKE THE RUNAWAY CRAFT.




HE GRASPS THE GUNWALE AND LEAPS QUICKLY ABOARD!
I CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF THIS BABY!
A MOMENT LATER- AT THE HELM.....
NOW FOR SOME HOLLYWOOD STUNT-STUFF!






AS THE WARSHIP EXPLODES, NAMOR DIVES BACK TO THE WATER!
HA! THAT WAS EASY!
SPOTTING HIS OWN WRECKED CRAFT, HE RACES TOWARD IT---
MAYBE--- IF SHE ISN'T DAMAGED TOO MUCH-- I CAN SALVAGE SOME OF HER EQUIPMENT!
LOOKS PRETTY BAD, BUT SHE'S STILL ABLE TO DO SOME WORK! HOPE THOSE JAP DOGS DON'T BLAST ME NOW!
GOOD! THE DEPTH-BOMBS ARE STILL INTACT-- THINK I'LL TAKE ONE ALONG!
A MOMENT LATER, HE PLOUGHS THROUGH THE WAR-TORN WATERS, HOLDING THE "ASH-CAN" HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD----
THEN, SEEING A JAP AIRCRAFT-CARRIER BEARING DOWN ON HIM, HE HURLS IT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!
GET A LOAD OF THIS, WISE GUYS!
WHOOM!

TURNING FROM THE EXPLOSION, HE RACES BACK TO HIS SHATTERED SUB -----
GOT ONE MORE TRICK UP MY SLEEVE BEFORE I ABANDON HER COMPLETELY!
-----AND PUSHES THE CRIPPLED CRAFT SHOREWARD-----
---IF I CAN ONLY WORK IN CLOSE ENOUGH!
BANG
BUT TRYING TO SNEAK PAST THE LANDING-PARTIES IS NO EASY JOB! HE IS MET BY SHARP BURSTS OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE!
TAT
FURIOUS, HE LEAPS TO THE SUB'S DECK-----
BAH! THOSE RATS NEED ANOTHER LESSON! HOPE THIS LITTLE "TYPEWRITER" STILL WORKS!
MANNING HIS OWN MACHINE-GUN, HE RETURNS THE JAP'S FIRE -- BLASTING THEM MERCILESSLY!
SO! YOU WOULD GET FRESH WITH THE SUB-MARINER, EH?
CARTRIDGE-BELT FINALLY EMPTY, HE LEAPS FOR THE FLAME-THROWER!
NOW! FOR MY ACE-IN-THE-HOLE!
WITH A ROAR, THE NOZZLE EMITS A FIERCE STREAK OF WHITE-HOT FIRE!
WOW! "TORCHY" SHOULD SEE THIS! THAT LITTLE FLICKER OF A MATCH-STICK'S GOT NOTHING ON ME NOW!

THE JAPS SCREAM IN AGONY AS THE FLAMES WHIP SAVAGELY AMONG THEM!
IN DIRE PANIC THEY LEAP TO THE COLD SAFETY OF THE POUNDING SURF!
NAMOR CHUCKLES GLEEFULLY AS THE BREAKERS BRING HIM IN CLOSER. HE RAKES THE BEACH WITH THE FLAMING WEAPON -----
HA! HA! DOGGONE IT! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE THE TORCH SEE ME NOW! HE THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF --- HA!!!
SHRRSH
THE INVADING NIPPONESE SCATTER WILDLY UNDER THE SCORCHING RAIN!
YEOW! RUN FOR COVER TO THE HILLS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, HIS FUEL EXHAUSTED, NAMOR THROWS THE NOZZLE ASIDE -----
BAH! --MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT COULDN'T LAST!
---THEN LEAPS TO THE SEA AGAIN----
SM-1
OH, WELL-- I'LL FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO-- NEVER FEAR!
---AND STREAKS BACK INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE BATTLE! -----

---WHERE, AS HE APPROACHES AN AMERICAN DESTROYER, HE SEES A JAPANESE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE COME TO THE SURFACE -----
AHA! I KNEW IT! THIS IS JUST MY MEAT!
WITH A TERRIFIC LUNGE, HE FIRES HIMSELF AT THE CONNING TOWER!
NOW FOR SOME HONEST-TO-GLORY FUN!
A SECOND LATER, HE LEANS OVER THE BULKHEAD TO RIP OPEN THE SMALL HATCH -----
HEY, MA! THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN! READY OR NOT, MR. TOKYO, HERE I COME!
THE SURPRISED JAP IS RUDELY LIFTED OFF HIS FEET --BY THE HAIR OF HIS HEAD!
COME TO PAPA, BABY!
YI-YI-I-I-YI!
ON DECK, NAMOR KISSES THE LITTLE MAN GOODBYE ---
HIT TH' DECK, BROTHER!
GLEEEEK!
GOO-BYE, PLIZZ! I'VE NO MORE USE FOR YOU, MOUSEY!
WA-A-AH!
11

RID OF THE JAP OFFICER, HE DROPS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM -----

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THIS GADGET COMPARES WITH MY **OWN** INVENTION!

MEANWHILE, IN A REAR COMPARTMENT, THE SECOND JAP, AN ENGINEER, SITS AT THE ENGINE CONTROLS, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE "CHANGE IN COMMAND"!

NAMOR SWINGS THE SUB AROUND (SO THAT ITS TORPEDO TUBES COME IN LINE WITH A NIPPONESE DESTROYER...

EASY ENOUGH TO BLAST **THIS** BATTLE-BUGGY TO BITS!

BUT JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO DESTROY THE WARSHIP, HE SEES IT GO UP IN A THUNDEROUS ROAR, STRUCK BY AN AMERICAN SALVO!

WHAM!!!

HAPPILY SURPRISED, HIS PERISCOPE SHOWS HIM ANOTHER JAP SUB BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE BY THE EXPLOSION!

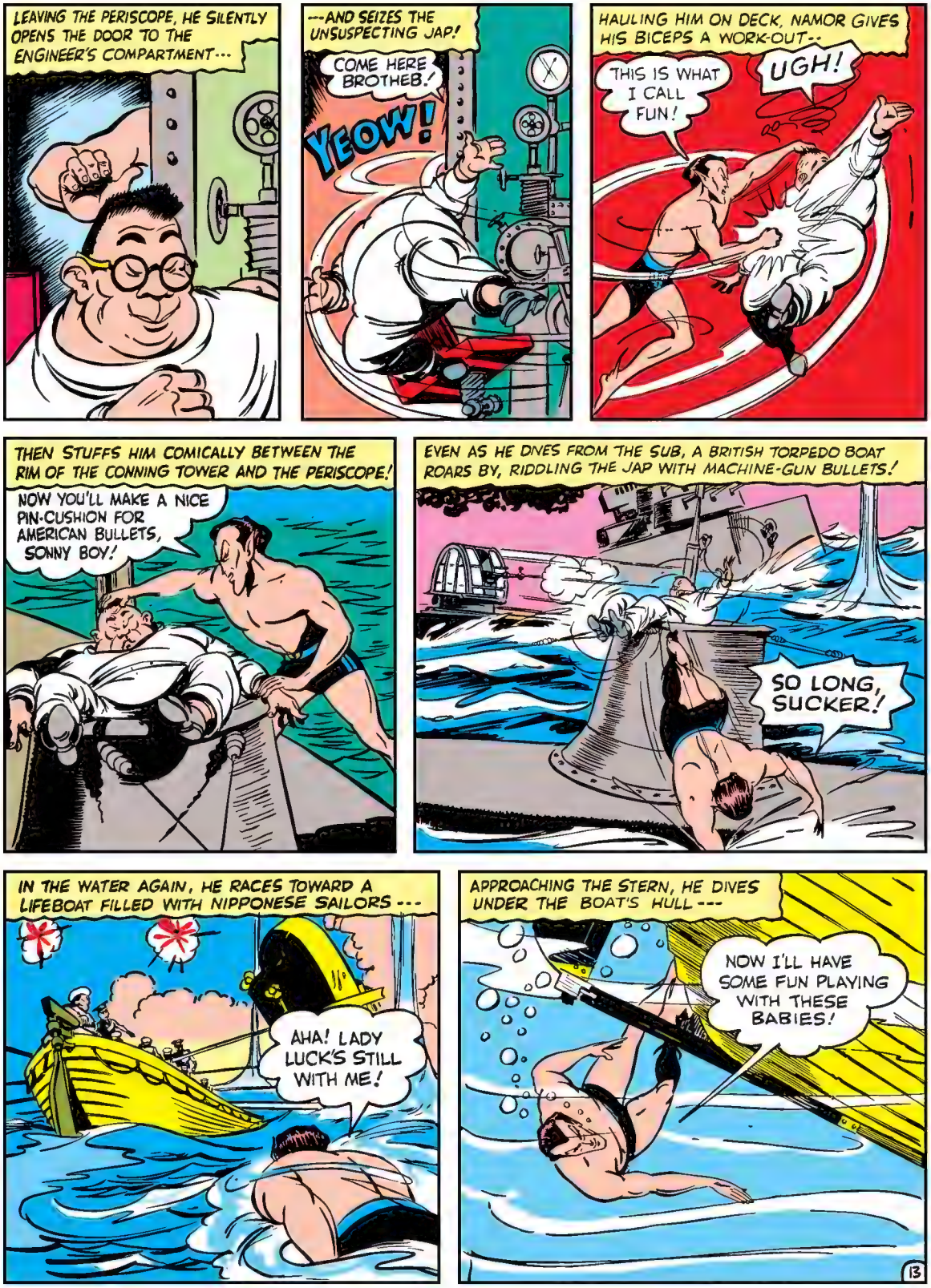
BRAVO! HERE'S A SWELL TARGET FOR ME!

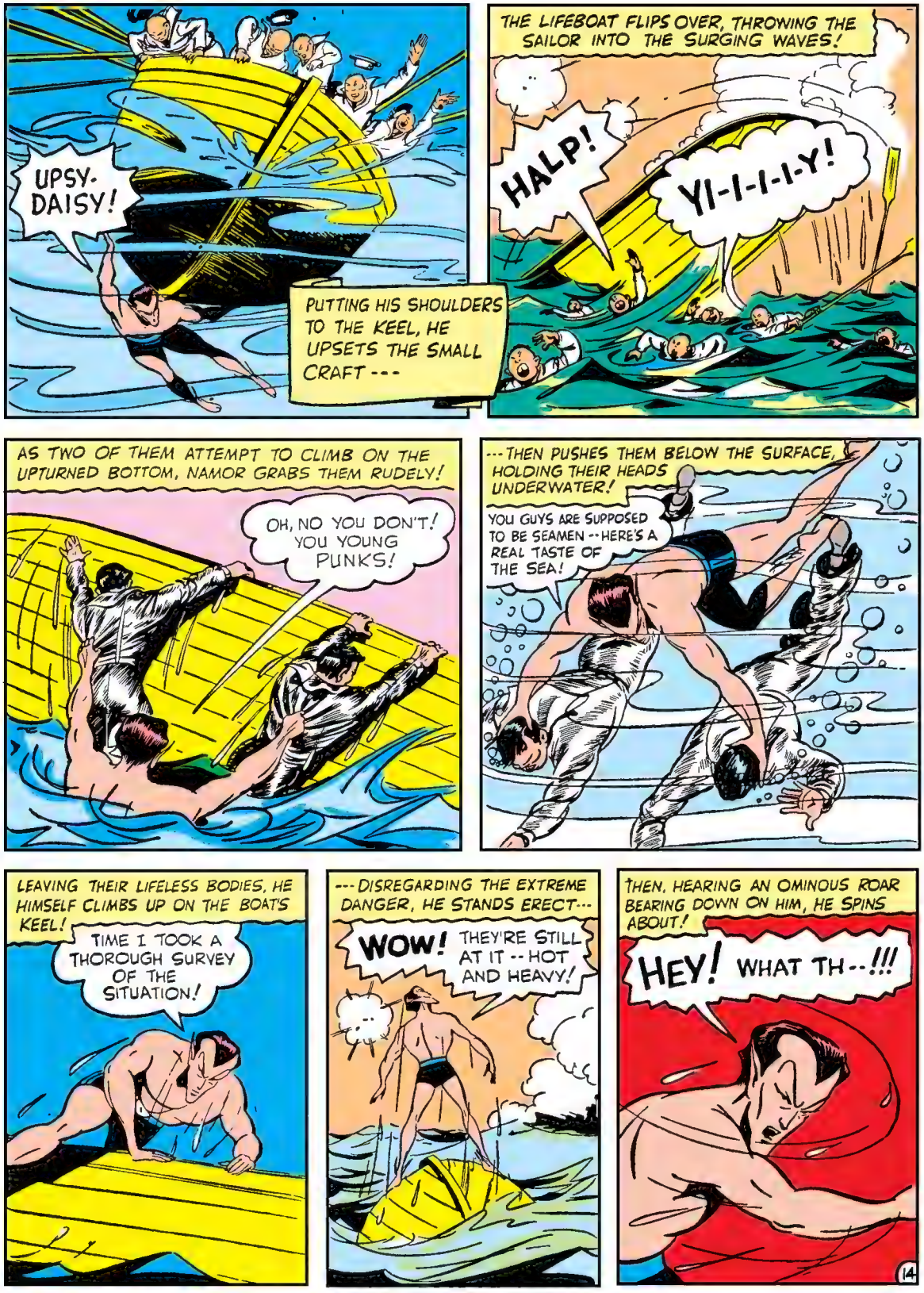
QUICKLY HE SEIZES THE TORPEDO RELEASE, AND TUGS DOWN ON IT!

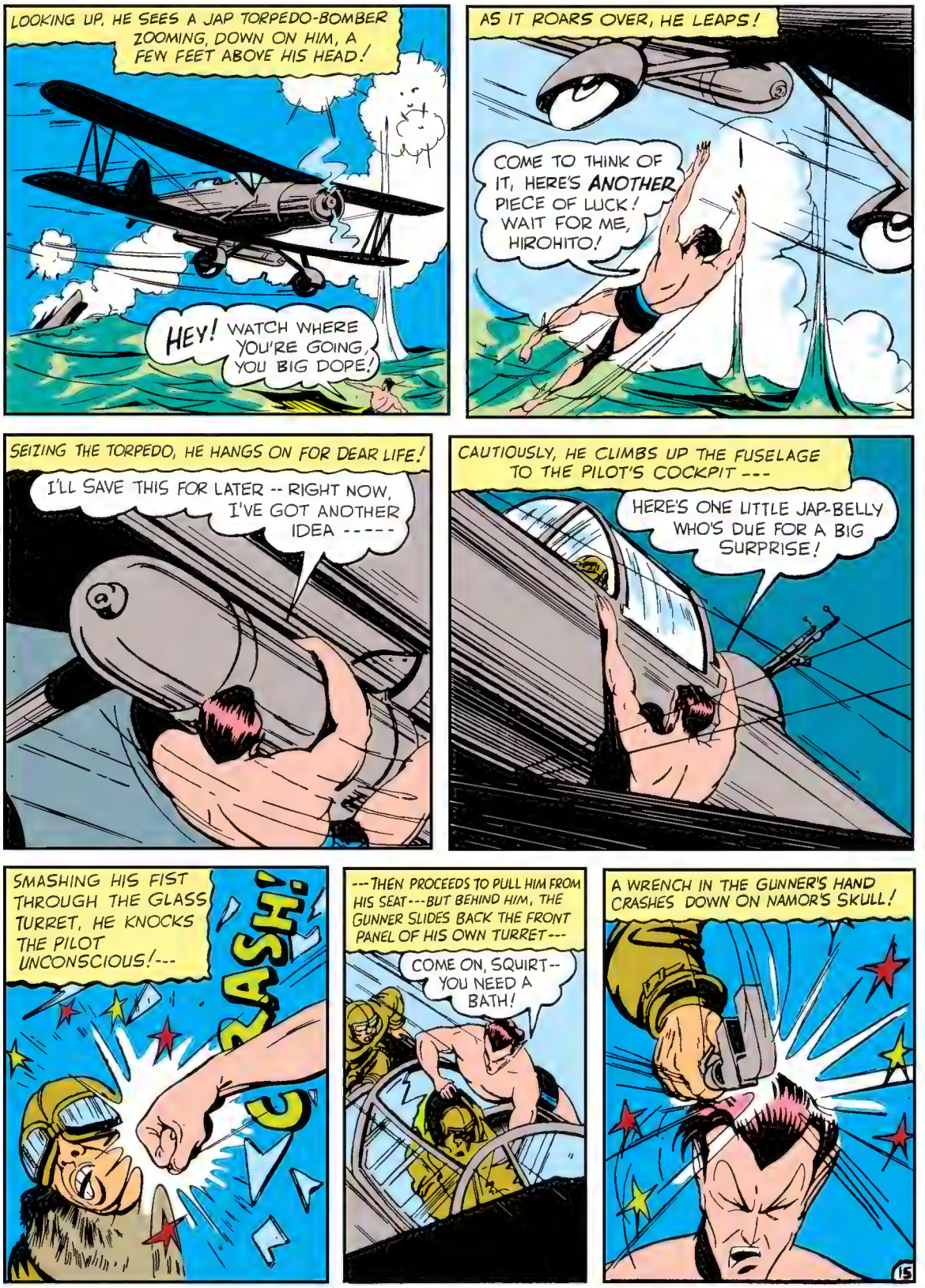
NOW! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS PRESENT, HIROHITO?

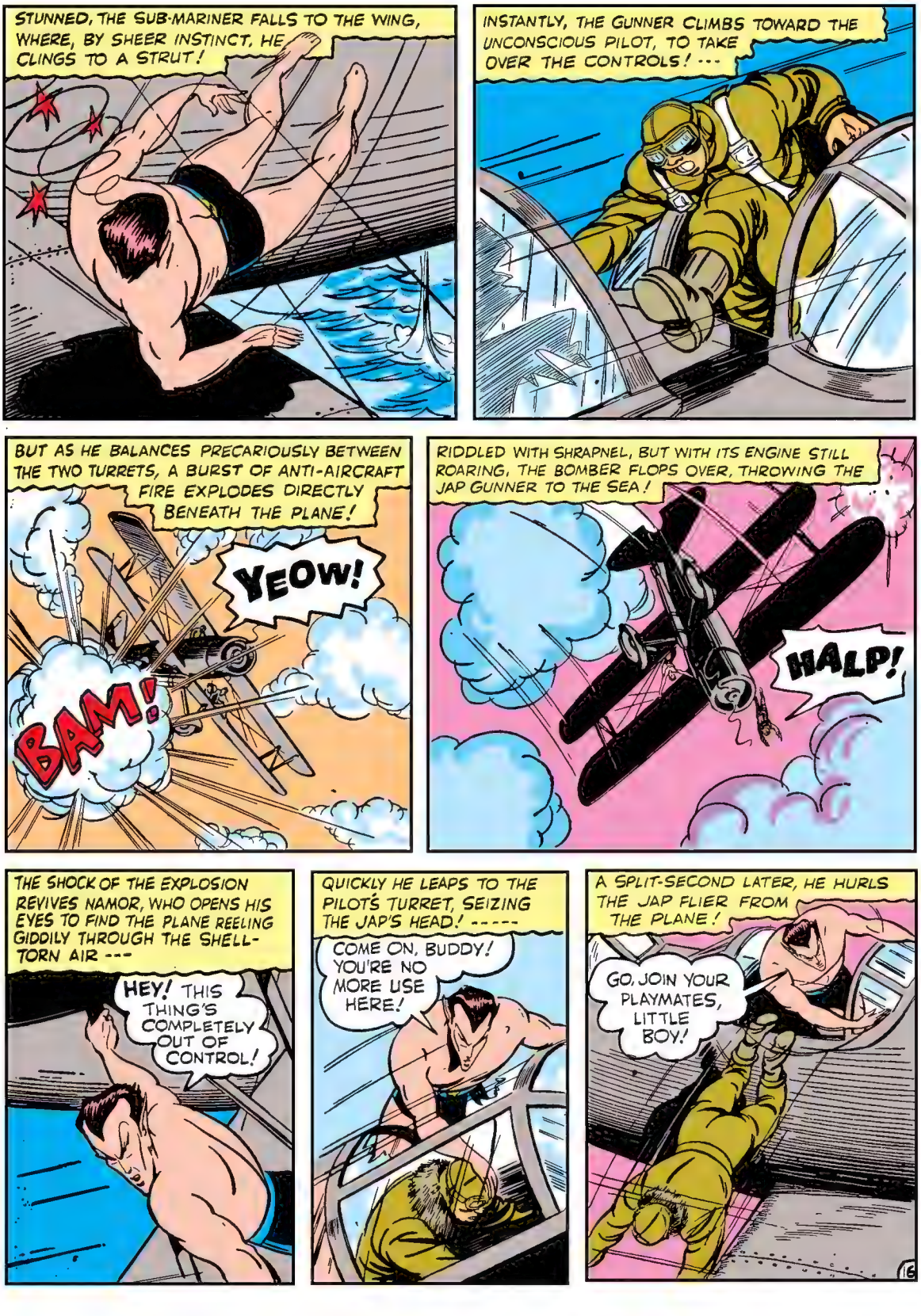
CLICK!

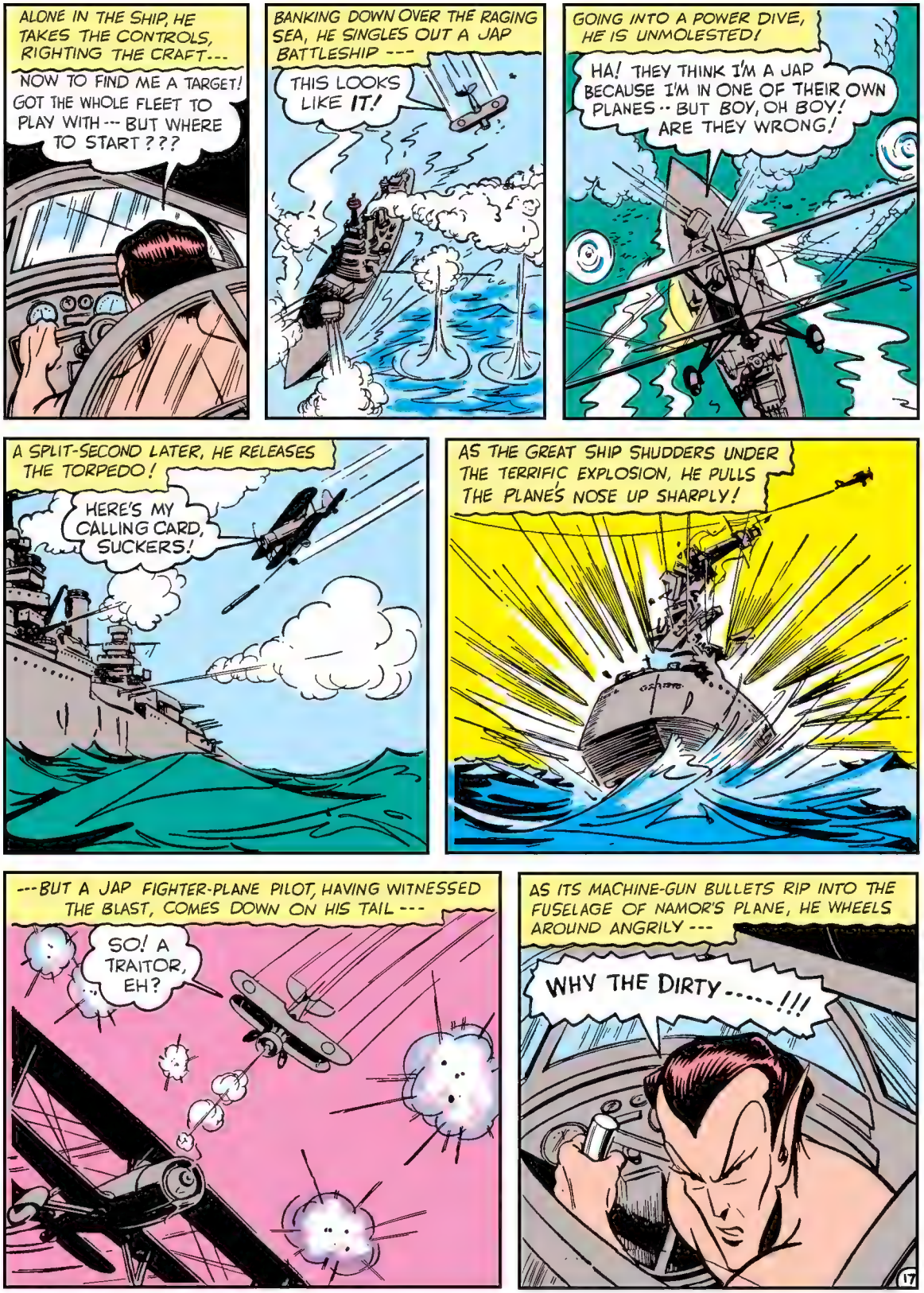
BOOM!

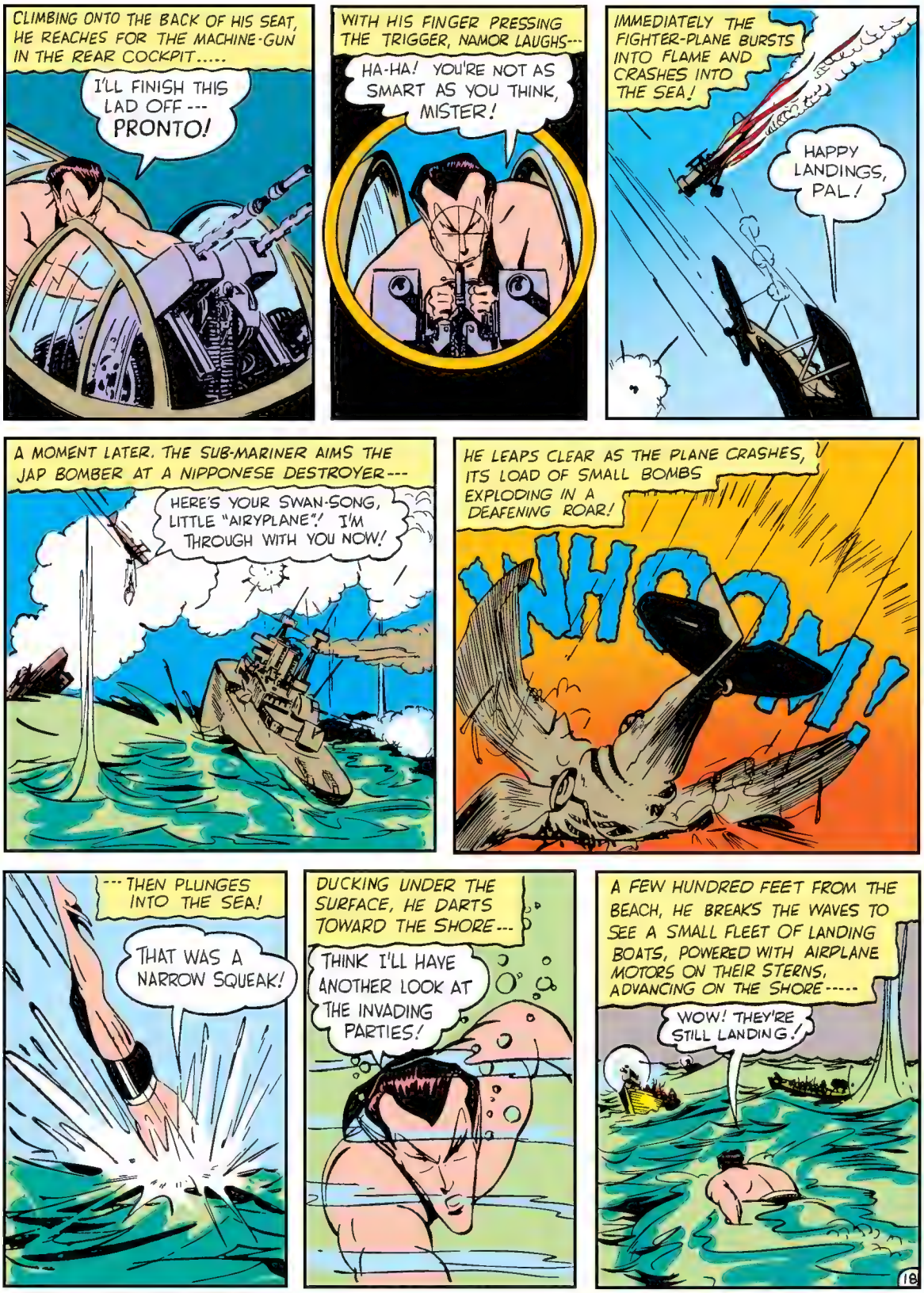

LEAVING THE PERISCOPE, HE SILENTLY OPENS THE DOOR TO THE ENGINEER'S COMPARTMENT---
---AND SEIZES THE UNSUSPECTING JAP!
COME HERE BROTHEB!
YEOW!
HAULING HIM ON DECK, NAMOR GIVES HIS BICEPS A WORK-OUT--
THIS IS WHAT I CALL FUN!
UGH!
THEN STUFFS HIM COMICALLY BETWEEN THE RIM OF THE CONNING TOWER AND THE PERISCOPE!
NOW YOU'LL MAKE A NICE PIN-CUSHION FOR AMERICAN BULLETS, SONNY BOY!
EVEN AS HE DIVES FROM THE SUB, A BRITISH TORPEDO BOAT ROARS BY, RIDDLING THE JAP WITH MACHINE-GUN BULLETS!
SO LONG, SUCKER!
IN THE WATER AGAIN, HE RACES TOWARD A LIFEBOAT FILLED WITH NIPPONESE SAILORS ---
AHA! LADY LUCK'S STILL WITH ME!
APPROACHING THE STERN, HE DIVES UNDER THE BOAT'S HULL ---
NOW I'LL HAVE SOME FUN PLAYING WITH THESE BABIES!
13


UPSY-DAISY!
PUTTING HIS SHOULDERS TO THE KEEL, HE UPSETS THE SMALL CRAFT ---
THE LIFEBOAT FLIPS OVER, THROWING THE SAILOR INTO THE SURGING WAVES!
HALP!
YI-I-I-I-Y!
AS TWO OF THEM ATTEMPT TO CLIMB ON THE UPTURNED BOTTOM, NAMOR GRABS THEM RUDELY!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU YOUNG PUNKS!
---THEN PUSHES THEM BELOW THE SURFACE, HOLDING THEIR HEADS UNDERWATER!
YOU GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SEAMEN -- HERE'S A REAL TASTE OF THE SEA!
LEAVING THEIR LIFELESS BODIES, HE HIMSELF CLIMBS UP ON THE BOAT'S KEEL!
TIME I TOOK A THOROUGH SURVEY OF THE SITUATION!
---DISREGARDING THE EXTREME DANGER, HE STANDS ERECT---
WOW! THEY'RE STILL AT IT -- HOT AND HEAVY!
THEN, HEARING AN OMINOUS ROAR BEARING DOWN ON HIM, HE SPINS ABOUT!
HEY! WHAT TH--!!!

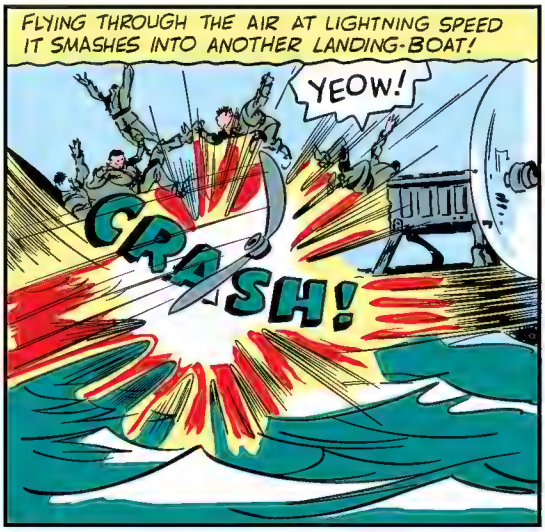

LOOKING UP, HE SEES A JAP TORPEDO-BOMBER ZOOMING, DOWN ON HIM, A FEW FEET ABOVE HIS HEAD!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU BIG DOPE!
AS IT ROARS OVER, HE LEAPS!
COME TO THINK OF IT, HERE'S ANOTHER PIECE OF LUCK! WAIT FOR ME, HIROHITO!
SEIZING THE TORPEDO, HE HANGS ON FOR DEAR LIFE!
I'LL SAVE THIS FOR LATER -- RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA -----
CAUTIOUSLY, HE CLIMBS UP THE FUSELAGE TO THE PILOT'S COCKPIT ---
HERE'S ONE LITTLE JAP-BELLY WHO'S DUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE!
SMASHING HIS FIST THROUGH THE GLASS TURRET, HE KNOCKS THE PILOT UNCONSCIOUS!---
SLASH!
---THEN PROCEEDS TO PULL HIM FROM HIS SEAT---BUT BEHIND HIM, THE GUNNER SLIDES BACK THE FRONT PANEL OF HIS OWN TURRET---
COME ON, SQUIRT-- YOU NEED A BATH!
A WRENCH IN THE GUNNER'S HAND CRASHES DOWN ON NAMOR'S SKULL!
15

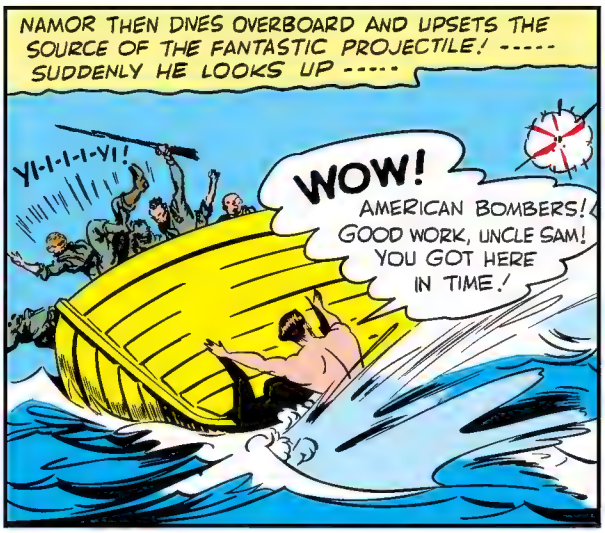

STUNNED, THE SUB-MARINER FALLS TO THE WING, WHERE, BY SHEER INSTINCT, HE CLINGS TO A STRUT!
INSTANTLY, THE GUNNER CLIMBS TOWARD THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT, TO TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS! ---
BUT AS HE BALANCES PRECARIOUSLY BETWEEN THE TWO TURRETS, A BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE EXPLODES DIRECTLY BENEATH THE PLANE!
YEOW!
BAM!
RIDDLED WITH SHRAPNEL, BUT WITH ITS ENGINE STILL ROARING, THE BOMBER FLOPS OVER, THROWING THE JAP GUNNER TO THE SEA!
HALP!
THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION REVIVES NAMOR, WHO OPENS HIS EYES TO FIND THE PLANE REELING GIDDILY THROUGH THE SHELL-TORN AIR ---
HEY! THIS THING'S COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!
QUICKLY HE LEAPS TO THE PILOT'S TURRET, SEIZING THE JAP'S HEAD! -----
COME ON, BUDDY! YOU'RE NO MORE USE HERE!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, HE HURLS THE JAP FLIER FROM THE PLANE!
GO, JOIN YOUR PLAYMATES, LITTLE BOY!
16

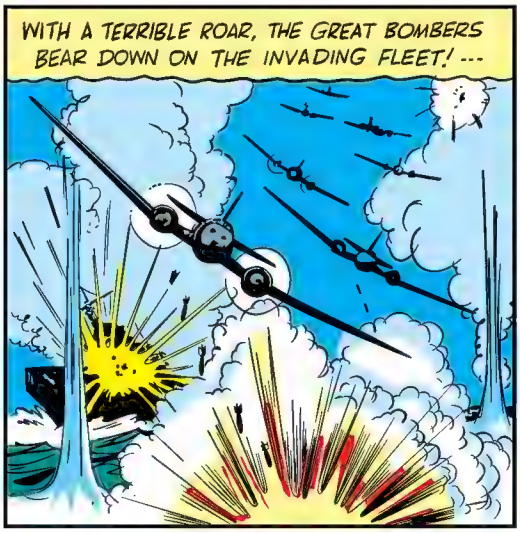

ALONE IN THE SHIP, HE TAKES THE CONTROLS, RIGHTING THE CRAFT---
NOW TO FIND ME A TARGET! GOT THE WHOLE FLEET TO PLAY WITH --- BUT WHERE TO START ???
BANKING DOWN OVER THE RAGING SEA, HE SINGLES OUT A JAP BATTLESHIP ---
THIS LOOKS LIKE IT!
GOING INTO A POWER DIVE, HE IS UNMOLESTED!
HA! THEY THINK I'M A JAP BECAUSE I'M IN ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES -- BUT BOY, OH BOY! ARE THEY WRONG!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, HE RELEASES THE TORPEDO!
HERE'S MY CALLING CARD, SUCKERS!
AS THE GREAT SHIP SHUDDERS UNDER THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, HE PULLS THE PLANE'S NOSE UP SHARPLY!
---BUT A JAP FIGHTER-PLANE PILOT, HAVING WITNESSED THE BLAST, COMES DOWN ON HIS TAIL ---
SO! A TRAITOR, EH?
AS ITS MACHINE-GUN BULLETS RIP INTO THE FUSELAGE OF NAMOR'S PLANE, HE WHEELS AROUND ANGRILY ---
WHY THE DIRTY.....!!!
17

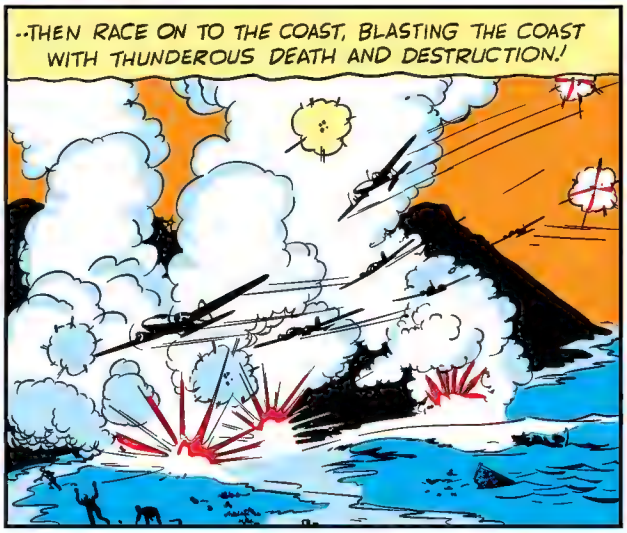

CLIMBING ONTO THE BACK OF HIS SEAT, HE REACHES FOR THE MACHINE-GUN IN THE REAR COCKPIT.....
I'LL FINISH THIS LAD OFF --- PRONTO!
WITH HIS FINGER PRESSING THE TRIGGER, NAMOR LAUGHS---
HA-HA! YOU'RE NOT AS SMART AS YOU THINK, MISTER!
IMMEDIATELY THE FIGHTER-PLANE BURSTS INTO FLAME AND CRASHES INTO THE SEA!
HAPPY LANDINGS, PAL!
A MOMENT LATER. THE SUB-MARINER AIMS THE JAP BOMBER AT A NIPPONESE DESTROYER---
HERE'S YOUR SWAN-SONG, LITTLE "AIRYPLANE"! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU NOW!
HE LEAPS CLEAR AS THE PLANE CRASHES, ITS LOAD OF SMALL BOMBS EXPLODING IN A DEAFENING ROAR!
WHOOM!!
--- THEN PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!
THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK!
DUCKING UNDER THE SURFACE, HE DARTS TOWARD THE SHORE---
THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE INVADING PARTIES!
A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM THE BEACH, HE BREAKS THE WAVES TO SEE A SMALL FLEET OF LANDING BOATS, POWERED WITH AIRPLANE MOTORS ON THEIR STERNS, ADVANCING ON THE SHORE-----
WOW! THEY'RE STILL LANDING!

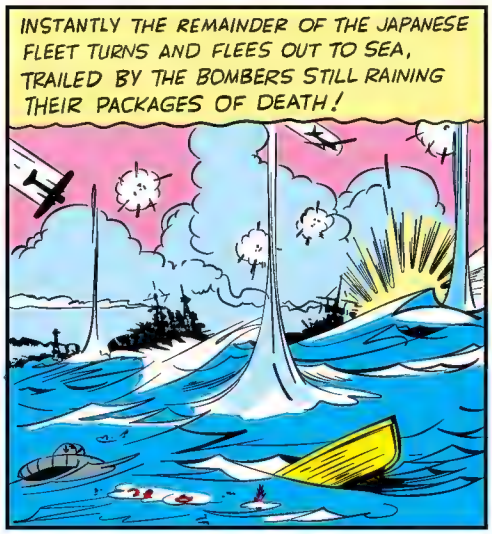
QUIETLY, HE SLIPS ALONGSIDE OF THEM ---
MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE THEM!
SNEAKING UNDER THE BOW, HE SUDDENLY SHOVES THE BOAT AROUND, POINTING ITS STERN TOWARD LAND!
HEY!
THE INVADERS ARE UTTERLY CONFUSED, AND THEY YELL EXCITEDLY -----
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO LAND!
WE'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA AGAIN!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION, NAMOR LEAPS TO THE MOTOR!
THE COWARDS ARE SO SCARED THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE ME!
A SECOND LATER, HE SHUTS OFF THE MOTOR ---
IF THIS WORKS, THEY'RE IN FOR A SMALL-SIZED MASSACRE!
CLICK!
...THEN, THE MOTOR SILENT, HE RIPS OUT THE PROPELLOR-PIN AND STARTS THE MOTOR AGAIN!
HERE GOES!
HEY! WHAT'S HE DOING!
INSTANTLY, THE LOOSENED PROPELLOR SPINS OFF ITS SHAFT!
GO TO IT, BABY! DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!


FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AT LIGHTNING SPEED IT SMASHES INTO ANOTHER LANDING-BOAT!
YEOW!
CRASH!


NAMOR THEN DIVES OVERBOARD AND UPSETS THE SOURCE OF THE FANTASTIC PROJECTILE! ----- SUDDENLY HE LOOKS UP -----
YI-I-I-I-YI!
WOW!
AMERICAN BOMBERS! GOOD WORK, UNCLE SAM! YOU GOT HERE IN TIME!


WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE GREAT BOMBERS BEAR DOWN ON THE INVADING FLEET! ---


--THEN RACE ON TO THE COAST, BLASTING THE COAST WITH THUNDEROUS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!


INSTANTLY THE REMAINDER OF THE JAPANESE FLEET TURNS AND FLEES OUT TO SEA, TRAILED BY THE BOMBERS STILL RAINING THEIR PACKAGES OF DEATH!

HAPPILY, NAMOR DIVES BELOW THE SURFACE, SWIMMING AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF BATTLE---
WELL, I'VE DONE ALL I CAN HERE! THE AMERICANS HAVE THINGS WELL IN HAND, SO I CAN GO ON ABOUT MY OWN BUSINESS!
20

SO LONG FOR NOW, SUB-MARINER!
BUT WE'LL BE SEEING YOU RIGHT SOON AGAIN -- IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS

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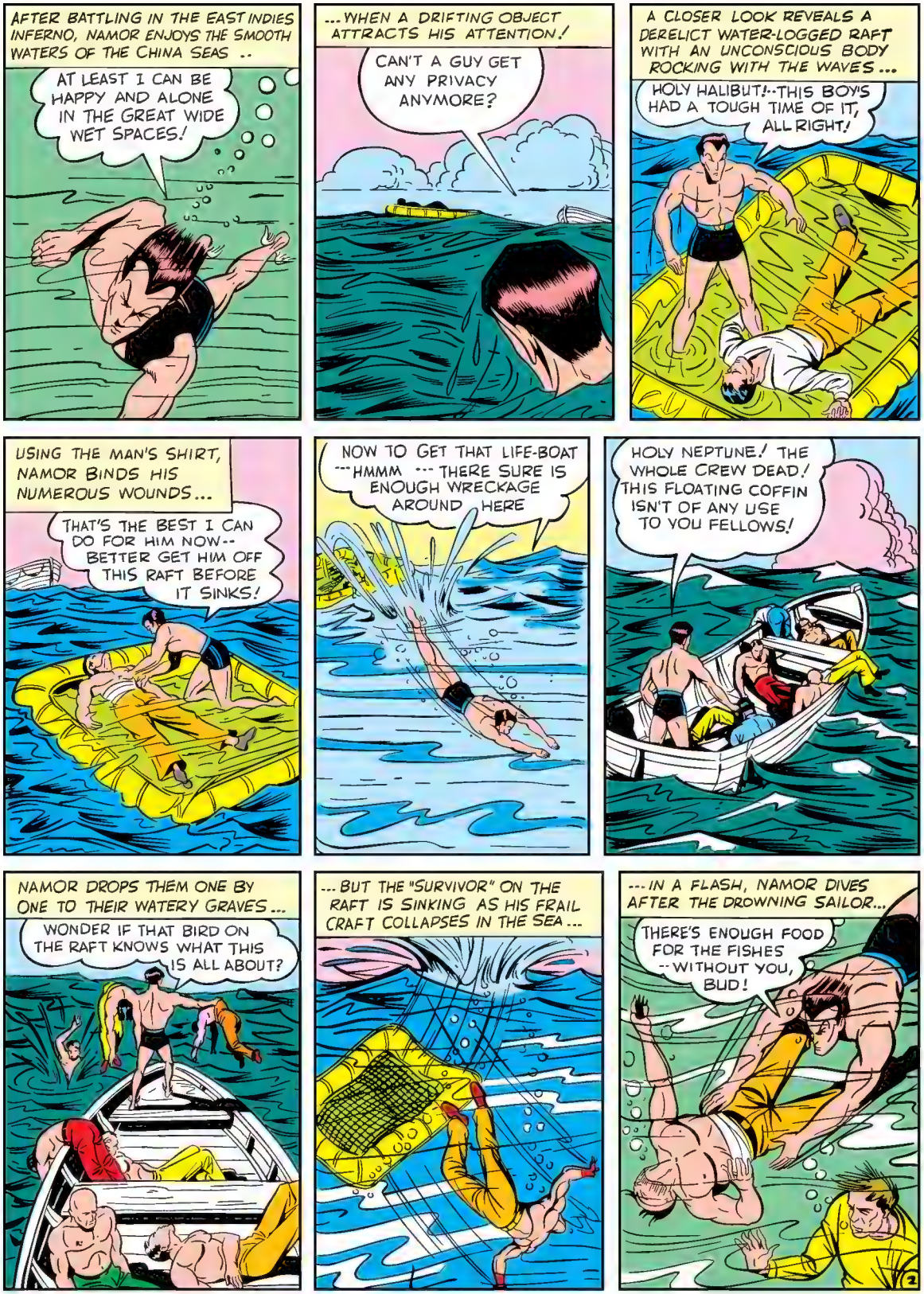
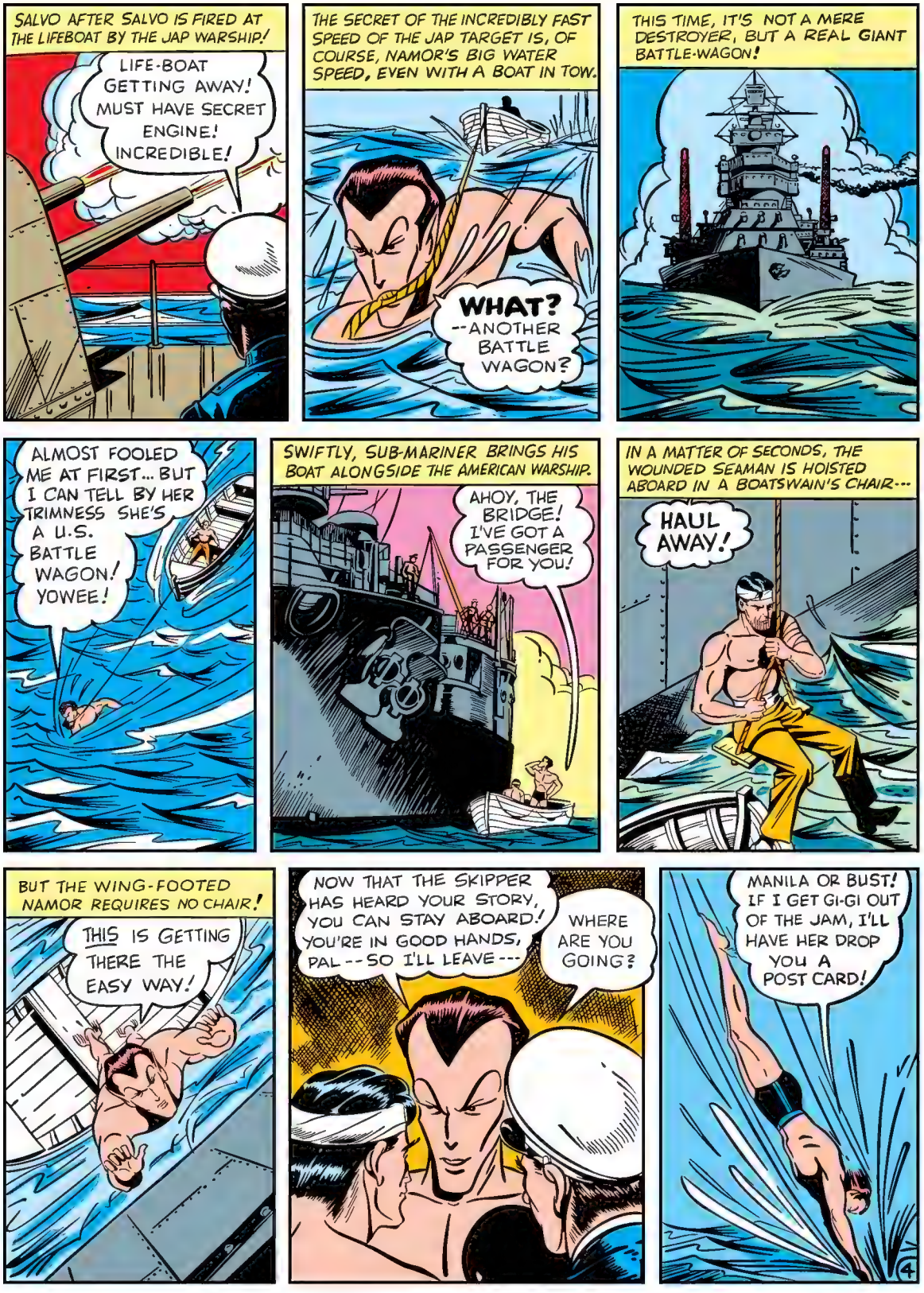
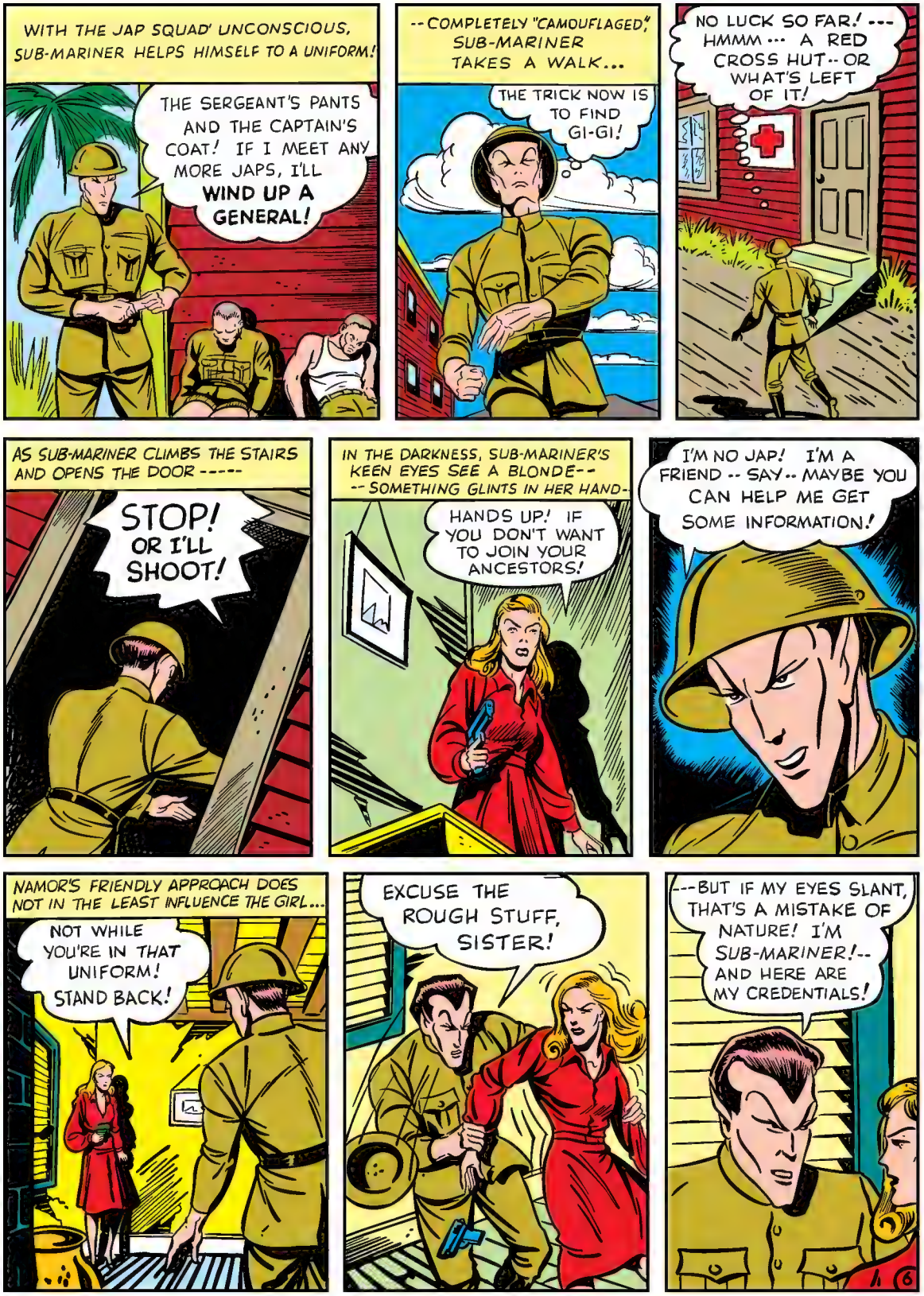
THE SUB-MARINER
SMASHES AN UPRISING AT MANILA!
SECRETS FOR MacARTHUR SEALED THE LIPS OF GI-GI, THE AMERICAN GIRL ... AS SUB-MARINER HURLED A JAP AT HER TORTURER ... FOR GI-GI HAD TO GET THROUGH TO THE GENERAL!


AFTER BATTLING IN THE EAST INDIES INFERNO, NAMOR ENJOYS THE SMOOTH WATERS OF THE CHINA SEAS ..
AT LEAST I CAN BE HAPPY AND ALONE IN THE GREAT WIDE WET SPACES!
...WHEN A DRIFTING OBJECT ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION!
CAN'T A GUY GET ANY PRIVACY ANYMORE?
A CLOSER LOOK REVEALS A DERELICT WATER-LOGGED RAFT WITH AN UNCONSCIOUS BODY ROCKING WITH THE WAVES...
HOLY HALIBUT!--THIS BOY'S HAD A TOUGH TIME OF IT, ALL RIGHT!
USING THE MAN'S SHIRT, NAMOR BINDS HIS NUMEROUS WOUNDS...
THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO FOR HIM NOW-- BETTER GET HIM OFF THIS RAFT BEFORE IT SINKS!
NOW TO GET THAT LIFE-BOAT ---HMMM --- THERE SURE IS ENOUGH WRECKAGE AROUND HERE
HOLY NEPTUNE! THE WHOLE CREW DEAD! THIS FLOATING COFFIN ISN'T OF ANY USE TO YOU FELLOWS!
NAMOR DROPS THEM ONE BY ONE TO THEIR WATERY GRAVES...
WONDER IF THAT BIRD ON THE RAFT KNOWS WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
...BUT THE "SURVIVOR" ON THE RAFT IS SINKING AS HIS FRAIL CRAFT COLLAPSES IN THE SEA...
---IN A FLASH, NAMOR DIVES AFTER THE DROWNING SAILOR...
THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD FOR THE FISHES --WITHOUT YOU, BUD!
2

NAMOR'S POWERFUL FEET PROPEL HIM WITH THE SPEED OF AN ARROW TOWARD THE LIFE-BOAT. THE RUSH OF WATER REVIVES THE SAILOR WHO STARTS TO MUMBLE INCOHERENTLY!
OOOHH-- ONLY SURVIVOR! GI-GI --- GLUB! --- JAPS! --- MY HEAD!
AFTER REACHING THE LIFE-BOAT, NAMOR QUESTIONS HIM ...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?
BARNEY DEVENS-- SEAMAN ... MY SHIP SANK IN THE SNEAK RAID AT MANILA! BUT THAT ISN'T ALL!--
MY SWEETHEART, GI-GI, IS STILL IN MANILA. AND IF THE JAPS GET THEIR HANDS ON HER, IT'S CURTAINS!
WHY?
SHE'S A SPY WORKING FOR THE UNITED STATES! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
BARNEY HAD HARDLY FINISHED HIS STORY --WHEN -----
THE NEAREST WALL AND A FIRING SQUAD!--
HEY!
... SEVERAL BURSTS OF GUN-FIRE FROM AN ON-RUSHING DESTROYER PEPPERS THEM!
HERE'S WHERE WE PULL A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL, BARNEY!
THEY'RE GETTING THE RANGE!
THEY'RE COMING FAST-- BUT WE'RE GOING FASTER! -- DUCK!
THE DESTROYER'S SHELLS STRADDLE THEIR MARK AND GET CLOSER AND CLOSER!
3


SALVO AFTER SALVO IS FIRED AT THE LIFEBOAT BY THE JAP WARSHIP!
LIFE-BOAT GETTING AWAY! MUST HAVE SECRET ENGINE! INCREDIBLE!
THE SECRET OF THE INCREDIBLY FAST SPEED OF THE JAP TARGET IS, OF COURSE, NAMOR'S BIG WATER SPEED, EVEN WITH A BOAT IN TOW.
WHAT? --ANOTHER BATTLE WAGON?
THIS TIME, IT'S NOT A MERE DESTROYER, BUT A REAL GIANT BATTLE-WAGON!
ALMOST FOOLED ME AT FIRST... BUT I CAN TELL BY HER TRIMNESS SHE'S A U.S. BATTLE WAGON! YOWEE!
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER BRINGS HIS BOAT ALONGSIDE THE AMERICAN WARSHIP.
AHOY, THE BRIDGE! I'VE GOT A PASSENGER FOR YOU!
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE WOUNDED SEAMAN IS HOISTED ABOARD IN A BOATSWAIN'S CHAIR---
HAUL AWAY!
BUT THE WING-FOOTED NAMOR REQUIRES NO CHAIR!
THIS IS GETTING THERE THE EASY WAY!
NOW THAT THE SKIPPER HAS HEARD YOUR STORY, YOU CAN STAY ABOARD! YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS, PAL--SO I'LL LEAVE---
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MANILA OR BUST! IF I GET GI-GI OUT OF THE JAM, I'LL HAVE HER DROP YOU A POST CARD!
4

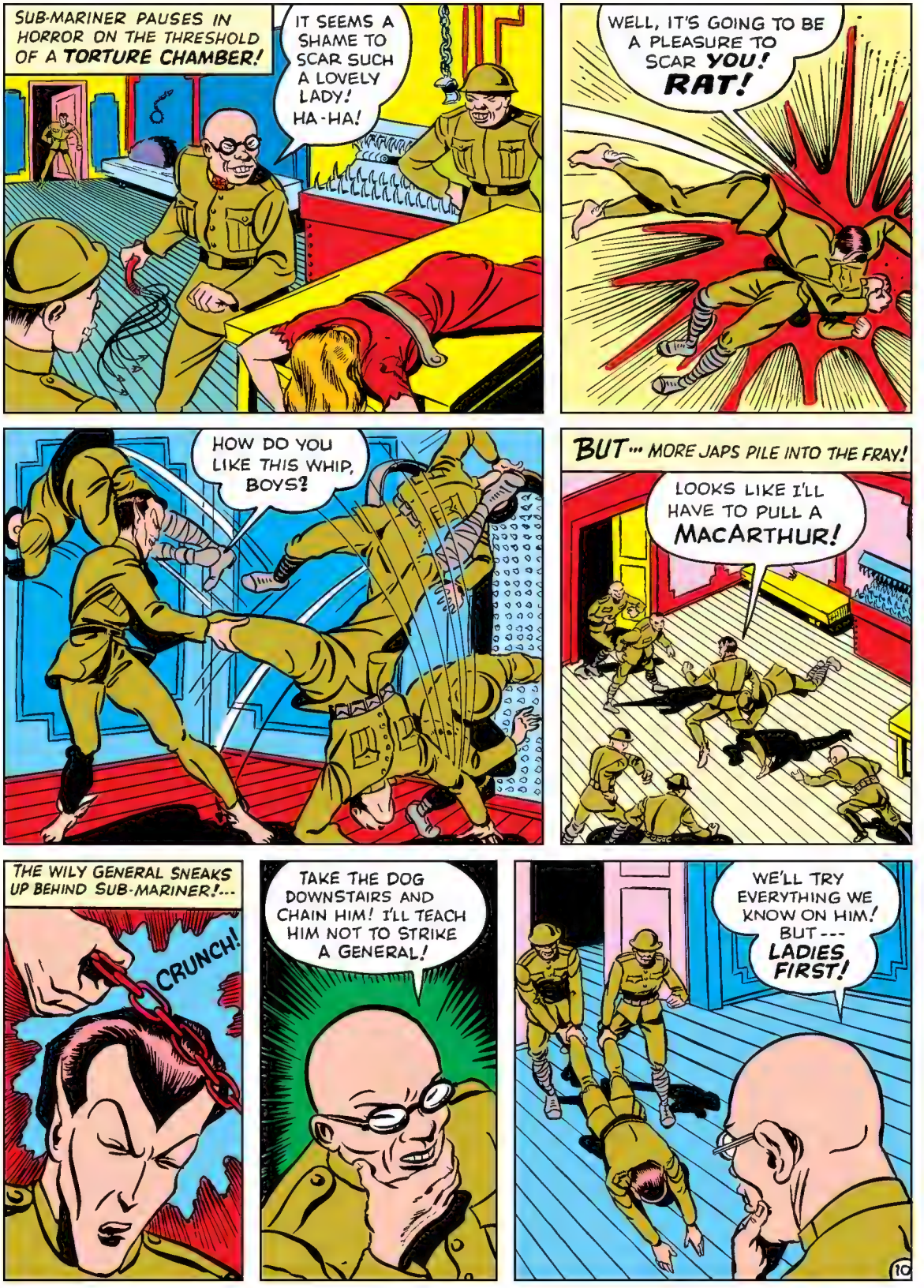
IN JIG TIME, SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT MANILA -- TO BEHOLD THE RESULTS OF THE SNEAK ASSAULT ---
THE JAPS ARE HONORABLE PEOPLE-- --I DON'T THINK!
ASHORE, HE COMES UPON A POSTER WHICH ADDS INSULT TO INJURY ---
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS!
BY ORDER OF THE JAPANESE COMMANDER
ALL WHITES KEEP OFF THE STREETS!
ON DEATH PENALTY.
BUT AS HE ROUNDS A CORNER, HE COMES UPON A JAP WITH A GUN---
DISOBEY HONORABLE ORDER, EH?
SUB-MARINER SPRINGS!
YOU BET!
LET'S SEE YOU TRY TO KEEP ME OFF THE STREETS, BUM!
ATTRACTED BY THE COWARDLY YELLS OF THEIR COMRADE, A PATROL COMES UPON THE SCENE!
YOU GUYS PLAY BASEBALL-- CATCH THIS!
THE JAP'S HURLED BODY KNOCKS OVER A WHOLE SQUAD!
RIGHT OVER THE PLATE-- AND OUT!
5


WITH THE JAP SQUAD UNCONSCIOUS, SUB-MARINER HELPS HIMSELF TO A UNIFORM!
THE SERGEANT'S PANTS AND THE CAPTAIN'S COAT! IF I MEET ANY MORE JAPS, I'LL WIND UP A GENERAL!
--COMPLETELY "CAMOUFLAGED," SUB-MARINER TAKES A WALK...
THE TRICK NOW IS TO FIND GI-GI!
NO LUCK SO FAR! --- HMMM ... A RED CROSS HUT -- OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!
AS SUB-MARINER CLIMBS THE STAIRS AND OPENS THE DOOR -----
STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT!
IN THE DARKNESS, SUB-MARINER'S KEEN EYES SEE A BLONDE-- -- SOMETHING GLINTS IN HER HAND-
HANDS UP! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS!
I'M NO JAP! I'M A FRIEND -- SAY -- MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME GET SOME INFORMATION!
NAMOR'S FRIENDLY APPROACH DOES NOT IN THE LEAST INFLUENCE THE GIRL...
NOT WHILE YOU'RE IN THAT UNIFORM! STAND BACK!
EXCUSE THE ROUGH STUFF, SISTER!
---BUT IF MY EYES SLANT, THAT'S A MISTAKE OF NATURE! I'M SUB-MARINER!-- AND HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!

SUB-MARINER! ... I--I'M SO GLAD! ... I'VE BEEN HIDING HERE ... WONDERING WHEN THEY'D GET ME!
WHAT WOULD THEY WANT TO GET YOU FOR? SAY -- YOU CAN'T BE GI-GI!
GI-GI? WHAT AN ABSURD NAME!-- OF COURSE NOT!--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PULL THE SECRET SERVICE STUFF ON ME! BARNEY ---
BARNEY!-- W--WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
BUT THE TETE-A-TETE IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED---
大声 並
THE COMMANDER DOESN'T WANT HIM DEAD! --REMEMBER!
大声 並
HIM! THAT'S HIM!
NOW! COME AND GET ME, BOYS! IF YOU CAN!
BOP!
BUT, IN THE EXCITEMENT, SOMEONE TOSSES A TEAR-GAS BOMB!
GUESS IT'S MY TURN TO WEEP! ... WOW! ... MY EYES!... I CAN'T SEE!
THE HUMAN FISH IS NETTED!
I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT WHEN I SAW THE MASKS! ...BUT THE GIRL-- WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?
IN AN ADJOINING ROOM ...
YOU ARE A PRETTY FLOWER --I THINK HONORABLE COMMANDER WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT YOU, TOO! COME!
7

AFTER A HOPELESS STRUGGLE NAMOR IS CARRIED OUT BY HIS CAPTORS! ---
HONORABLE PRISONER MOST HEAVY!
... AND THROWN INTO A STOLEN CAR WITH THE GIRL. THEY ARE RUSHED TO JAP HEADQUARTERS!
WHERE THE JAPANESE COMMANDER HAS INSTALLED HIMSELF IN THE BEST HOUSE IN TOWN ...
THE HONORABLE GENERAL EXPECTS YOU!
SO-- WHITE PIG WEARS HONORABLE UNIFORM OF NIPPON! WE HAVE SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR SPIES!
SAVE YOUR BREATH! NOBODY HAS TO SPY ON YOU RATS!
SO THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A CHAT? A THIRD DEGREE! --WELL, I WON'T TALK!
I HAVE KNOWN WOMEN TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS!
AND WE KNOW HOW TO CHANGE THEM! -----SERGEANT!
TAKE HIM AWAY! PERHAPS SHE WILL TALK BETTER ALONE!
HAI! HONORABLE COMMANDER!
NAMOR IS UNCEREMONIOUSLY TOSSED INTO A DANK SUBTERRANEAN CELL ---
THOSE FIENDS'D STOP AT NOTHING! I'VE GOT TO HELP HER --BUT HOW? WHEN I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF!
8

IN THE DARK, DAMP CELL, NAMOR WRACKS HIS BRAINS TO FIND A WAY OUT ...
THEY'VE GOT ME SEWED UP NOW! --IF I COULD ONLY CRACK THESE CHAINS!
HE KICKS OFF HIS BOOTS!
I KNOW A WAY! WINGS, DO YOUR STUFF!
SUB-MARINER'S WINGED FEET HURL HIM THROUGH THE AIR!
THERE GO THE CHAINS! --THANKS TO THIS DOOR!
AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS--TWO GUARDS WITH FIXED BAYONETS!
HERE ARE MORE HONORABLE COUSINS, IT SEEMS!
LET ME PUSH THAT HELMET DOWN, CHUM, SO YOU WON'T SEE SO WELL!
BONG!
AS SUB-MARINER TURNS TO FACE MORE TROUBLE, A SOLDIER STABS AT HIM WITH HIS BAYONET!
OUCH! THAT HURT!
HEARING CONTINUED CRIES ABOVE, SUB-MARINER PULLS THE WEAPON OUT OF HIS WOUND, AND -----
---RACES UP THE DARK STAIRS TOWARD THE VOICES HE HEARS....
RIBBING ME WITH A BAYONET? WELL--I DON'T NEED A WEAPON WHERE I'M GOING!
9


SUB-MARINER PAUSES IN HORROR ON THE THRESHOLD OF A TORTURE CHAMBER!
IT SEEMS A SHAME TO SCAR SUCH A LOVELY LADY! HA-HA!
WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE TO SCAR YOU! RAT!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WHIP, BOYS?
BUT... MORE JAPS PILE INTO THE FRAY!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO PULL A MACARTHUR!
THE WILY GENERAL SNEAKS UP BEHIND SUB-MARINER!...
CRUNCH!
TAKE THE DOG DOWNSTAIRS AND CHAIN HIM! I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO STRIKE A GENERAL!
WE'LL TRY EVERYTHING WE KNOW ON HIM! BUT--- LADIES FIRST!

AS SUB-MARINER COMES TO, HE FINDS HE'S BEING MANACLED WITH CHAINS...
I SHOULD BE GETTING A MEDAL FOR THIS-- NOT BRACELETS... UH -- WHERE AM I?

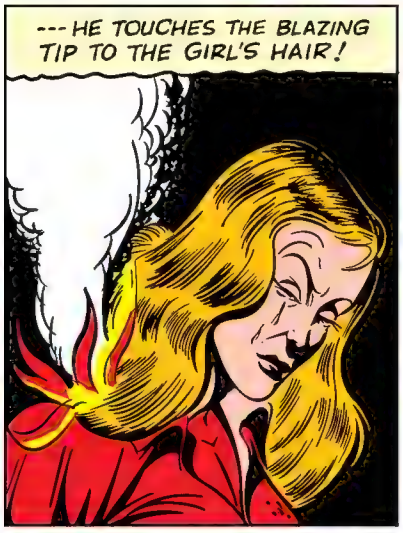
UPRIGHT AGAINST THE WALL ---
WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT ME DOWN? --I CAN'T FIGHT BACK NOW!

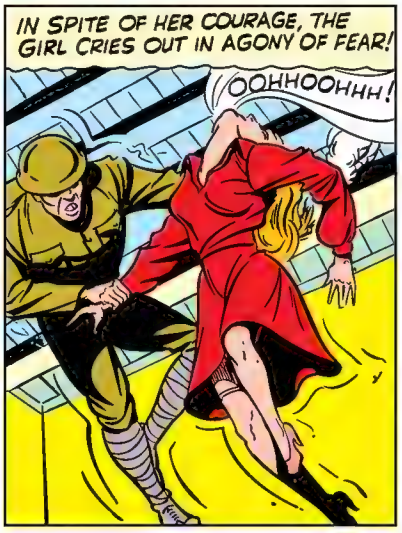
WE HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HUMAN PORPOISE! BUT WE DO NOT LIKF TO KEEP A LADY WAITING ! SO - BANZAI !

UPSTAIRS ...
IS THE LADY IN A MORE TALKATIVE MOOD?
NO TALK! UNUSUAL WOMAN!

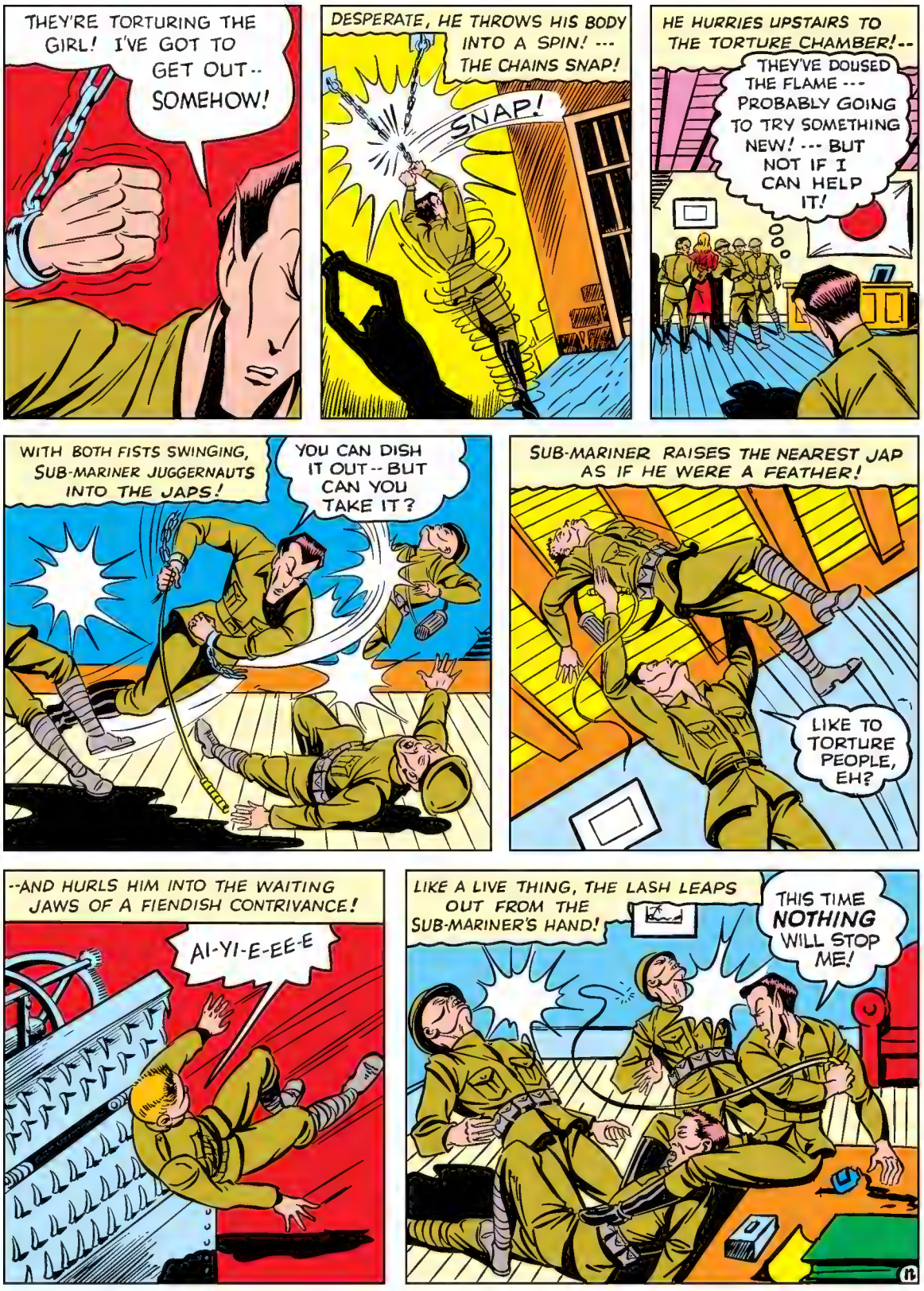
THE JAPS PULL THE GIRL OFF THE TABLE...
IN ASIA, WE MOST PATIENT --- TRY NEW WAY, PLEASE!

...AND A BLAZING MATCH SPARKLES IN HIS HAND ---

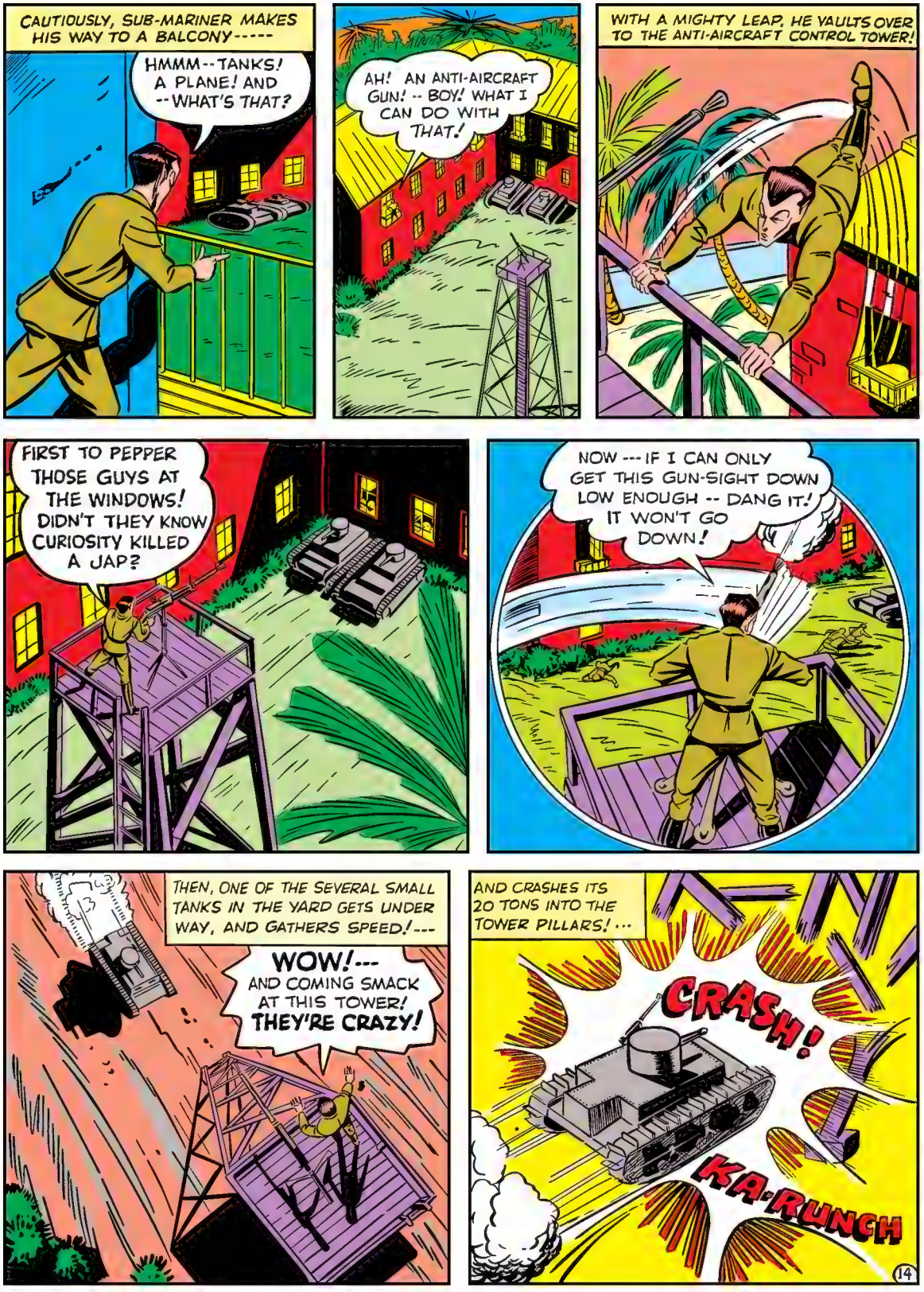

--- HE TOUCHES THE BLAZING TIP TO THE GIRL'S HAIR!


IN SPITE OF HER COURAGE, THE GIRL CRIES OUT IN AGONY OF FEAR!
OOHHOOHHH!

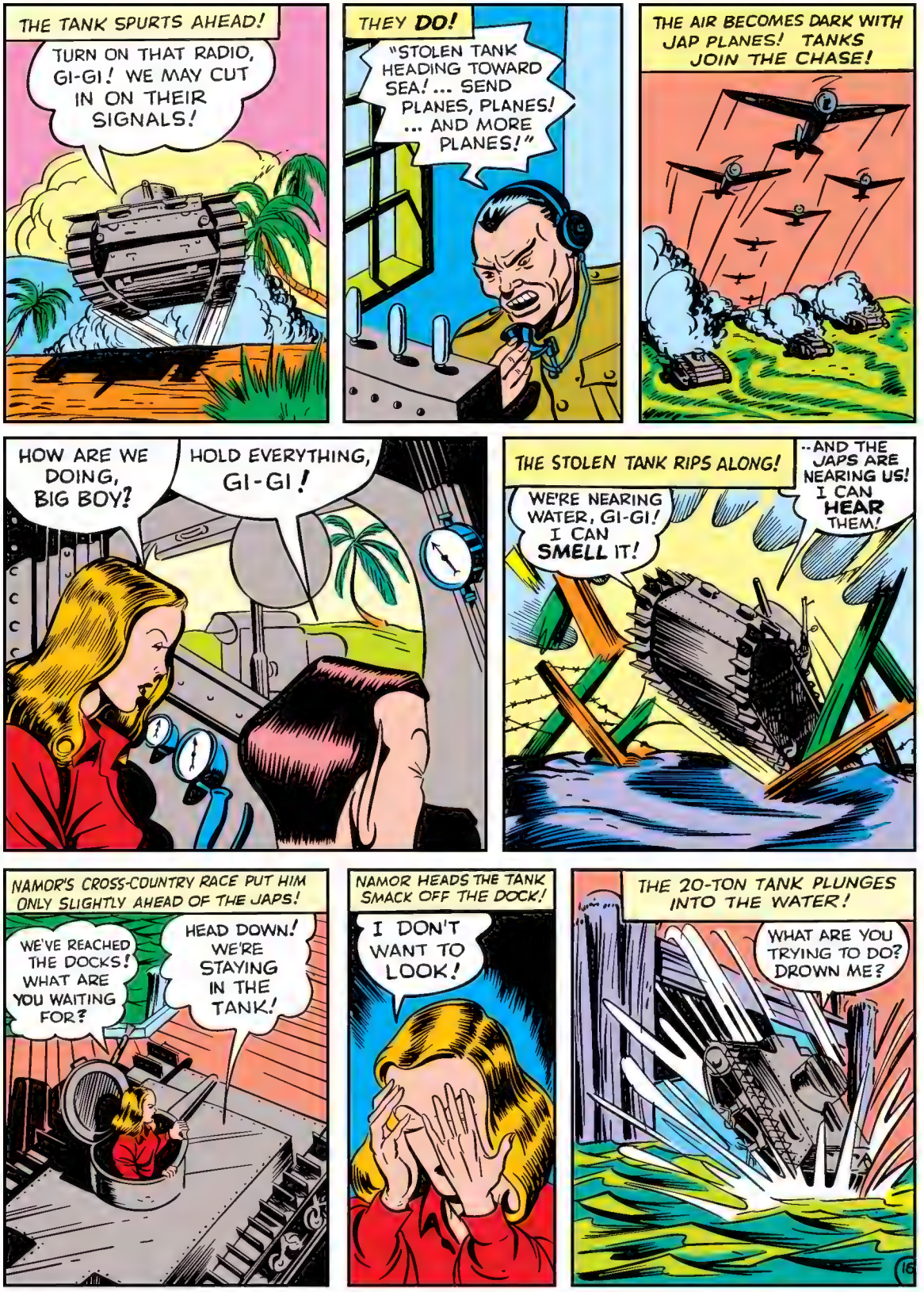
--- AND IN THE ROOM BELOW, THE DISTINCTIVE SMELL OF BURNING HAIR BRINGS NAMOR SHARPLY TO HIS SENSES ---


THEY'RE TORTURING THE GIRL! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT-- SOMEHOW!
DESPERATE, HE THROWS HIS BODY INTO A SPIN! --- THE CHAINS SNAP!
SNAP!
HE HURRIES UPSTAIRS TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER!--
THEY'VE DOUSED THE FLAME --- PROBABLY GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW! --- BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING, SUB-MARINER JUGGERNAUTS INTO THE JAPS!
YOU CAN DISH IT OUT-- BUT CAN YOU TAKE IT?
SUB-MARINER RAISES THE NEAREST JAP AS IF HE WERE A FEATHER!
LIKE TO TORTURE PEOPLE, EH?
--AND HURLS HIM INTO THE WAITING JAWS OF A FIENDISH CONTRIVANCE!
AI-YI-E-EE-E
LIKE A LIVE THING, THE LASH LEAPS OUT FROM THE SUB-MARINER'S HAND!
THIS TIME NOTHING WILL STOP ME!

SUDDENLY THE GENERAL, EELING AWAY FROM THE WHISTLING LASH, PULLS OUT A GUN!
...BUT NAMOR HAD SEEN THE THREAT! ... SNAPPING HIS WHIP!...
A QUICK JERK OF THE WHIP, AND THE GENERAL IS HURLED OFF BALANCE!
COME HERE! DON'T BE BASHFUL!
INSTANTLY, SUB-MARINER IS ON TOP OF THE LAST JAP!
HERE'S WHERE THE RISING SUN TAKES A DIVE!
PICKING THE GIRL UP IN HIS ARMS, HE DASHES TOWARD THE DOOR ...
BUT THE WAY IS BARRED BY TWO SENTRIES ...
RIGHT-- ABOUT-- FACE!
WHIRLING, HE DARTS DOWN A STAIRWAY...
DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR --- WHEN YOU'VE GOT A DAME IN YOUR ARMS!
THOSE DEVILS WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR HER IN THEIR OWN JAIL!
'BYE, BABE, I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY OUT. BET THERE ARE MORE JAPS HERE THAN IN TOKIO!
13

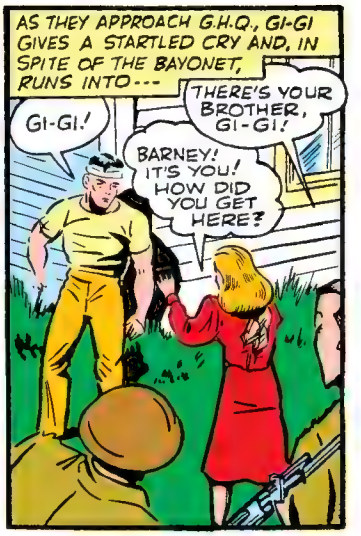

CAUTIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER MAKES HIS WAY TO A BALCONY-----
HMMM--TANKS! A PLANE! AND --WHAT'S THAT?
AH! AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN! -- BOY! WHAT I CAN DO WITH THAT!
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, HE VAULTS OVER TO THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT CONTROL TOWER!
FIRST TO PEPPER THOSE GUYS AT THE WINDOWS! DIDN'T THEY KNOW CURIOSITY KILLED A JAP?
NOW --- IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS GUN-SIGHT DOWN LOW ENOUGH -- DANG IT! IT WON'T GO DOWN!
THEN, ONE OF THE SEVERAL SMALL TANKS IN THE YARD GETS UNDER WAY, AND GATHERS SPEED!---
WOW!--- AND COMING SMACK AT THIS TOWER! THEY'RE CRAZY!
AND CRASHES ITS 20 TONS INTO THE TOWER PILLARS! ...
CRASH!
KA-RUNCH
14

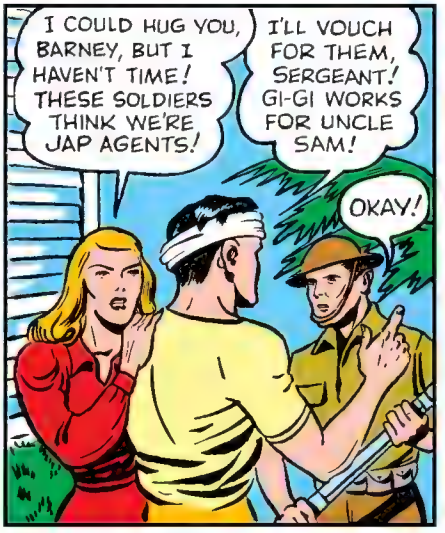
JUMPING OFF THE TOWER BEFORE THE TANK CRASHED IT, SUB-MARINER LEAPS AT THE ONCOMING STEEL MONSTER---
---WHICH STOPS SUDDENLY RIGHT BEFORE NAMOR! AND---
A HAND! A LADY'S HAND --- WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER SCURVY JAP TRICK?
SUB-MARINER FLINGS THE CONNING-TOWER TOP BACK--
MIGHT AS WELL FIND OUT ABOUT THIS!
WELL --- I'LL BE -----!
YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D GET AWAY WITHOUT ME, DID YOU?
I WAS GOING TO PICK YOU UP WHEN I CLEANED OUT THAT PLACE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO ESCAPE?
I WOKE UP, FOUND THE BUILDING DESERTED, AND WALKED OUT!... WHILE THE JAPS HUNTED YOU, I JUMPED INTO THE TANK!
AND NOW I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!
DON'T BOTHER! I KNEW YOU WERE GI-GI AS SOON AS I MENTIONED BARNEY TO YOU!
GUESS I WENT PALE AROUND THE GILLS!
YOU SURE DID! SAY, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE -- AND QUICK!
15


THE TANK SPURTS AHEAD!
TURN ON THAT RADIO, GI-GI! WE MAY CUT IN ON THEIR SIGNALS!
THEY DO!
"STOLEN TANK HEADING TOWARD SEA! ... SEND PLANES, PLANES! ... AND MORE PLANES!"
THE AIR BECOMES DARK WITH JAP PLANES! TANKS JOIN THE CHASE!
HOW ARE WE DOING, BIG BOY?
HOLD EVERYTHING, GI-GI!
THE STOLEN TANK RIPS ALONG!
WE'RE NEARING WATER, GI-GI! I CAN SMELL IT!
..AND THE JAPS ARE NEARING US! I CAN HEAR THEM!
NAMOR'S CROSS-COUNTRY RACE PUT HIM ONLY SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF THE JAPS!
WE'VE REACHED THE DOCKS! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
HEAD DOWN! WE'RE STAYING IN THE TANK!
NAMOR HEADS THE TANK SMACK OFF THE DOCK!
I DON'T WANT TO LOOK!
THE 20-TON TANK PLUNGES INTO THE WATER!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? DROWN ME?
16

MASTERFULLY SUB-MARINER BRINGS THE TANK TO AN EVEN KEEL ---
THE JOKE'S ON YOU, SISTER! THIS IS AN AMPHIBIAN TANK!
THE STEEL FISH ZOOMS THROUGH THE WATER. IT APPROACHES AN ISLAND...
SUB MARINER! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
OLD GLORY! BUT THAT PUTS US ON THE SPOT --CONSIDERING THAT WE'RE IN A JAPANESE TANK!
SURE ENOUGH, A WAVE OF AMERICAN PLANES THUNDERS TOWARD THE TANK!
BOMBS RAIN DOWN! ONE WRECKS THE TANK GUN! ANOTHER HITS THE MOTOR!
ZING!
THE TANK STALLS!
STICK AROUND, GI-GI! I'M GOING TO DO A TOWING JOB!
STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, NAMOR HAULS THE TANK ASHORE! ...
KEEP WAVING THAT HANDKERCHIEF! THERE'S A FLOCK OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS COMING! AND THEY DON'T OFTEN MISS!
A CIRCLE OF STEEL SURROUNDS THE PAIR!
PUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS! WE'RE FRIENDS!
FRIENDS! IN A JAP TANK!
17

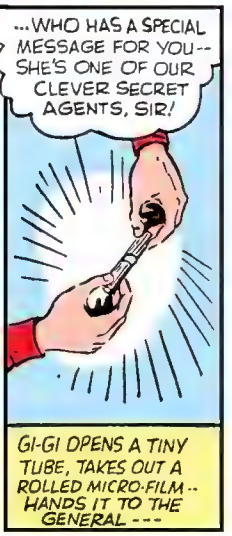
...FINALLY THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD TAKES OVER!
I MUST SEE GENERAL MacARTHUR -- AND IT'S CONFIDENTIAL!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! COME WITH ME TO THE GUARD HOUSE!
WE'RE NOT WORKING FOR THE JAPS, SARGE!


AS THEY APPROACH G.H.Q., GI-GI GIVES A STARTLED CRY AND, IN SPITE OF THE BAYONET, RUNS INTO---
GI-GI!
THERE'S YOUR BROTHER, GI-GI!
BARNEY! IT'S YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?


I COULD HUG YOU, BARNEY, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME! THESE SOLDIERS THINK WE'RE JAP AGENTS!
I'LL VOUCH FOR THEM, SERGEANT! GI-GI WORKS FOR UNCLE SAM!
OKAY!

MEANWHILE AN ORDERLY REPORTS TO GENERAL MacARTHUR FROM THE GUARD COMMANDER---
WE HAVE JUST TAKEN TWO PRISONERS ... AMERICANS ... THEY INSIST ON TALKING TO YOU, SIR!
AMERICANS? GOOD! SHOW THEM IN!
YES, SIR!

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION ON YOUR WAR, GENERAL! I JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM TROUBLE, AS YOU KNOW, BUT ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MISS GI-GI!


...WHO HAS A SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR YOU-- SHE'S ONE OF OUR CLEVER SECRET AGENTS, SIR!
GI-GI OPENS A TINY TUBE, TAKES OUT A ROLLED MICRO-FILM -- HANDS IT TO THE GENERAL ---

WELL! THANK YOU, MISS GI-GI! THIS IS THE SECRET MESSAGE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THANKS TO YOU BOTH FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR AMERICA!

"SHUCKS -- THAT'S NOTHING!"-SAYS
SUB-MARINER
AS HE GETS READY FOR MORE AND MORE
UNUSUAL, EXCITING, DIFFERENT AND TERRIFIC
ADVENTURES ON LAND, IN AIR, AND ON SEA
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS

TIGHT SPOT

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

FLYING CADET ROBERT SUTTER stood in line with the rest and received his day's flight instructions. The muscles in his legs and neck were jumping with the excitement of it all, for this was his first day "upstairs". Up till now he was grounded in school, learning the mechanics of airplanes. Now he was ready to *fly!* With cheeks flushed, he listened to Captain Seeley giving instructions.

"These are your orders." Seeley said. "Each training ship will cruise over the circle marked on your maps. Students will obey the instructors to the letter. Make three circles, then release the controls to the officer with you. He will land the plane. All right, men, hop to it!"

Student pilots scrambled madly to their places, eager to be off. At each plane a grease monkey inserted the crank handle, wound the inertia starter, and with a flick of the switch by the pilot, the motors roared into life. One by one, the yellow training ships taxied slowly down the runway. Then they turned and faced the wind. The motor was "given the gun." Tails came up. and the planes poised for a brief second —then shot down the "apron."

LIKE A FLOCK OF DUCKS, they rose high into the blue sky. Each plane was designated to fly over a different area, so when a certain altitude was reached, the ships branched out in a giant fan heading for their own spots. Sutter traced his course with a finger then set the plane on it. Wind swished into the cockpit and blew against his face. "Ahh!" he said, to nobody in particular. "*This* is the *life!*"

After ten minutes of straight lying, the instructor turned in his seat and signaled with his hand. "Right bank" was what it meant. Bobby Sutter touched right rudder and stick, and the plane wheeled in a long, slow turn. Next was a left turn. The cadet went through the maneuvers flawlessly. Never, even for a second, did he falter, or freeze to the stick. In ground school, he had learned his lessons well.

The instructor waved again, and Bobby put the ship through the few tricks he had learned. Long, sweeping figure eights, a stall, and a spin. In the front cockpit the instructor smiled to himself. He rarely got anyone who could handle a ship so smoothly the first time out. Usually the excitement got the better of the cadets and they forced every movement. Several times the kids froze the controls . . . held them in fists that were tightened by fear. Long ago he had given up the practice of conking the student with a fire extinguisher. Now, he kept a full seltzer bottle beside him, and one shot of water in the face would thaw out anybody. But this was not necessary now!

Bobby looked at his watch. A half hour had passed since he took off, minutes that flew like seconds. He leaned over and slapped the top of the fusilage to attract the attention of the officer in front. The instructor turned around, saw what Sutter meant and checked with his own watch. His lips moved. "O.K., you did fine!" he gestured with his mouth.

WELL PLEASED at his performance, Bobby banked and headed back for the field. He saw that other planes were coming in, and he cast a look around to see that his particular section of the sky was clear. Then his heart stood still! Coming at them under full "gun" was another training plane! Bobby could see the mask of fear over the student pilot's face who had frozen solidly to the controls. He reached for the stick and shoved it down. But at that moment the other ship passed overhead. The instructor in front of Bobby looked up, about to yell, when the wheel of the wild plane hit him a blow in the head!

A freak accident! The chances were one in a million that it would ever happen again, yet the *once* it did, it had to happen to *him.* The other plane straightened out, once again, with the instructor at the controls. But, in the front seat of his own plane, Bobby could see only the slumped-over form! He could not tell how seriously the man was hurt. If it *was bad* he'd have to get to a doctor at once...but how? He had *never landed a plane before!*

Of all the maneuvers, *this* was perhaps the most difficult for the student. He had learned how to make a landing in the ground school, but only on *paper!* Now he was here, *alone,* his first time in the air, and with a problem facing him that loomed as large as the Empire State building. It was surprising, he thought, how much confidence one had when someone else was in the plane. He never felt more alone in his whole life, than he did at this moment.

HE SHOT A GLANCE at his gas gauge. There was enough fuel left for another hour's flight. But, he could *not remain aloft!* The man in the front seat needed attention badly. If he circled about until he ran out of gas his instructor might die! He had to land *sometime,* so the sooner the *better!* Bobby shoved his head over the side. On the field the planes were lined up neatly. A knot of men gathered around

one fellow. That probably was the cadet who froze his controls.

Then someone pointed up to his plane. The rest glanced up queerly, but evidently thought that the instructor wanted to give the student a little more training. Bobby scanned the skies. Spotted around were a few dozen planes. If they were to follow him in, there would be no telling *what* might happen. If he got rattled at all, it might mean a ground loop. The officers had shown them vivid examples of crates that cracked up coming in. And now Bobby wished desperately that he had listened more closely how to avoid such things.

Hoping that the instructor might revive, Sutter leaned forward. The man was still bent over, but now a faint trickle of blood seeped out from under his helmet. Luckily, his body did not interfere with the controls. Bobby was frantic. He looked down again. Still no one noticed anything wrong.

Then he got it. Knowing that no instructor would attempt acrobatics with a new student, he sent the ship up. At two thousand feet he leveled off, held his breath, then pulled the stick back into his stomach. The ground and the sky got all mixed up. Everything whirled around dizzily. With a silent prayer that he was right side up, the cadet centered the controls. He let out a deep sigh of relief. The ground was *beneath* him!

AGAIN HE LOOKED OVER. They noticed him now, all right! Captain Seeley guessed at once what was wrong, and asked all the others whether or not theirs was the plane in the near crash. Nobody answered, so it must be the one "upstairs!" Quickly, the call went out. Fire trucks and an ambulance dashed from the hangers below. Not a very comforting thought, to have a "meat wagon" waiting for you to land!

It took a few minutes for Bobby to get his courage up, but thinking of the officer in the front, and the code of the airmen, he knew he had to do it. He might have taken the coward's way out, and flown to a higher altitude and jumped, but when he saw the men running around below, he knew at once that they didn't believe him to be afraid. They had more confidence in his courage than he had himself!

Steeling himself for the strain to come, Bobby cut the gun and came in. He lost altitude too fast, and he saw Seeley frantically waving him back up. He shoved the throttle forward and hauled gently on the stick. The prop caught, and the plane skimmed the end of the field reaching for height. Bobby muttered to himself. "If I expect to *land* this crate, I'm gonna have to get some *practice* first! Hold tight, down there!"

Once more he started down. This time he cut the gun but slightly, and measured his distance as he went in. Not knowing what he was doing, Seeley waved a red flag. "Up!" he motioned in the groundman's signals. Bobby let the wheels touch, power still on, then he fed it more gas, and went back on the stick. Gracefully, the plane rose over the other end of the apron.

Now those on the ground saw his plan. Every one of them had fingers crossed, wishing him all the luck they could. Captain Seeley had worry lines on his face, for the unconscious instructor had been his friend. The training ship circled sharply. "One more practice shot and I'll come in!" Bobby said to the skies. All eyes were on the flash of yellow coming in under power.

HEADS WERE HANGING out of the control room window, while mechanics and pilots streamed onto the field. Everyone in the locality was present. The firemen had their hoses out, and the doctors were ready with their kits. This *had* to be good, for *two lives were at stake!*

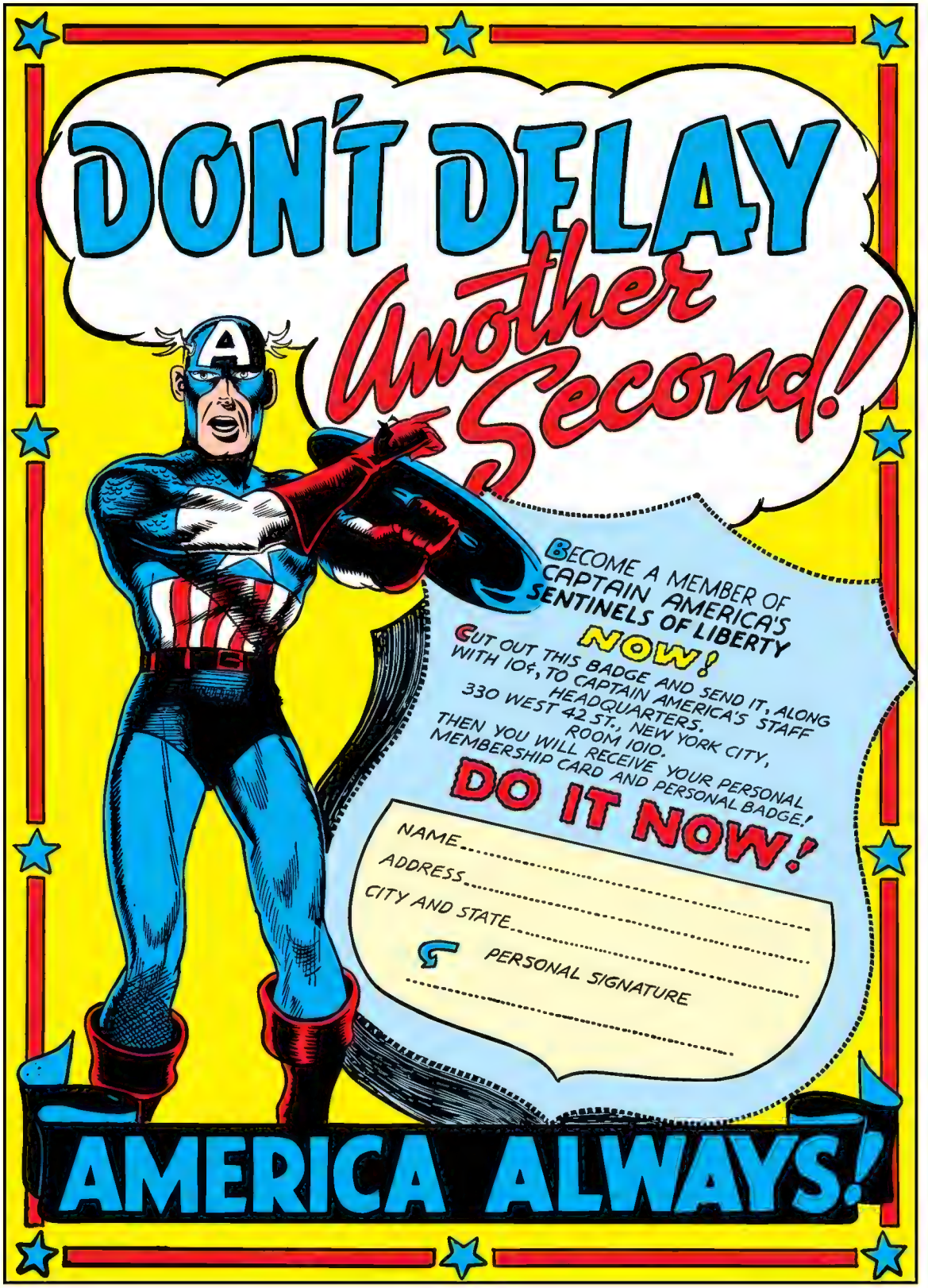
Bobby came in slowly, feeding the motor just enough gas to keep the plane up. At the far end, he swooped over, touched the wheels, ran along a few yards and shot skyward. Now, the time had come! This would be no practice attempt. He would come in under power, throttle down until he lost flying speed, touch his wheels and guide her in. That was all, but it was the biggest job in the world at present!

With his upper lip clenched between his teeth, Bobby Sutter banked. He circled again until he was running upwind on the apron. Five hundred, two hundred, one, then fifty feet above the ground. The white concrete runway was coming up fast. He pushed the stick slightly forward and cut the gun a little more . . . then, slowly, like a great bird, the plane began to settle. The beginning of the apron flashed under him, and a moment later he felt his wheels touch.

He bounced up! But he let her down gently and threw off the switch. He was rolling fast now. The stick came back, the tailskid dug in, and the ship slowed down. Bobby let his breath out all at once. Sweat poured from his face.

IN AN INSTANT THE PLANE was surrounded by the mob. They removed the instructor, and when it was found that he was only knocked out, and had suffered a slight scalp wound, a tremendous yell went up. The mob hoisted Bobby from the cockpit and paraded him around on their shoulders. This was his day. But had they known it, Bobby would have preferred to be standing with them —not riding on their shoulders . . . for nothing seemed sweeter right now, than to have his two feet settin' on the good old *solid ground!*

THE END


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY NOW!
CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS. 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!
DO IT NOW!
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
.....
AMERICA ALWAYS!

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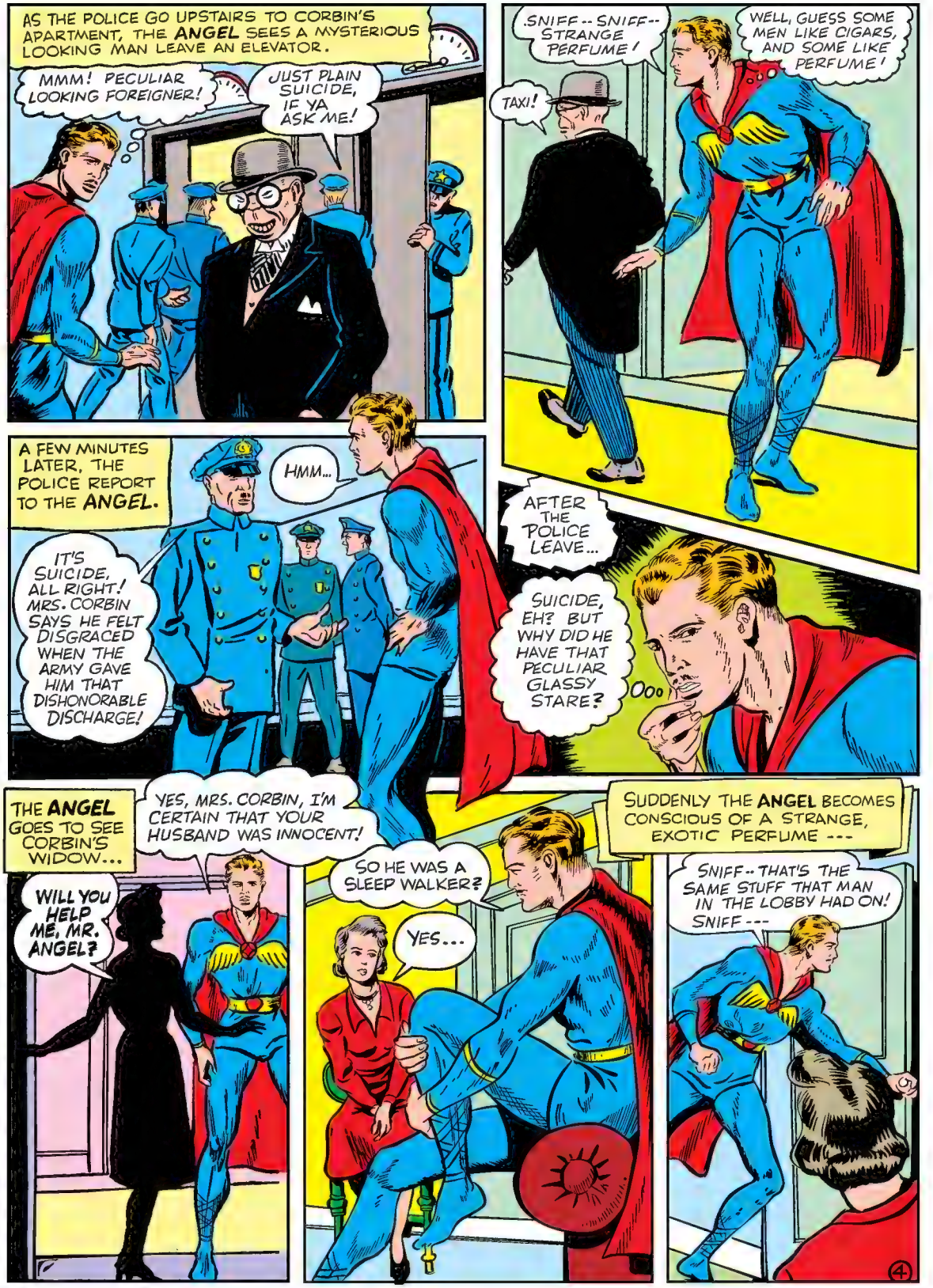
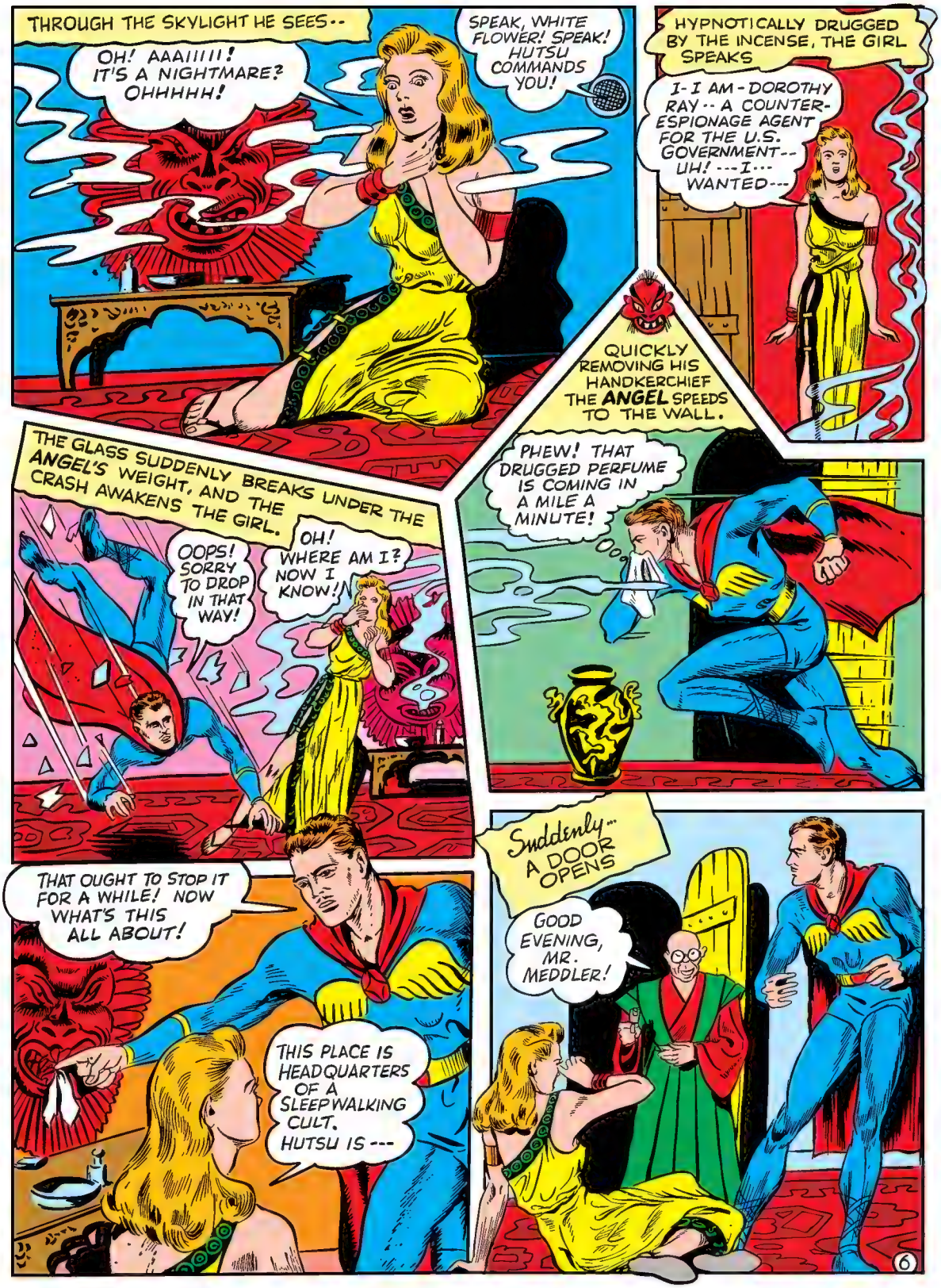
THE ANGEL
"DREAM!--SLEEP!," SAID HUTSU, THE JAPANESE SANDMAN! ... AND HIS VICTIMS EXPERIENCED THE MOST BLOOD-CURDLING NIGHTMARES! BUT THEY WERE NOT DREAMS! ---
ONLY ONE MAN COULD BREAK THAT SPELL ... THE ANGEL!
THE HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS!

THE ANGEL'S LEISURELY STROLL ALONG NEW YORK'S PARK AVENUE IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A SOUND FROM ABOVE...
NICE NIGHT FOR---- WHERE'S THAT PECULIAR LAUGH COMING FROM?
WOW!
HE SEES..
HMM--- HA-HA-HA!
OTEL DORCHESTER
GEE! THAT GUY MUST BE NUTS! OKAY, MISTER! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
RIGHT! I'LL TRY TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION!
STRIPPED OF HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES, THE ANGEL SWIFTLY ASCENDS THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING...
HEY! BE CAREFUL! WE'LL HAVE HELP HERE SOON!--HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE ME! HEY! YOO-HOO! DON'T MOVE!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT GLASSY STARE! TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! EASY!
Suddenly... AS THE MAN BACKS AWAY...
GUESS IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOU, DREAMY-EYES!
HA, HA, HA!
Meanwhile, POLICE ARRIVE AND SPREAD A LIFE-NET!
KEEP THAT NET RIGHT UNDER THEM, MEN!
2

WITH A DESPERATE JERK, THE MAN FREES HIS ARM!
OOP!
TEE-HEE HA!
STOP! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
HA-HA--HUMM!
On the Street Below...
HE'S RUNNING TOO FAST!
WE CAN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM!
THE GUY'S CRAZY!
HE JUMPED! THAT NET WILL NEVER CATCH HIM!
HEEEEEEE
GOSH! THAT POOR FELLOW JUST DIDN'T WANT TO BE SAVED!
AAAAAAAAAA.
THE ANGEL DESCENDS TO THE STREET IN AN ELEVATOR AND JOINS THE POLICE...
IT'S SUICIDE, ANGEL -- HE'S CORBIN, THE ARMY CAPTAIN WHO WAS JUST COURT-MARTIALED!
CORBIN?
YEAH! THEY CLAIMED HE WAS SELLING DEFENSE SECRETS TO AN ENEMY POWER!
3

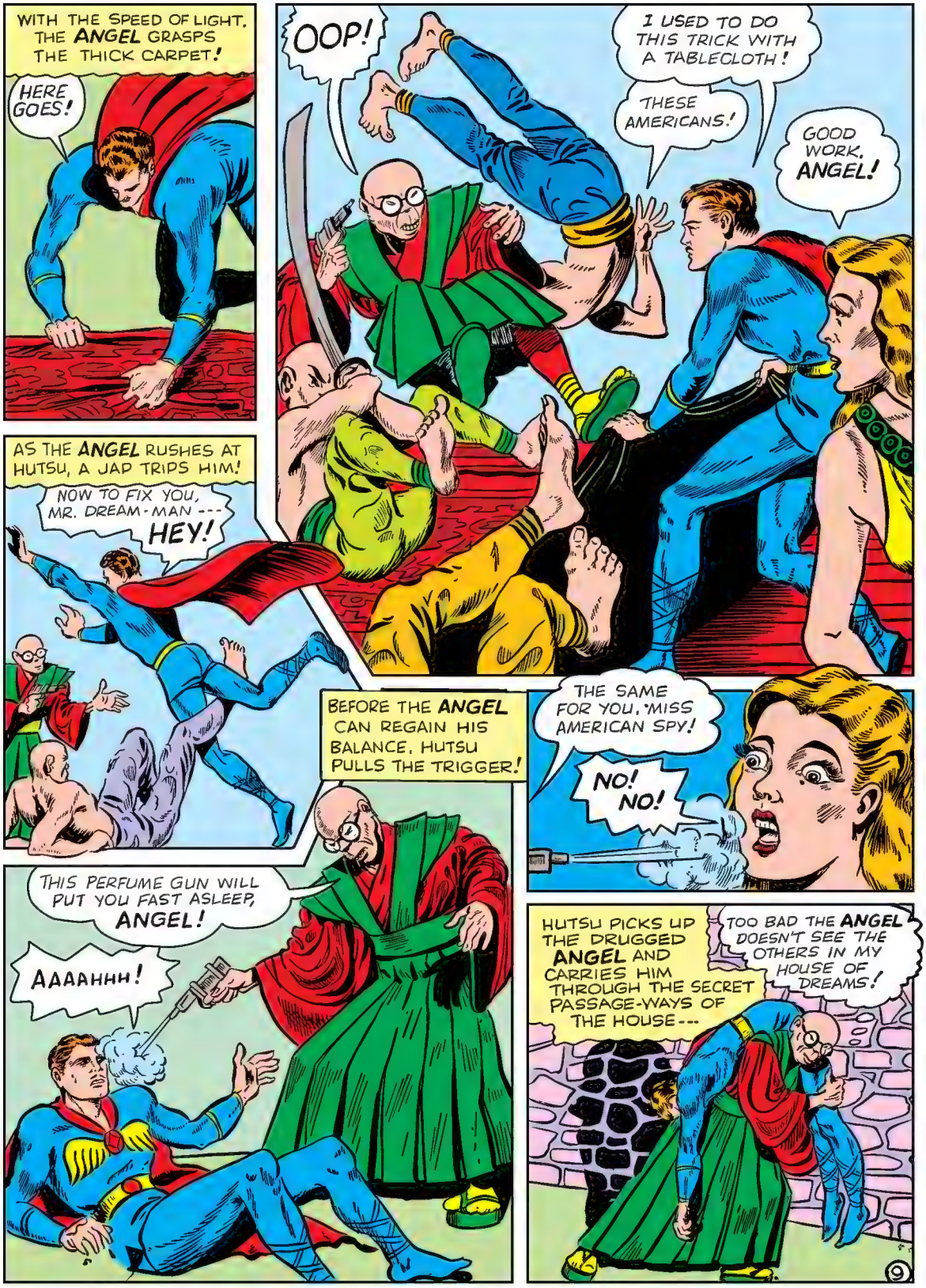

AS THE POLICE GO UPSTAIRS TO CORBIN'S APARTMENT, THE ANGEL SEES A MYSTERIOUS LOOKING MAN LEAVE AN ELEVATOR.
MMM! PECULIAR LOOKING FOREIGNER!
JUST PLAIN SUICIDE, IF YA ASK ME!
.SNIFF -- SNIFF -- STRANGE PERFUME!
TAXI!
WELL, GUESS SOME MEN LIKE CIGARS, AND SOME LIKE PERFUME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE REPORT TO THE ANGEL.
HMM...
IT'S SUICIDE, ALL RIGHT! MRS. CORBIN SAYS HE FELT DISGRACED WHEN THE ARMY GAVE HIM THAT DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE!
AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE...
SUICIDE, EH? BUT WHY DID HE HAVE THAT PECULIAR GLASSY STARE?
Ooo
THE ANGEL GOES TO SEE CORBIN'S WIDOW...
YES, MRS. CORBIN, I'M CERTAIN THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS INNOCENT!
WILL YOU HELP ME, MR. ANGEL?
SO HE WAS A SLEEP WALKER?
YES...
SUDDENLY THE ANGEL BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF A STRANGE, EXOTIC PERFUME ---
SNIFF -- THAT'S THE SAME STUFF THAT MAN IN THE LOBBY HAD ON! SNIFF ---
4

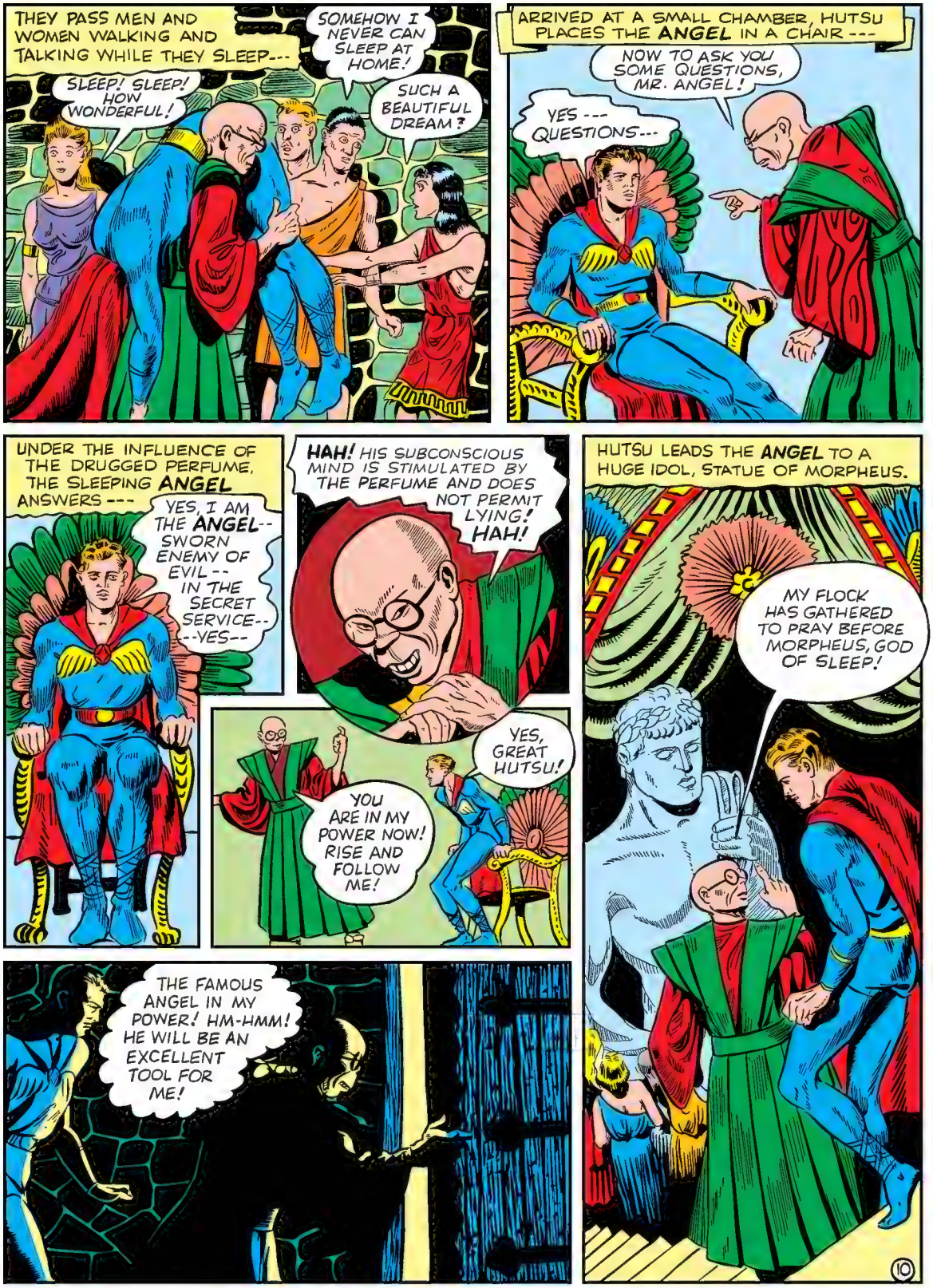
IN CORBIN'S BEDROOM THE ANGEL DISCOVERS---
PERFUMED CIGARETTE! --AND DRUGGED! WOW!
HOPE THAT TAXI STARTER REMEMBERS HIM!
THE ANGEL RUSHES DOWNSTAIRS--
THAT PERFUMED GUY IS MIXED UP IN THIS!
YES! THE DRIVER WHO PICKED UP A SHORT MAN WITH GLASSES --'BOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO!
YEAH! I REMEMBER!-- HEY! HERE HE COMES NOW!
IN THE CAB...
THIS TWENTY WILL HELP YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU TOOK THAT GUY WITH THE GLASSES, DRIVER!
TAXI
'TANKS, BOSS! DERE WASN'T ANY NUMBER ON THE HOUSE, BUT I T'INK I C'N FIND IT FER YA!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
DAT'S DA PLACE, BOSS! WANT ME TO WAIT?
NO, THANKS!
TAXI
WITH CAT-LIKE AGILITY, THE ANGEL SWIFTLY CLIMBS A DRAIN PIPE TO THE ROOF OF THE MANSION ---
FROM A VENTILATOR ON THE ROOF COMES THE SAME EXOTIC PERFUME OF THE CIGARETTE ---
SNIFF -- MMM-- NOW I KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
THIS SKYLIGHT WILL --- WOW! WHAT'S THIS? THE ARABIAN NIGHTS?
5

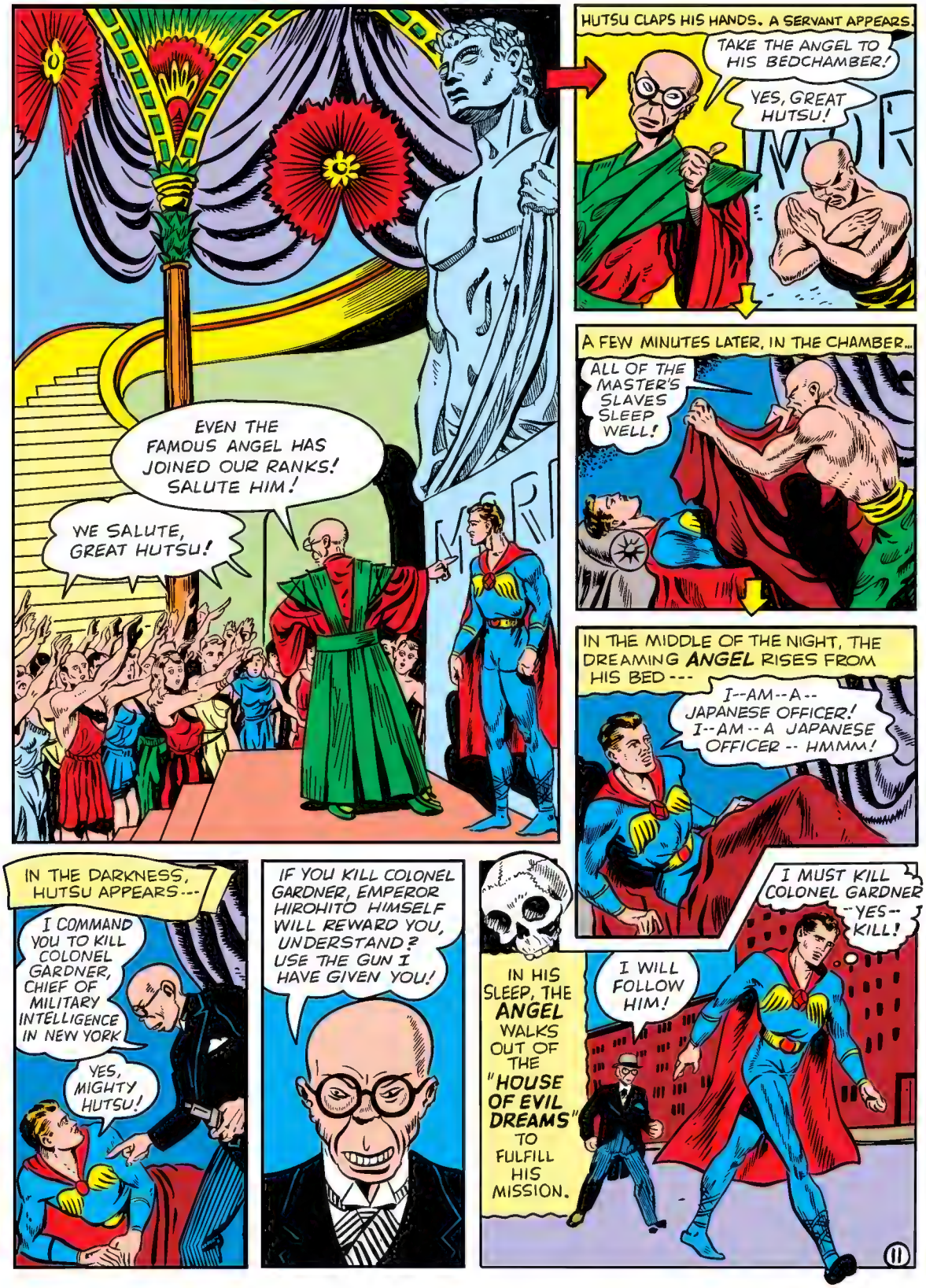

THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT HE SEES--
OH! AAAIIIII! IT'S A NIGHTMARE? OHHHHH!
SPEAK, WHITE FLOWER! SPEAK! HUTSU COMMANDS YOU!
HYPNOTICALLY DRUGGED BY THE INCENSE, THE GIRL SPEAKS
I-I AM-DOROTHY RAY-- A COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT-- UH! ---I--- WANTED---
QUICKLY REMOVING HIS HANDKERCHIEF THE ANGEL SPEEDS TO THE WALL.
PHEW! THAT DRUGGED PERFUME IS COMING IN A MILE A MINUTE!
THE GLASS SUDDENLY BREAKS UNDER THE ANGEL'S WEIGHT, AND THE CRASH AWAKENS THE GIRL.
OOPS! SORRY TO DROP IN THAT WAY!
OH! WHERE AM I? NOW I KNOW!
THAT OUGHT TO STOP IT FOR A WHILE! NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!
THIS PLACE IS HEADQUARTERS OF A SLEEPWALKING CULT. HUTSU IS ---
Suddenly... A DOOR OPENS
GOOD EVENING, MR. MEDDLER!
6

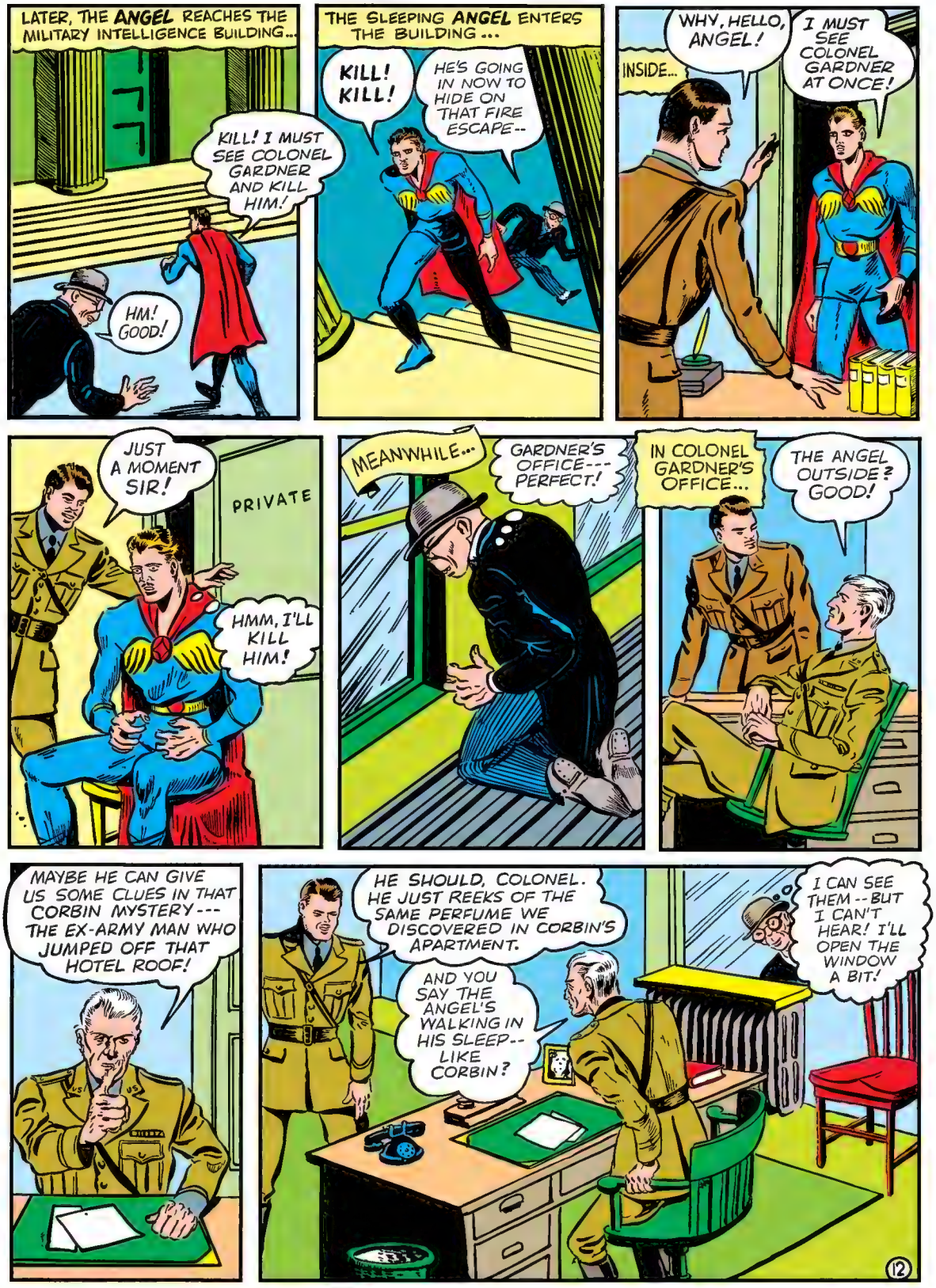
THE ANGEL DOES NOT HESITATE ---
SO YOU'RE HUTSU, THE MAKER OF DREAMS, EH?
SEIZE HIM!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
AYII!
OOF!
GO KISS THE FLOOR!
NOW!
HEY!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
THERE!
UGH!
LOOK OUT!
7

AS THE ANGEL BATTLES THE JAPS, HUTSU SEIZES DOROTHY
HAH! THE MIGHTY ANGEL!
SO IT'S JIU-JITSU YOU WANT
UK!
I'LL GIVE YOU A SAMPLE---
WHAT TH--?
YAIEE?
---OF AMERICAN JIU-JITSU!
QUICK-- TO THE DOOR!
AS THEY RUSH TOWARDS THE DOOR, HUTSU PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON--
THIS WILL STOP THEM!
--AND SUDDENLY THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT!
SURRENDER, OR I MUST KILL YOU!
BANG!
WELL, I GUESS--
8

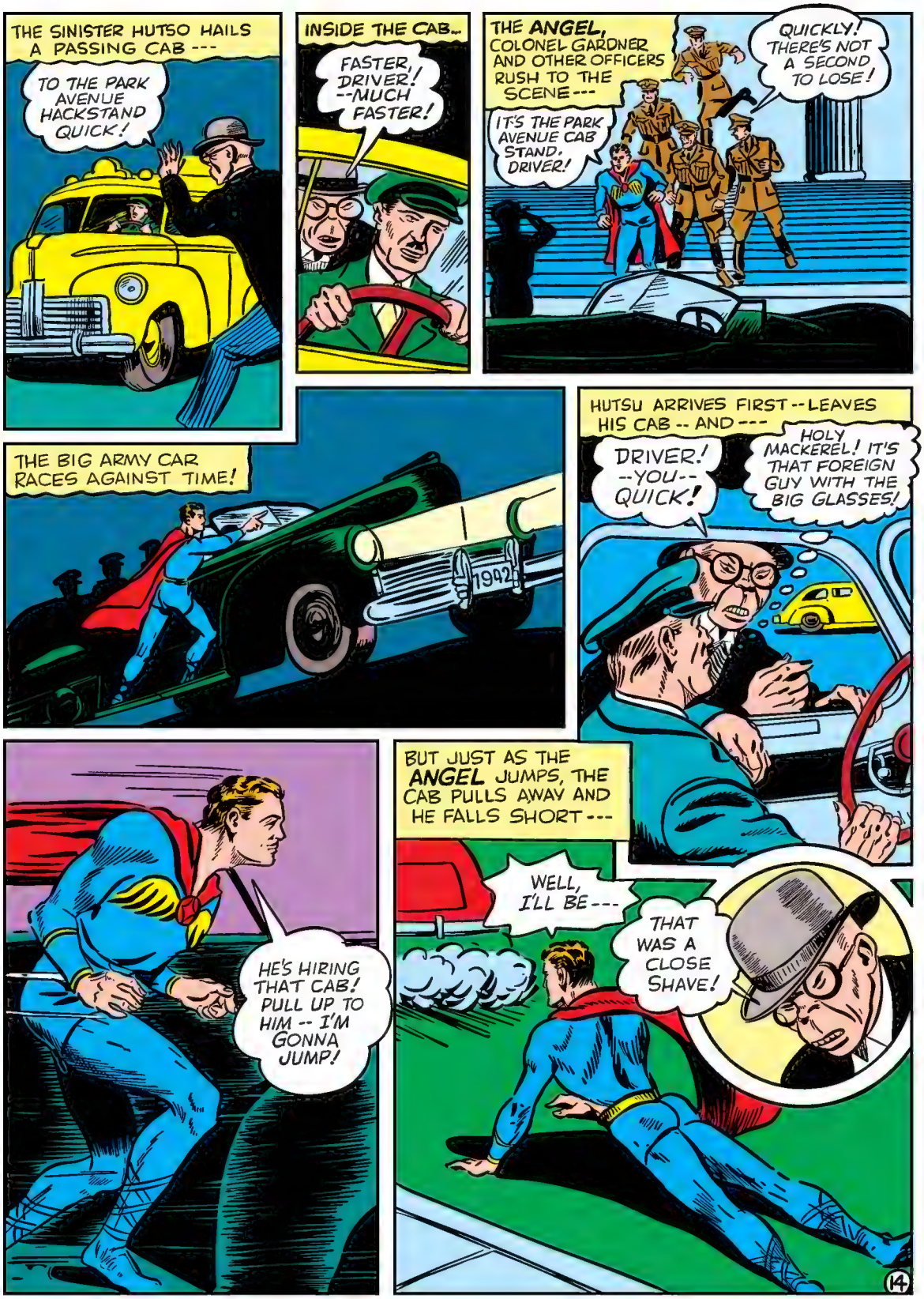

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE ANGEL GRASPS THE THICK CARPET!
HERE GOES!
OOP!
I USED TO DO THIS TRICK WITH A TABLECLOTH!
THESE AMERICANS!
GOOD WORK, ANGEL!
AS THE ANGEL RUSHES AT HUTSU, A JAP TRIPS HIM!
NOW TO FIX YOU, MR. DREAM-MAN ---
HEY!
BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE, HUTSU PULLS THE TRIGGER!
THE SAME FOR YOU, MISS AMERICAN SPY!
NO! NO!
THIS PERFUME GUN WILL PUT YOU FAST ASLEEP, ANGEL!
AAAAHHH!
HUTSU PICKS UP THE DRUGGED ANGEL AND CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGE-WAYS OF THE HOUSE ---
TOO BAD THE ANGEL DOESN'T SEE THE OTHERS IN MY HOUSE OF DREAMS!
9

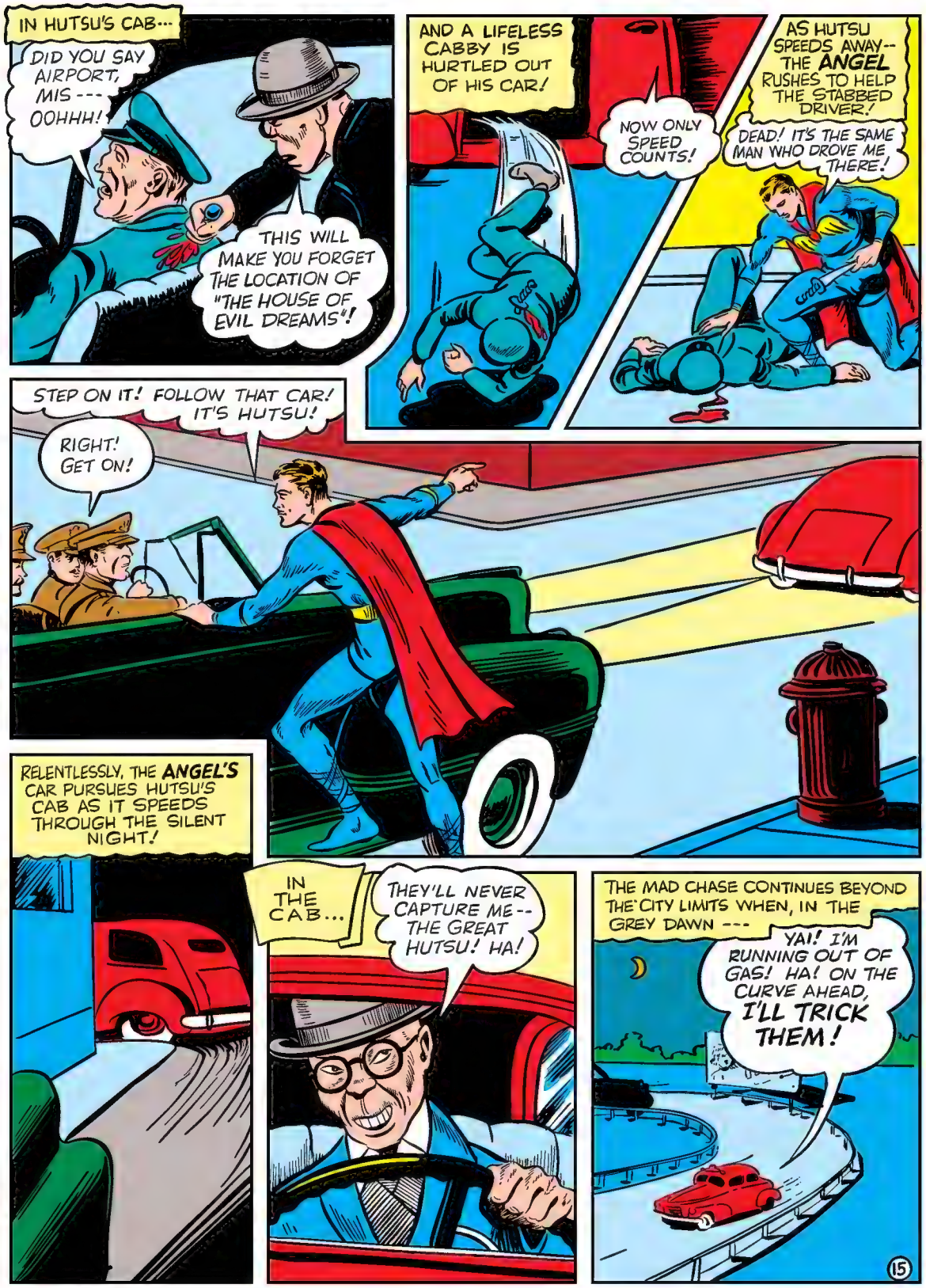

THEY PASS MEN AND WOMEN WALKING AND TALKING WHILE THEY SLEEP---
SLEEP! SLEEP! HOW WONDERFUL!
SOMEHOW I NEVER CAN SLEEP AT HOME!
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DREAM?
ARRIVED AT A SMALL CHAMBER, HUTSU PLACES THE ANGEL IN A CHAIR ---
NOW TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, MR. ANGEL!
YES --- QUESTIONS---
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUGGED PERFUME, THE SLEEPING ANGEL ANSWERS ---
YES, I AM THE ANGEL-- SWORN ENEMY OF EVIL -- IN THE SECRET SERVICE-- --YES--
HAH! HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IS STIMULATED BY THE PERFUME AND DOES NOT PERMIT LYING! HAH!
YES, GREAT HUTSU!
YOU ARE IN MY POWER NOW! RISE AND FOLLOW ME!
HUTSU LEADS THE ANGEL TO A HUGE IDOL, STATUE OF MORPHEUS.
MY FLOCK HAS GATHERED TO PRAY BEFORE MORPHEUS, GOD OF SLEEP!
THE FAMOUS ANGEL IN MY POWER! HM-HMM! HE WILL BE AN EXCELLENT TOOL FOR ME!
10

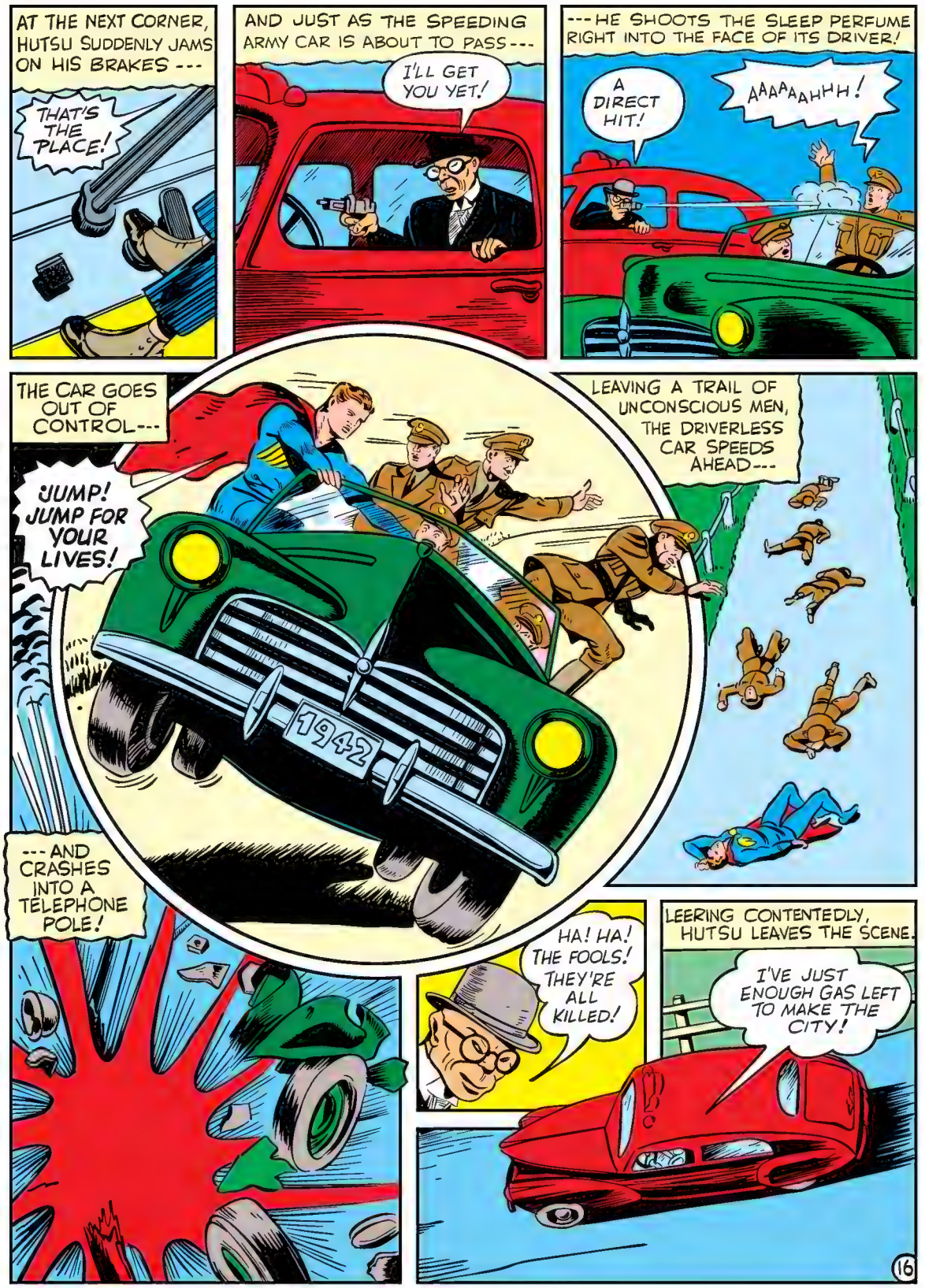

EVEN THE FAMOUS ANGEL HAS JOINED OUR RANKS! SALUTE HIM!
WE SALUTE, GREAT HUTSU!
HUTSU CLAPS HIS HANDS. A SERVANT APPEARS.
TAKE THE ANGEL TO HIS BEDCHAMBER!
YES, GREAT HUTSU!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE CHAMBER...
ALL OF THE MASTER'S SLAVES SLEEP WELL!
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THE DREAMING ANGEL RISES FROM HIS BED---
I--AM--A-- JAPANESE OFFICER! I--AM--A JAPANESE OFFICER -- HMMM!
I MUST KILL COLONEL GARDNER --YES-- KILL!
I WILL FOLLOW HIM!
IN HIS SLEEP, THE ANGEL WALKS OUT OF THE "HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS" TO FULFILL HIS MISSION.
IN THE DARKNESS, HUTSU APPEARS---
I COMMAND YOU TO KILL COLONEL GARDNER, CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN NEW YORK
YES, MIGHTY HUTSU!
IF YOU KILL COLONEL GARDNER, EMPEROR HIROHITO HIMSELF WILL REWARD YOU, UNDERSTAND? USE THE GUN I HAVE GIVEN YOU!
11

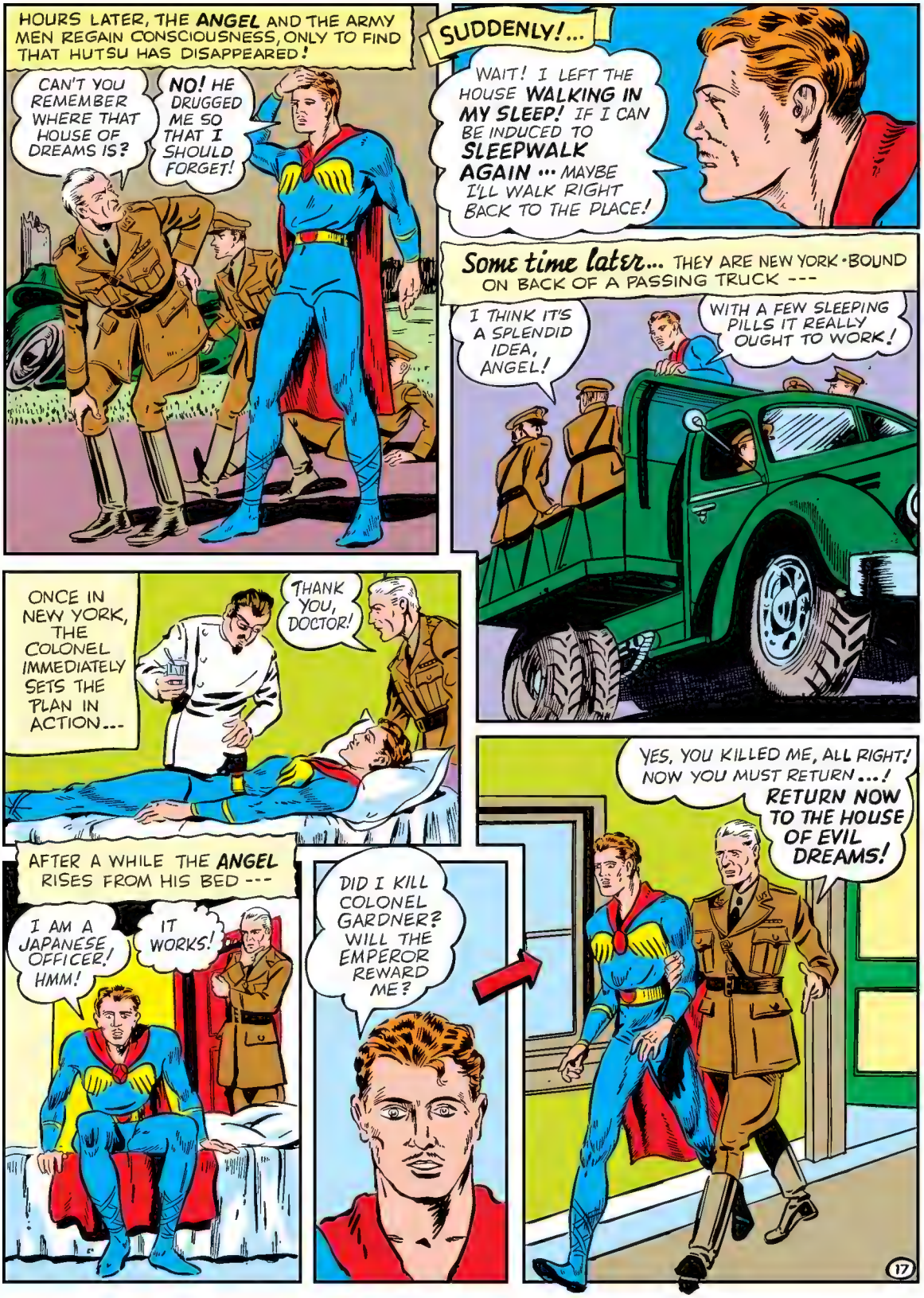

LATER, THE ANGEL REACHES THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE BUILDING...
KILL! I MUST SEE COLONEL GARDNER AND KILL HIM!
HM! GOOD!
THE SLEEPING ANGEL ENTERS THE BUILDING...
KILL! KILL!
HE'S GOING IN NOW TO HIDE ON THAT FIRE ESCAPE--
INSIDE...
WHY, HELLO, ANGEL!
I MUST SEE COLONEL GARDNER AT ONCE!
JUST A MOMENT SIR!
PRIVATE
HMM, I'LL KILL HIM!
MEANWHILE...
GARDNER'S OFFICE--- PERFECT!
IN COLONEL GARDNER'S OFFICE...
THE ANGEL OUTSIDE? GOOD!
MAYBE HE CAN GIVE US SOME CLUES IN THAT CORBIN MYSTERY--- THE EX-ARMY MAN WHO JUMPED OFF THAT HOTEL ROOF!
HE SHOULD, COLONEL. HE JUST REEKS OF THE SAME PERFUME WE DISCOVERED IN CORBIN'S APARTMENT.
AND YOU SAY THE ANGEL'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP-- LIKE CORBIN?
I CAN SEE THEM -- BUT I CAN'T HEAR! I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW A BIT!
12

AS THE ANGEL WAITS, THE OFFICER CREEPS UP---
HM! I WILL KILL COLONEL GARDNER! I'M A JAPANESE OFFICER!
---AND THROWS A BUCKET OF WATER OVER THE ANGEL!
SORRY-- BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO WAKE YOU UP!
I WILL KILL-- HEY! WHAT AM I SAYING!
COLONEL GARDNER APPEARS...
WHEW! I DREAMED I WAS A JAP OFFICER ASSIGNED TO KILL YOU!
IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU DIDN'T, ANGEL!
WE RE-CHECKED CORBIN'S STORY AND DISCOVERED HE GOT MIXED UP WITH A PECULIAR OUTFIT THAT MADE HIM REVEAL MILITARY SECRETS WHILE IN A DRUGGED SLEEP! NOW IF YOU'LL TELL US THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SLEEP-WALKING BUNCH, WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE CLEVEREST SPY RING IN AMERICA!
I--I DON'T REMEMBER, COLONEL! --GOSH!
BUT I DO REMEMBER THE TAXI DRIVER WHO TOOK ME THERE! WE MUST GET HIM AT ONCE!
BUT HUTSU HAS OVERHEARD THEIR CONVERSATION ---
I MUST GET TO THAT TAXI DRIVER BEFORE THEY DO!
13

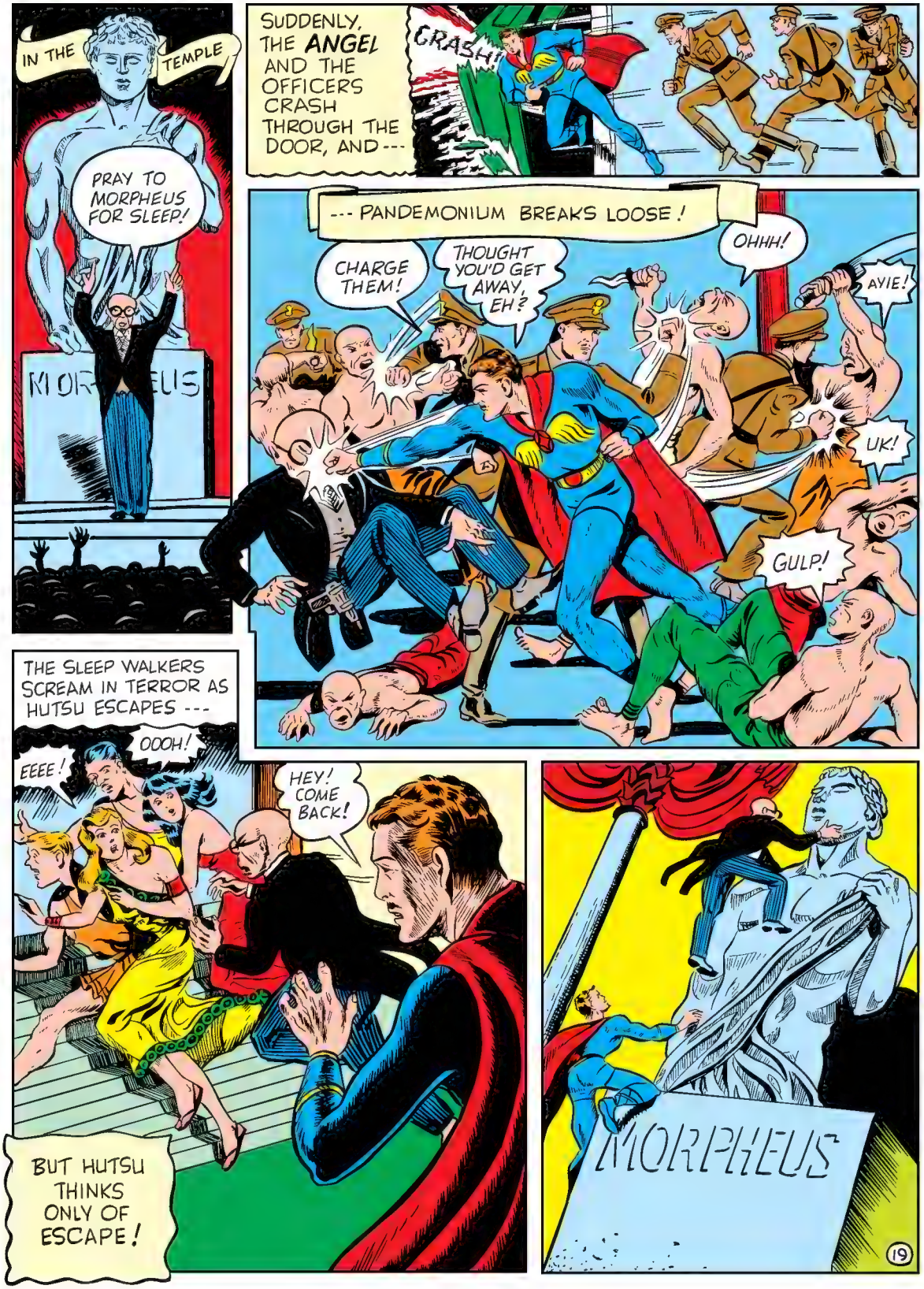

THE SINISTER HUTSO HAILS A PASSING CAB ---
TO THE PARK AVENUE HACKSTAND QUICK!
INSIDE THE CAB...
FASTER, DRIVER! --MUCH FASTER!
THE ANGEL, COLONEL GARDNER AND OTHER OFFICERS RUSH TO THE SCENE---
IT'S THE PARK AVENUE CAB STAND, DRIVER!
QUICKLY! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
THE BIG ARMY CAR RACES AGAINST TIME!
1942
HUTSU ARRIVES FIRST--LEAVES HIS CAB -- AND ---
DRIVER! --YOU-- QUICK!
HOLY MACKEREL! IT'S THAT FOREIGN GUY WITH THE BIG GLASSES!
HE'S HIRING THAT CAB! PULL UP TO HIM -- I'M GONNA JUMP!
BUT JUST AS THE ANGEL JUMPS, THE CAB PULLS AWAY AND HE FALLS SHORT---
WELL, I'LL BE---
THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

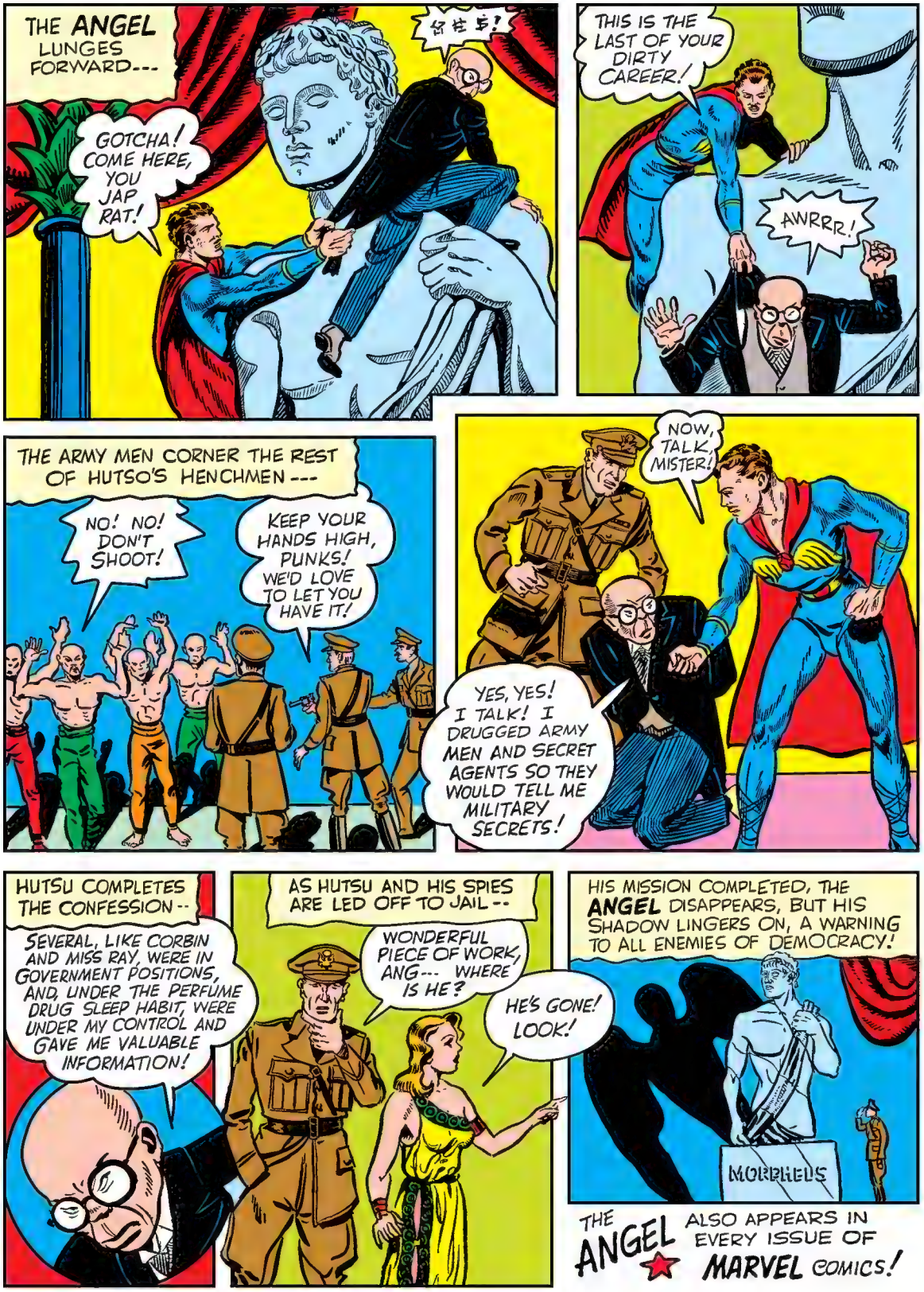

IN HUTSU'S CAB···
DID YOU SAY AIRPORT, MIS--- OOHHH!
THIS WILL MAKE YOU FORGET THE LOCATION OF "THE HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS"!
AND A LIFELESS CABBY IS HURTLED OUT OF HIS CAR!
NOW ONLY SPEED COUNTS!
AS HUTSU SPEEDS AWAY-- THE ANGEL RUSHES TO HELP THE STABBED DRIVER!
DEAD! IT'S THE SAME MAN WHO DROVE ME THERE!
STEP ON IT! FOLLOW THAT CAR! IT'S HUTSU!
RIGHT! GET ON!
RELENTLESSLY, THE ANGEL'S CAR PURSUES HUTSU'S CAB AS IT SPEEDS THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT!
IN THE CAB...
THEY'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME-- THE GREAT HUTSU! HA!
THE MAD CHASE CONTINUES BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS WHEN, IN THE GREY DAWN ---
YA! I'M RUNNING OUT OF GAS! HA! ON THE CURVE AHEAD, I'LL TRICK THEM!

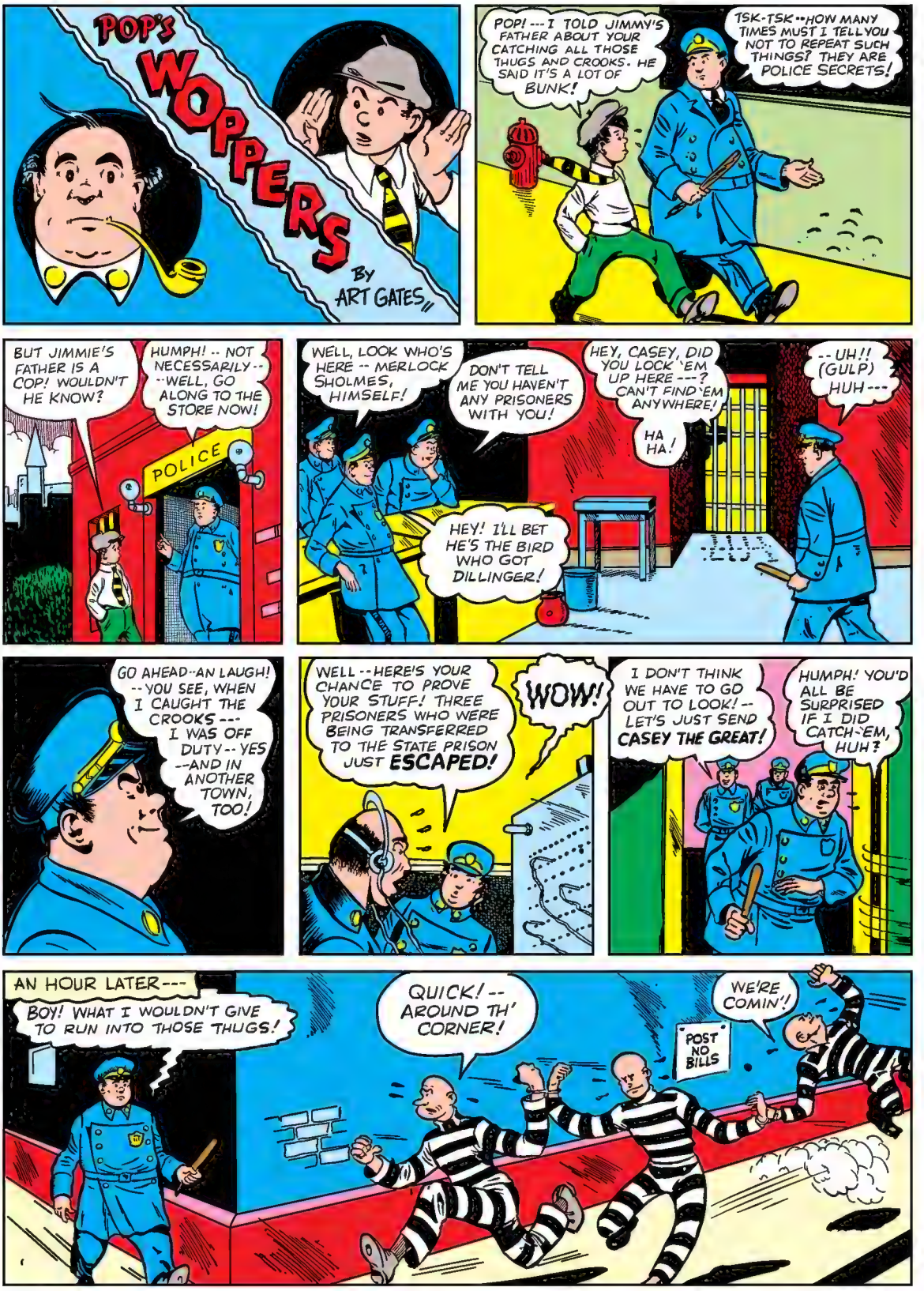

AT THE NEXT CORNER, HUTSU SUDDENLY JAMS ON HIS BRAKES ---
THAT'S THE PLACE!
AND JUST AS THE SPEEDING ARMY CAR IS ABOUT TO PASS ---
I'LL GET YOU YET!
--- HE SHOOTS THE SLEEP PERFUME RIGHT INTO THE FACE OF ITS DRIVER!
A DIRECT HIT!
AAAAAAHHH!
THE CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL---
JUMP! JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!
1942
LEAVING A TRAIL OF UNCONSCIOUS MEN, THE DRIVERLESS CAR SPEEDS AHEAD---
--- AND CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE!
HA! HA! THE FOOLS! THEY'RE ALL KILLED!
LEERING CONTENTEDLY, HUTSU LEAVES THE SCENE.
I'VE JUST ENOUGH GAS LEFT TO MAKE THE CITY!
16


HOURS LATER, THE ANGEL AND THE ARMY MEN REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, ONLY TO FIND THAT HUTSU HAS DISAPPEARED!
CAN'T YOU REMEMBER WHERE THAT HOUSE OF DREAMS IS?
NO! HE DRUGGED ME SO THAT I SHOULD FORGET!
SUDDENLY!...
WAIT! I LEFT THE HOUSE WALKING IN MY SLEEP! IF I CAN BE INDUCED TO SLEEPWALK AGAIN ... MAYBE I'LL WALK RIGHT BACK TO THE PLACE!
Some time later... THEY ARE NEW YORK-BOUND ON BACK OF A PASSING TRUCK ---
I THINK IT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, ANGEL!
WITH A FEW SLEEPING PILLS IT REALLY OUGHT TO WORK!
ONCE IN NEW YORK, THE COLONEL IMMEDIATELY SETS THE PLAN IN ACTION...
THANK YOU, DOCTOR!
AFTER A WHILE THE ANGEL RISES FROM HIS BED ---
I AM A JAPANESE OFFICER! HMM!
IT WORKS!
DID I KILL COLONEL GARDNER? WILL THE EMPEROR REWARD ME?
YES, YOU KILLED ME, ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU MUST RETURN...!
RETURN NOW TO THE HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS!
17

THE ANGEL NODS AND WALKS INTO THE STREET...
AMAZING! HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!
FOLLOW HIM! HE SHOULD LEAD US RIGHT TO HUTSU'S DREAM HOUSE!
HOURS LATER...
NOW I'LL REPORT TO HUTSU THE GREAT THAT I HAVE KILLED COLONEL GARDNER! HA! HA!
JUST AS THE DRUGGED ANGEL IS ABOUT TO RING THE DOORBELL,
GRAB HIM!
UH?
RIGHT ACCORDING TO PLAN!
WH--WHAT? OH--THE SLEEPING PILLS!
HERE, TAKE THIS GAS MASK, JUST IN CASE!
GOOD!
GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GOING TO RAID THIS PLACE! HOLD YOUR GAS MASKS READY!
RIGHT, SIR!
ALL SET!
WE'LL ENTER THROUGH A BASEMENT WINDOW!
THROUGH SECRET PASSAGES, OVER WINDING STAIRWAYS, THE ANGEL LEADS THE SMALL GROUP OF OFFICERS!
WE MUST BE CAREFUL! BEWARE OF JAPANESE TREACHERY!
12


IN THE TEMPLE
PRAY TO MORPHEUS FOR SLEEP!
SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL AND THE OFFICERS CRASH THROUGH THE DOOR, AND ---
CRASH!
--- PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!
CHARGE THEM!
THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, EH?
OHHH!
AYIE!
UK!
GULP!
THE SLEEP WALKERS SCREAM IN TERROR AS HUTSU ESCAPES ---
EEEE!
OOOH!
HEY! COME BACK!
BUT HUTSU THINKS ONLY OF ESCAPE!
MORPHEUS
19


THE ANGEL LUNGES FORWARD---
GOTCHA! COME HERE, YOU JAP RAT!
ぎゃふ!
THIS IS THE LAST OF YOUR DIRTY CAREER!
AWRRR!
THE ARMY MEN CORNER THE REST OF HUTSO'S HENCHMEN ---
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT!
KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, PUNKS! WE'D LOVE TO LET YOU HAVE IT!
NOW, TALK, MISTER!
YES, YES! I TALK! I DRUGGED ARMY MEN AND SECRET AGENTS SO THEY WOULD TELL ME MILITARY SECRETS!
HUTSU COMPLETES THE CONFESSION --
SEVERAL, LIKE CORBIN AND MISS RAY, WERE IN GOVERNMENT POSITIONS, AND, UNDER THE PERFUME DRUG SLEEP HABIT, WERE UNDER MY CONTROL AND GAVE ME VALUABLE INFORMATION!
AS HUTSU AND HIS SPIES ARE LED OFF TO JAIL --
WONDERFUL PIECE OF WORK, ANG--- WHERE IS HE?
HE'S GONE! LOOK!
HIS MISSION COMPLETED, THE ANGEL DISAPPEARS, BUT HIS SHADOW LINGERS ON, A WARNING TO ALL ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!
MORRHEUS
THE ANGEL ALSO APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!


POP'S WOPPERS
By ART GATES
POP! --- I TOLD JIMMY'S FATHER ABOUT YOUR CATCHING ALL THOSE THUGS AND CROOKS. HE SAID IT'S A LOT OF BUNK!
TSK-TSK--HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO REPEAT SUCH THINGS? THEY ARE POLICE SECRETS!
BUT JIMMIE'S FATHER IS A COP! WOULDN'T HE KNOW?
HUMPH! -- NOT NECESSARILY-- --WELL, GO ALONG TO THE STORE NOW!
POLICE
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE -- MERLOCK SHOLMES, HIMSELF!
DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T ANY PRISONERS WITH YOU!
HEY, CASEY, DID YOU LOCK 'EM UP HERE ---? CAN'T FIND 'EM ANYWHERE!
HA HA!
HEY! I'LL BET HE'S THE BIRD WHO GOT DILLINGER!
-- UH!! (GULP) HUH ---
GO AHEAD--AN LAUGH! --YOU SEE, WHEN I CAUGHT THE CROOKS --- I WAS OFF DUTY-- YES --AND IN ANOTHER TOWN, TOO!
WELL --HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR STUFF! THREE PRISONERS WHO WERE BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE STATE PRISON JUST ESCAPED!
WOW!
I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO GO OUT TO LOOK! -- LET'S JUST SEND CASEY THE GREAT!
HUMPH! YOU'D ALL BE SURPRISED IF I DID CATCH 'EM, HUH?
AN HOUR LATER---
BOY! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO RUN INTO THOSE THUGS!
QUICK! -- AROUND TH' CORNER!
WE'RE COMIN'!
POST NO BILLS

THE NEXT INSTANT...!
WHAT TH--!
OWW!
HEH!
CRASH!
TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
OH, MY HEAD -- WHA -- TH --- THE ESCAPED CROOKS! OH - OH - OHHH! I'VE GOTTA GET HELP!
ONE SECOND LATER --
HOLY HANNAH! LOOK AT CASEY! HE'S GOT TH' CROOKS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! -
BACK AT THE STATION!
JEEPERS, CASEY! -- WE WE'RE WRONG THIS MORNING -- HOWJA DO IT?
YEAH -- WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY!
WELL -- AFTER I SIGHTED 'EM -- I GAVE CHASE -- FIRED SEVERAL SHOTS OVER THEIR HEADS -- AN' THEN...
!
THEY DIDN'T STOP - SO I SHOT THEIR HATS OFF! MY MARKSMANSHIP PUT FEAR INTO THEIR HEARTS! THEY STOPPED -- YOU KNOW TH' REST!
THAT'S A LIE! WE BUMPED INTO THIS COPPER! WE WERE ALL KNOCKED STIFF -- HE JUST CAME TO FIRST!
HMPH! ... YOU DON'T EXPECT THESE GENTLEMEN TO TAKE THE WORD OF COMMON CROOKS OVER THAT OF AN OFFICER OF MY INTEGRITY, DO YOU?
HEY, POPS!
2
MOTHER TOLD ME TO COME RIGHT DOWN! YOU FORGOT TO TAKE YOUR GUN THIS MORNING!
OWW!
BOY! WHAT INTEGRITY!
MORE NEXT ISSUE!

NO. 6
SUMMER ISSUE
10¢
SUB-MARINER COMICS
PANAMA CANAL
LOCK No. 3
PLUS 20 PAGES OF...
THE ANGEL

MARVEL COMICS MYSTERY

THRILLS!

TIMELY COMICS

HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION

Every month

GARY LEE

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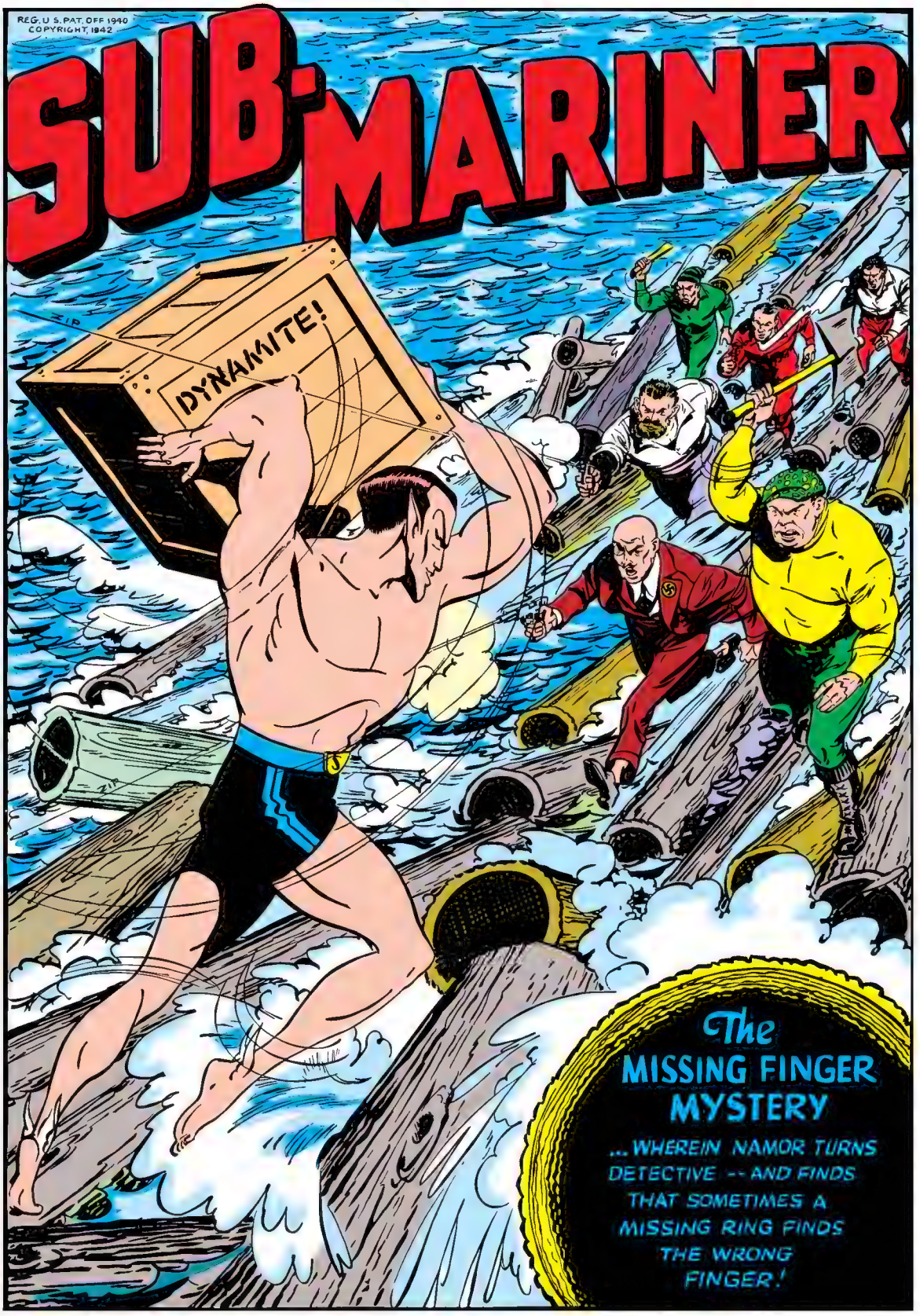
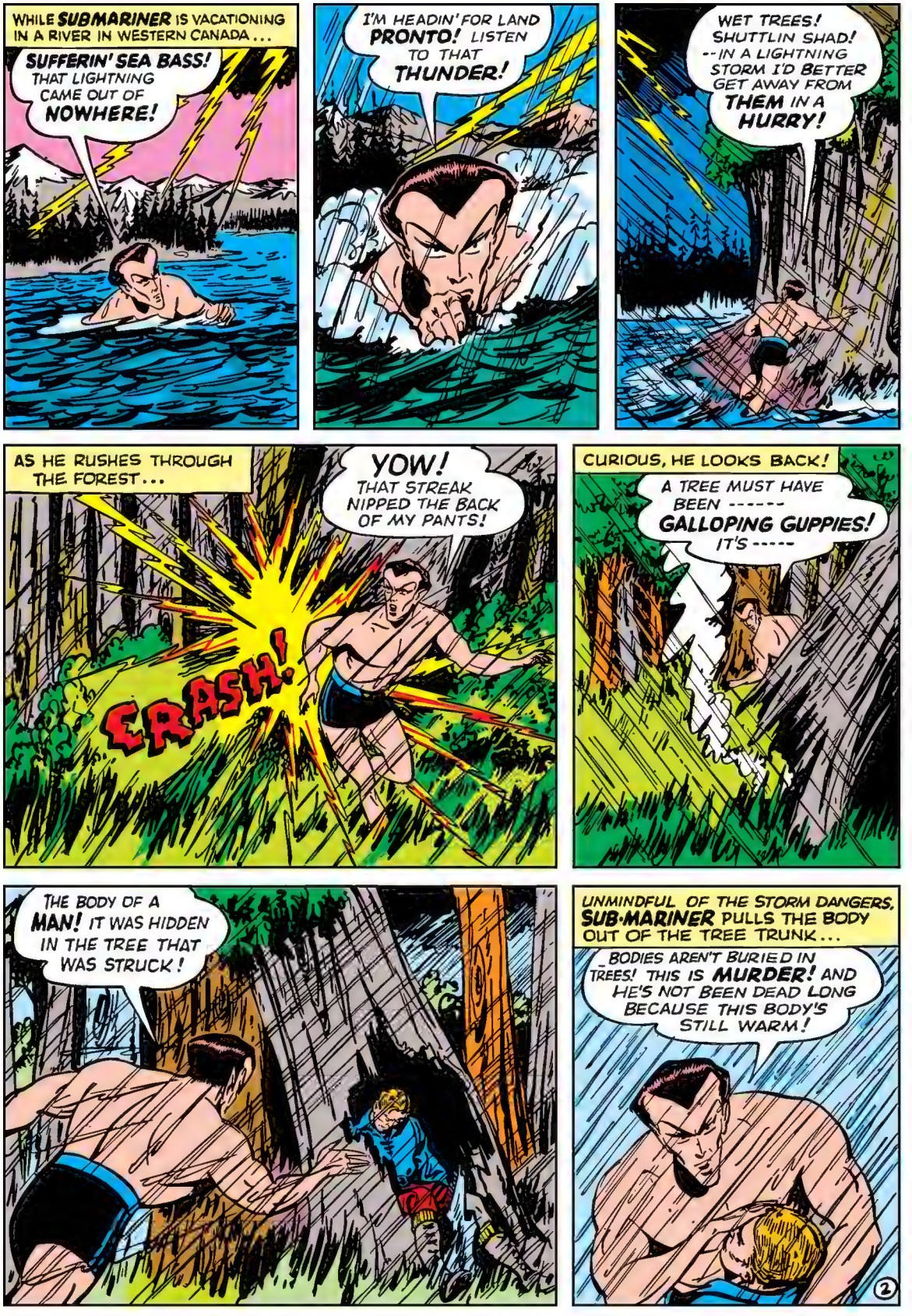
SUB-MARINER



The MISSING FINGER MYSTERY

...WHEREIN NAMOR TURNS DETECTIVE -- AND FINDS THAT SOMETIMES A MISSING RING FINDS THE WRONG FINGER!


WHILE SUBMARINER IS VACATIONING IN A RIVER IN WESTERN CANADA . . .
SUFFERIN' SEA BASS! THAT LIGHTNING CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!
I'M HEADIN' FOR LAND PRONTO! LISTEN TO THAT THUNDER!
WET TREES! SHUTTLIN SHAD! --IN A LIGHTNING STORM I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM THEM IN A HURRY!
AS HE RUSHES THROUGH THE FOREST . . .
YOW! THAT STREAK NIPPED THE BACK OF MY PANTS!
CRASH!
CURIOUS, HE LOOKS BACK!
A TREE MUST HAVE BEEN ------ GALLOPING GUPPIES! IT'S -----
THE BODY OF A MAN! IT WAS HIDDEN IN THE TREE THAT WAS STRUCK!
UNMINDFUL OF THE STORM DANGERS, SUB-MARINER PULLS THE BODY OUT OF THE TREE TRUNK . . .
BODIES AREN'T BURIED IN TREES! THIS IS MURDER! AND HE'S NOT BEEN DEAD LONG BECAUSE THIS BODY'S STILL WARM!
2

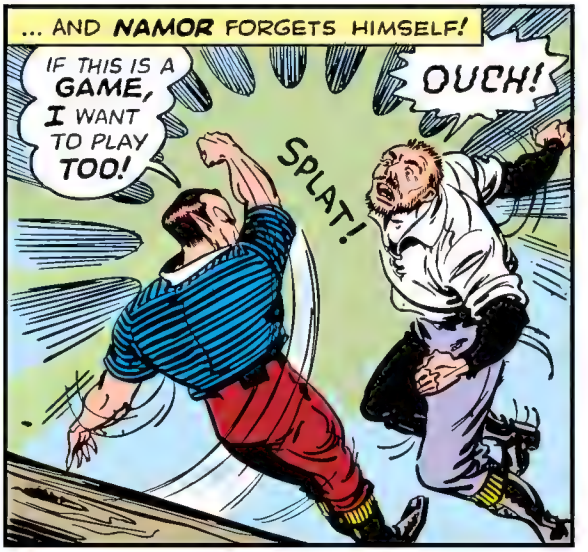
HOPPING HERRINGS! THERE'S A FINGER MISSING ... AND IT HASN'T BEEN OFF LONG!
WITH STRONG FINGERS, SUB-MARINER DIGS UP THE GROUND NEAR THE TREE BASE...
I'M GONNA FIND OUT HOW IN NEPTUNE THE MURDERER GOT THE BODY INTO THE TREE!
SOON ...
THE TRUNK WAS HOLLOWED OUT AND SEALED UP RIGHT AFTER THE BODY WAS PUT IN! HMMM!
THIS IS LUMBER COUNTRY-- ONLY A MUG WITH A BORING MACHINE COULD HIDE A BODY IN A TREE THAT WAY! --BUT WHERE'S THE MISSING FINGER!
NAMOR QUICKLY BURIES THE BODY, BORROWS THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES, AND HEADS FOR THE NEAREST LUMBER CAMP!
THIS SMACKS OF A GOOD MYSTERY-- JUST WHAT I NEED TO TOP OFF MY VACATION!
AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE STORM SUBSIDES.
OH-OH! THE MOUNTIES ARE ALREADY ON THE JOB! --GOOD THING THESE CLOTHES ARE TORN AND DIRTY! THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE THEM!
SAY, TIMBER TOPPER, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
THET? OH, IT'S ON ACCOUNTA JIM BLAKE!
3

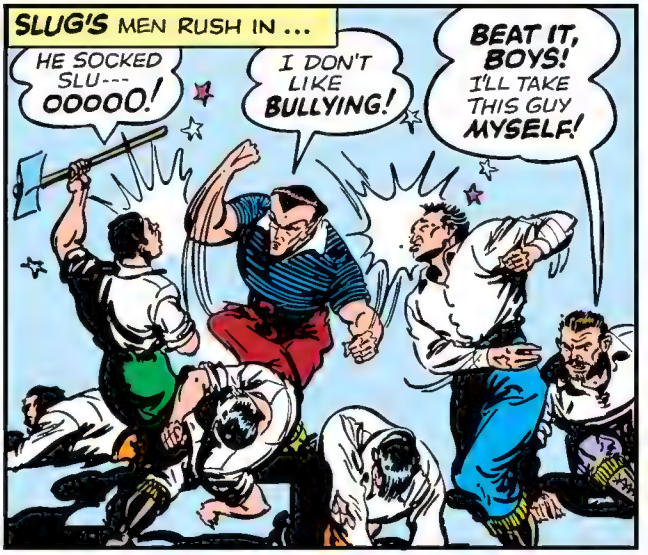
YUP! JIM BLAKE, THE OWNER OF THE LUMBER CAMP -- AN' ONE OF THE BIGGEST TIMBER MEN IN THE COUNTRY HAS DISAPPEARED!
JIM BLAKE? WHY THAT'S THE MILLIONAIRE THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT JUST PUT IN CHARGE OF THE TIMBER INDUSTRY FOR WARTIME PRODUCTION!
YUP! WATCH OUT! HERE'S SLUG GUNDY, THE FOREMAN!
HEY!... YOU!
MIND YER OWN BUSINESS, MISTER!
OW!
NICE GOING, SLUG!
GET OUTTA THIS TERRITORY IN A HURRY, STRANGER! I'M RUNNIN' THINGS AROUND HERE! SEE?
MAYBE IT'LL BE BETTER NOT TO SOCK HIM -- YET!
SUB-MARINER THINKS QUICKLY!
NO HARM MEANT, MISTER! MY NAME IS JOE PIERRE. I WAS HIKIN' HERE TO GET A JOB -- BUT GOT MESSED UP IN THE STORM! MY CLOTHES ARE RUINED!
... AND IS TAKEN ON!
OKAY! -- WE CAN USE MEN -- REPORT TO THE OFFICE FOR SOME CLEAN DUDS, STRANGER! THEN START WORKIN'!
HE SURE LOOKS HUSKY, SLUG!
OKAY, CHIEF!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS SLUG GUNDY! BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN AND FORGET ABOUT THAT BODY FOR A WHILE!
4

AS SUB-MARINER WALKS OVER TO THE CAMP OFFICE ---
YESTERDAY WAS JIM'S BIRTHDAY AND I GAVE HIM A TWIN RING ..... HE LAUGHED ABOUT IT BEING TOO SMALL! AND NOW HE'S DISAPPEARED! (SOB!)
WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MRS. BLAKE!
MRS. BLAKE? SHE GAVE HIM A DIAMOND RING ??? HMMM!
SUDDENLY ...
I'M GOING TO --
COCK-EYED CLAMS! SHE'S FAINTING!
GOT HER!
IT'S THAT JOE PIERRE, SLUG!
STICKIN' HIS NOSE IN AGAIN, EH? I'LL FIX HIM!
SUB-MARINER SEES MRS. BLAKE'S RING!
WHAT A PECULIAR-LOOKING SPARKLER! --SO SHE GAVE HER HUSBAND ONE JUST LIKE THAT?
OH ... THANK YOU! ... I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW...
SO!
LOOK, PIERRE! WE DON'T FOOL AROUND IN THIS CAMP! UNDERSTAND?
WHY, YOU ---!
WE GOT WORK TO DO! --WE'RE GONNA GIT THE LOGS READY FER ROLLING IN A COUPLA MINUTES--SO DON'T WASTE TIME! GIT THOSE CLOTHES!
GUESS I'D BETTER PLAY ALONG!
YES SIR!
5

A FEW MINUTES LATER... AS NAMOR WALKS TO HIS QUARTERS WITH HIS WORKING CLOTHES...
I'M GONNA KEEP MY EYE'S OPEN! WHEN A GUY LIKE SLUG GUNDY SUDDENLY WATCHES A STRANGER'S EVERY MOVE, HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!
MEANWHILE... IN SLUG'S SHACK...
YOU GOT PLENTY O' BRAINS, BOSS!
NOBODY'LL EVER FIND OUT YA PUT JIM BLAKE'S BODY IN A TREE IN DA MIDDLE OF DA FOREST!
YEAH! NOBODY'LL DREAM THE TREE WAS TOUCHED! -- WITH TREES I AM AN ARTIST!
LISTEN, MUGS! RUBBING OUT BLAKE IS JUST DA BEGINNING OF OUR JOB! JUST KEEP YER EYES OPEN AN' YER MOUTHS SHUT AN' DERE'LL BE PLENTY OF DOUGH FOR EVERYBODY!
YOU GUYS PICK UP DA DYNAMITE! -- DA TREES ARE READY FER LOG-ROLLIN' DOWN THE RIVER!
OKAY, SLUG!
I'LL GET THAT NEW MAN TO GIVE US A HAND!
HEY! PIERRE!
DYNAMITE
BUT, IN A CLEARING NEAR THE RIVER, "JOE PIERRE" MAKES A DISCOVERY...
THESE TREES HAVE BEEN HOLLOWED OUT! --BEFORE BEING FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER TO THE MILL!
HEY! PIERRE!
SLUG SAYS ROLL THOSE LOGS OVER TO THE RIVER! YA BETTER BE CAREFUL HOW YA HANDLE 'EM!
CAREFUL, EH?
THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE THESE LOGS! SAME AS THERE WAS A DEAD BODY IN THAT TREE! THIS IS BEGINNING TO GET INTERESTING!
6

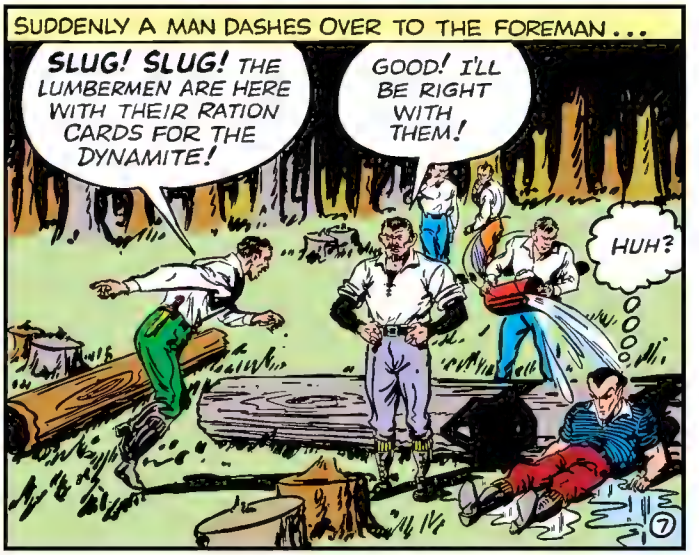
BEFORE SUB-MARINER CAN TURN, SLUG GUNDY STEPS UP FROM BEHIND . . .
NOSEY, EH-- PIERRE?
OW!

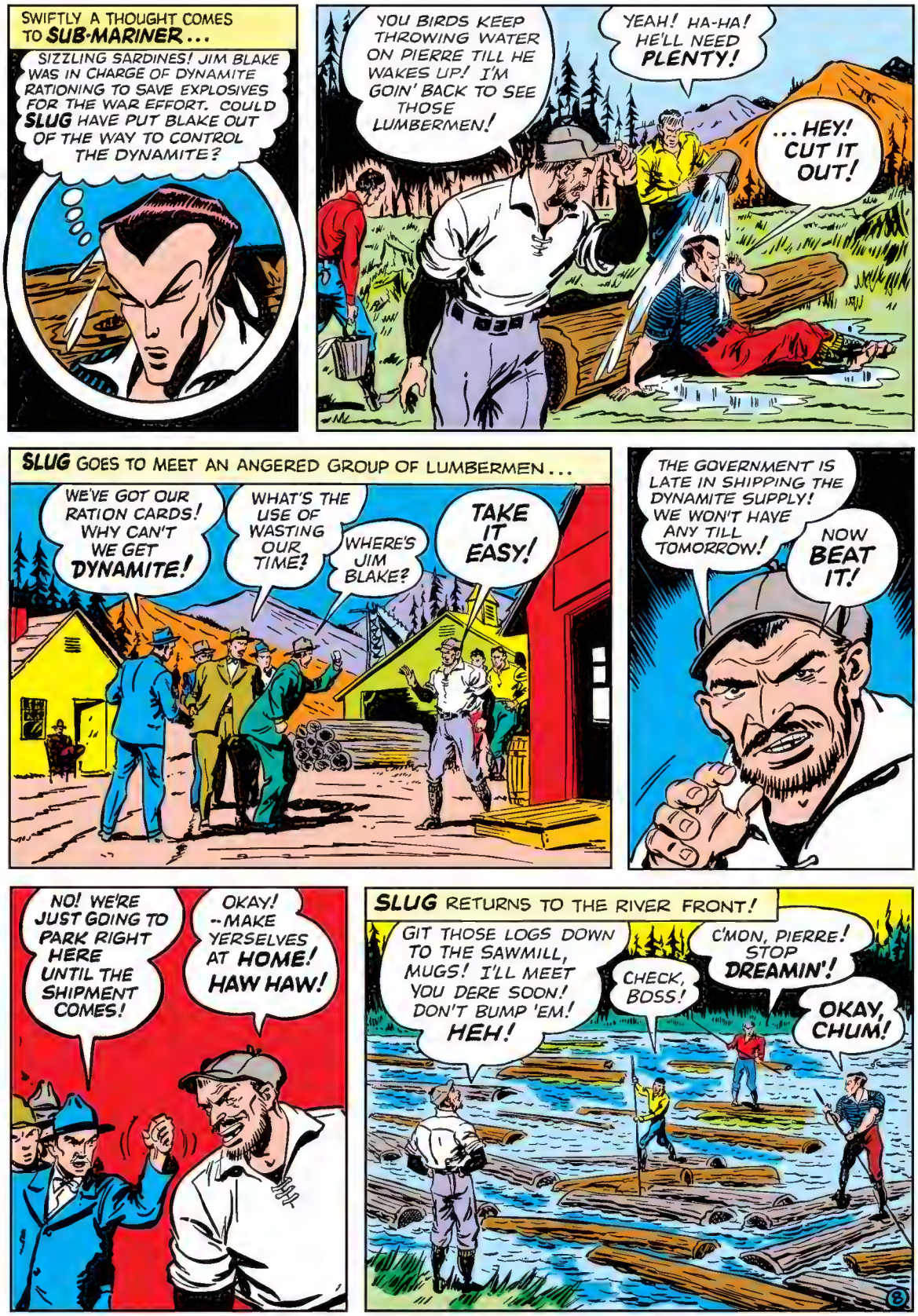

. . . AND NAMOR FORGETS HIMSELF!
IF THIS IS A GAME, I WANT TO PLAY TOO!
SPLAT!
OUCH!


SLUG'S MEN RUSH IN . . .
HE SOCKED SLU--- OOOOO!
I DON'T LIKE BULLYING!
BEAT IT, BOYS! I'LL TAKE THIS GUY MYSELF!

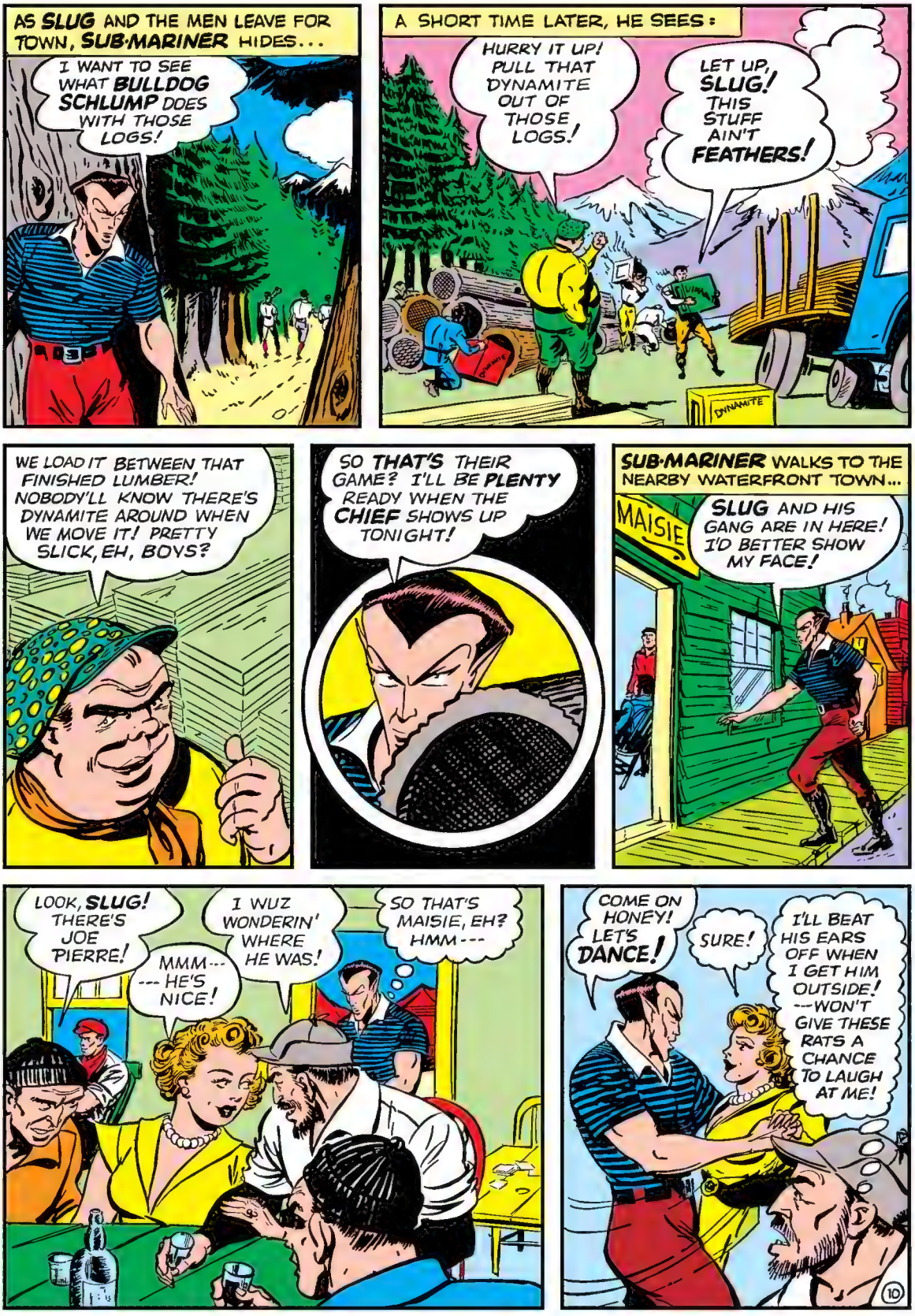
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS!
UH--OH! BETTER LET UP-----I'LL GIVE MYSELF AWAY --- I'LL LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS ONE!

YA KNOCKED HIM COLD, BOSS!
NATURALLY!
IF THEY FIND OUT WHO I AM, I'LL NEVER FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!


SUDDENLY A MAN DASHES OVER TO THE FOREMAN . . .
SLUG! SLUG! THE LUMBERMEN ARE HERE WITH THEIR RATION CARDS FOR THE DYNAMITE!
GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH THEM!
HUH?
7


SWIFTLY A THOUGHT COMES TO SUB-MARINER...
SIZZLING SARDINES! JIM BLAKE WAS IN CHARGE OF DYNAMITE RATIONING TO SAVE EXPLOSIVES FOR THE WAR EFFORT. COULD SLUG HAVE PUT BLAKE OUT OF THE WAY TO CONTROL THE DYNAMITE?
YOU BIRDS KEEP THROWING WATER ON PIERRE TILL HE WAKES UP! I'M GOIN' BACK TO SEE THOSE LUMBERMEN!
YEAH! HA-HA! HE'LL NEED PLENTY!
...HEY! CUT IT OUT!
SLUG GOES TO MEET AN ANGERED GROUP OF LUMBERMEN...
WE'VE GOT OUR RATION CARDS! WHY CAN'T WE GET DYNAMITE!
WHAT'S THE USE OF WASTING OUR TIME?
WHERE'S JIM BLAKE?
TAKE IT EASY!
THE GOVERNMENT IS LATE IN SHIPPING THE DYNAMITE SUPPLY! WE WON'T HAVE ANY TILL TOMORROW!
NOW BEAT IT!
NO! WE'RE JUST GOING TO PARK RIGHT HERE UNTIL THE SHIPMENT COMES!
OKAY! --MAKE YERSELVES AT HOME! HAW HAW!
SLUG RETURNS TO THE RIVER FRONT!
GIT THOSE LOGS DOWN TO THE SAWMILL, MUGS! I'LL MEET YOU DERE SOON! DON'T BUMP 'EM! HEH!
CHECK, BOSS!
C'MON, PIERRE! STOP DREAMIN'!
OKAY, CHUM!
8

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
... WHY!--I HAVE IT! THERE'S DYNAMITE SEALED IN THESE LOGS! ... AND THIS LITTLE FISH IS GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THEY GO TO ---- AND WHY!
BULLDOG SCHLUMP, OWNER OF THE NEARBY SAWMILL, AWAITS THE MEN...
LOOKS LIKE SLUG SENT ME A NICE LOAD OF LOGS! HOLLOW LOGS! HA! HA!
SUB-MARINER AND THE MEN PILE UP THE LOGS...
EASY, BOYS! YA KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THEY DROP!
YEH! WE KNOW, BULLDOG!
HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS!
SOON SLUG GUNDY ARRIVES...
GOOD WORK, SLUG! HERE'S SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT UNTIL THE CHIEF GETS HERE TONIGHT!
THANKS, BULLDOG!
SO!
CACKLING CATFISH! --SO THE CHIEF IS COMING TONIGHT? --WELL, I'M GONNA BE HERE TO MEET HIM! -- WHOEVER HE IS!
DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE, SLUG! I HEAR MAISIE'S WAITIN' FOR YOU! HA-HA!
YEAH! BUT FOIST I'M GONNA PAY OFF THE BOYS!
YA GET THE REST TONIGHT WHEN THE CHIEF GETS HERE!
WE'LL BE BACK, SLUG!
I'D LIKE TO SHOVE THIS MONEY DOWN HIS THROAT!


AS SLUG AND THE MEN LEAVE FOR TOWN, SUB-MARINER HIDES...
I WANT TO SEE WHAT BULLDOG SCHLUMP DOES WITH THOSE LOGS!
A SHORT TIME LATER, HE SEES:
HURRY IT UP! PULL THAT DYNAMITE OUT OF THOSE LOGS!
LET UP, SLUG! THIS STUFF AIN'T FEATHERS!
DYNAMITE
WE LOAD IT BETWEEN THAT FINISHED LUMBER! NOBODY'LL KNOW THERE'S DYNAMITE AROUND WHEN WE MOVE IT! PRETTY SLICK, EH, BOYS?
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME? I'LL BE PLENTY READY WHEN THE CHIEF SHOWS UP TONIGHT!
SUB-MARINER WALKS TO THE NEARBY WATERFRONT TOWN...
MAISIE
SLUG AND HIS GANG ARE IN HERE! I'D BETTER SHOW MY FACE!
LOOK, SLUG! THERE'S JOE PIERRE!
MMM--- ---HE'S NICE!
I WUZ WONDERIN' WHERE HE WAS!
SO THAT'S MAISIE, EH? HMM---
COME ON HONEY! LET'S DANCE!
SURE!
I'LL BEAT HIS EARS OFF WHEN I GET HIM OUTSIDE! ---WON'T GIVE THESE RATS A CHANCE TO LAUGH AT ME!
10

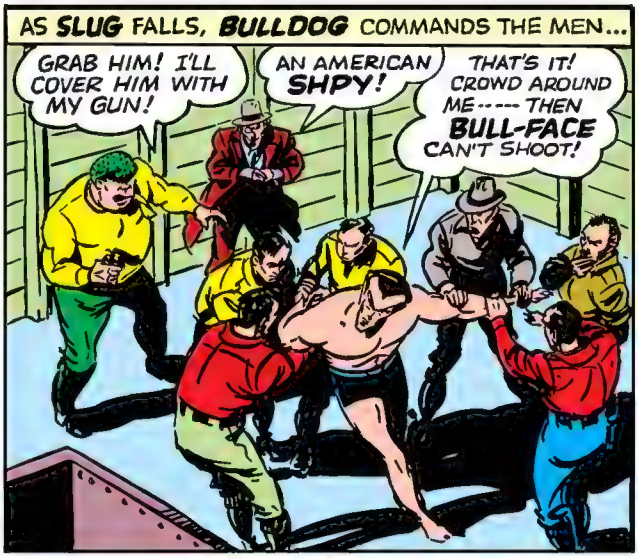
AS THEY DANCE...
PICKLED PIKE! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT RING?
THE RING??? --WHY?
THAT GUY'S PLAYING WITH FIRE -- SLUG'LL KILL HIM!
WHY -- SLUG GUNDY GAVE ME THIS RING -- NICE, ISN'T IT?
SUB-MARINER RECOGNIZES THE RING THAT MRS BLAKE GAVE HER HUSBAND!
SLUG MUST HAVE KILLED JIM BLAKE AND REMOVED THE RING! THAT'S IT! MRS. BLAKE'S TWIN RING WAS TOO TIGHT TO REMOVE OFF BLAKE'S FINGER -- SO SLUG TOOK THE FINGER, TOO! NICE GUY!
BUT SLUG HAS SEEN SUB-MARINER STARE AT THE RING AND LOSES HIS HEAD!
I'LL LEARN YA TO MEDDLE IN MY BUSINESS!
HERE IT COMES!
OH!
DUCK!
MURDERER! YOU KILLED JIM BLAKE!
UH!
GET 'IM, MEN!
?
ONE MOVE AND YER A DEAD MAN, PIERRE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS HAVE A HABIT OF KILLING PEOPLE!
HE KNOWS TOO MUCH, BOYS! TAKE CARE OF HIM!
OH!

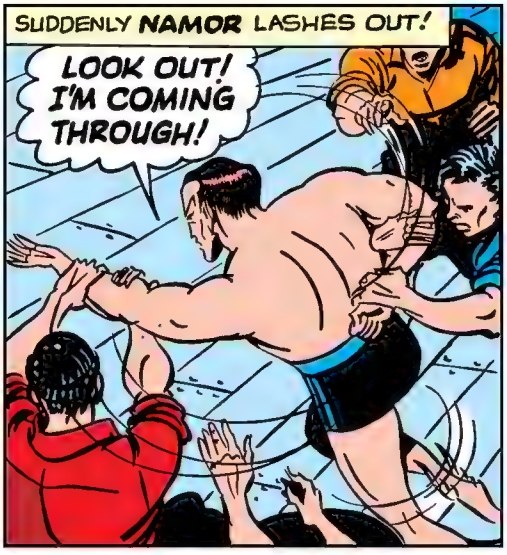
BUT AS THEY CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL, NAMOR SWINGS A TABLE INTO THEM!
NOT THIS TIME, FELLAS! THERE ARE STILL A FEW THINGS I WANT TO KNOW!
SUDDENLY... SLUG REGAINS HIS FEET... AND LUNGES!
HE DOESN'T SEE ME ---
OH!
NOW!
BUT MAISIE SEES--AND ---
LOOK OUT!
SUB-MARINER DUCKS JUST IN TIME!
SO YOU USE THE JAPANESE REAR APPROACH! EH, SLUG?
AGHHH!
HERE'S ANOTHER FISH FOR THE PILE!
YOW!
NOW I'M GONNA GIVE YOU BUMS THE THRASHING OF YOUR LIVES!
GET READY!
12

The FIGHT!...
OW!
UGH!
YOU'LL FEEL MORE DYNAMITE IN MY FISTS THAN YOU STUCK IN THOSE LOGS!
I'LL GET HIM!
SPLAT!
HERE'S WHERE SLUG GETS SLUGGED!
EEEEE!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND!
GOTCHA!
UH?
GIT HIM OUTTA THE WAY, QUICK! OR WE'LL ALL SWING FER MURDER! --AN' DYNAMITE RUNNIN'!
THE MURDERERS!
CHECK!
SUB-MARINER IS SWIFTLY WRAPPED IN A CANVAS BAG!...
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES -- EH, SLUG?
YEAH! DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER -- FAST!
DAT'S DA END OF JOE PIERRE!
GLAD WE'RE RID O' HIM! DAT ROPE WUZ TIGHTENING AROUND MY NECK!
COME ON! THE CHIEF'S WAITIN' FER US AT BULLDOG'S SAWMILL!
THE CHEAP MURDERING CROOKS!
13

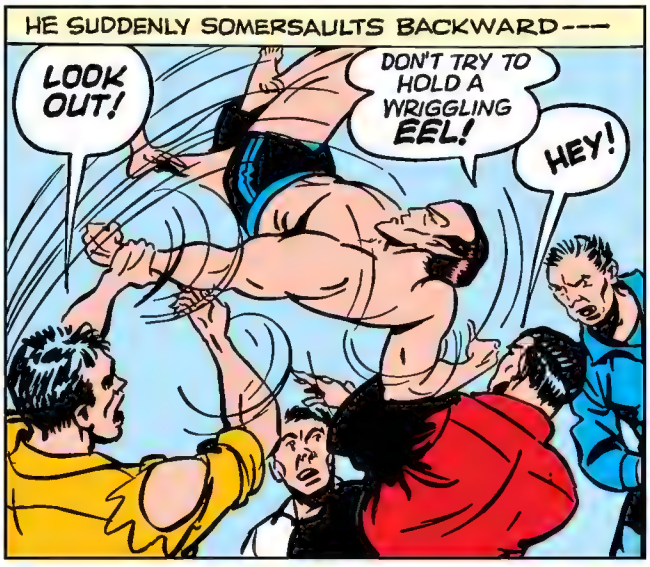
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
OW! ... MY HEAD! WHERE AM I?.. HEY! WHO THE DEVIL COOPED ME UP IN THIS?
SUB-MARINER'S POWERFUL HANDS TEAR OPEN THE BAG...
OH! NOW I REMEMBER! SLUG GUNDY AND HIS SLIPPERY SARDINES!
I GOTTA GET BACK TO BULLDOG SCHLUMP'S IN A HURRY, AND MEET THE GUY WHO BUYS THAT DYNAMITE!
OH! JOE PIERRE! WAIT!
HUH? COCK-EYED CODFISH! IT'S MAISIE! SLUG'S GIRL!
I SAW THEM THROW YOU IN!
SO YOU TRIED TO RESCUE ME! BUT WHY??? I THOUGHT...
SLUG TOLD ME HE'S MAKING A LOT OF MONEY SELLING GOVERNMENT DYNAMITE!-- AND THAT'S NOT PATRIOTIC! I WANTED TO DITCH HIM... AND WHAT I SAW TONIGHT CONVINCED ME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SO YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE A BOY FRIEND WHO'S A TRAITOR AND A MURDERER!
NO, SIR! ESPECIALLY WHEN HE GIVES ME A RING THAT HE STOLE FROM A DEAD MAN'S FINGER!
I'M THROUGH!
GOOD GIRL! ...I'M RACING BACK TO BULLDOG'S SAWMILL, MAISIE!
... AND I'LL GET THE MOUNTED POLICE, JOE!
14

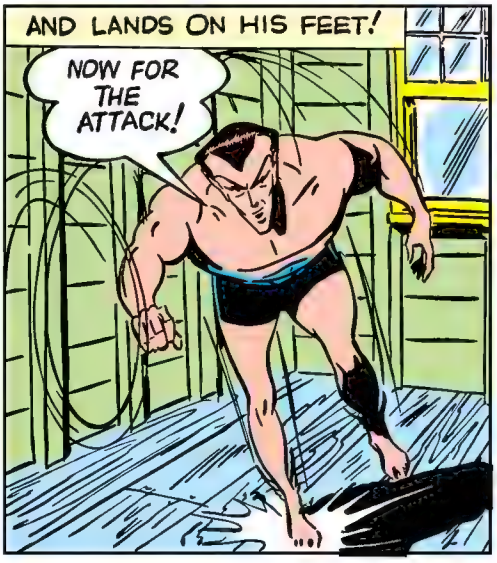
SUB-MARINER RUSHES ALONG THE DARK ROAD...
HOT HADDOCK! I'M JUST ITCHING TO TEAR INTO THAT BUNCH OF MURDERING FIFTH COLUMNISTS!
...WHILE, IN THE SAWMILL, SLUG AND BULLDOG ARE CONGRATULATED BY THEIR "CHIEF"!
JA! YOU HEV BOTH DONE A GOOT CHOB! NOW DOT DER DYNAMITE ISS HERE, MY AGENTS CAN CARRY OUDT HITLER'S PLANS!
NEVER MIND THE SPEECHES... JUST PEEL OFF THE DOUGH, PAL!
YEAH! THAT'S THE STUFF!
DOT ISS NOT ALL, SLUG! YOUR GANG AND BULLDOG'S MEN MUST GED ME MORE DYNAMITE IN A VEEK!--- I'LL GIFF YOU $1,000 EACH!
EASY CHIEF! TOMORROW DA GOVERNMENT IS SENDING ME DYNAMITE FER ALL DER LUMBERMEN IN WESTERN CANADA!
GOOT!
RIGHT NOW A BUNCH OF LUMBERMEN ARE WAITING AT MY CAMP WITH RATION CARDS FOR DYNAMITE THEY'LL NEVER SEE! HA-HA!
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS!
THEY'LL SEE DYNAMITE, ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU'LL SEE STARS AND STRIPES!
VAS IST?
JOE PIERRE! NO!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
DOES THIS FEEL AS IF I'M DEAD?
OWWWWWW
NO! AGHH!
15

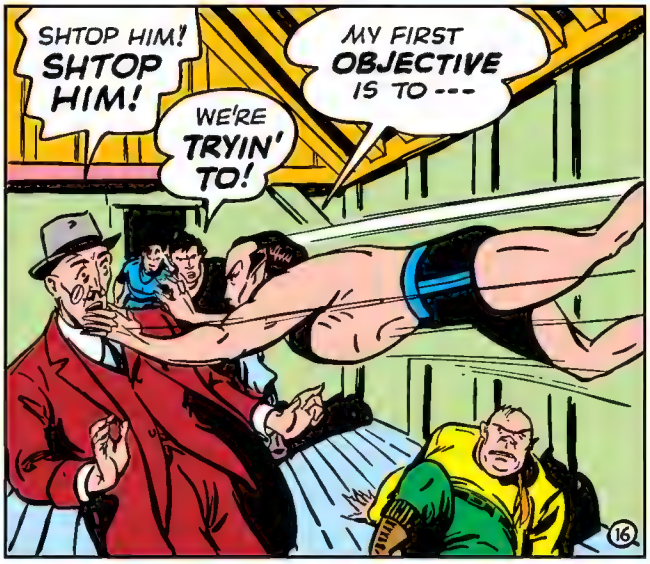

AS SLUG FALLS, BULLDOG COMMANDS THE MEN...
GRAB HIM! I'LL COVER HIM WITH MY GUN!
AN AMERICAN SHPY!
THAT'S IT! CROWD AROUND ME---- THEN BULL-FACE CAN'T SHOOT!


SUDDENLY NAMOR LASHES OUT!
LOOK OUT! I'M COMING THROUGH!

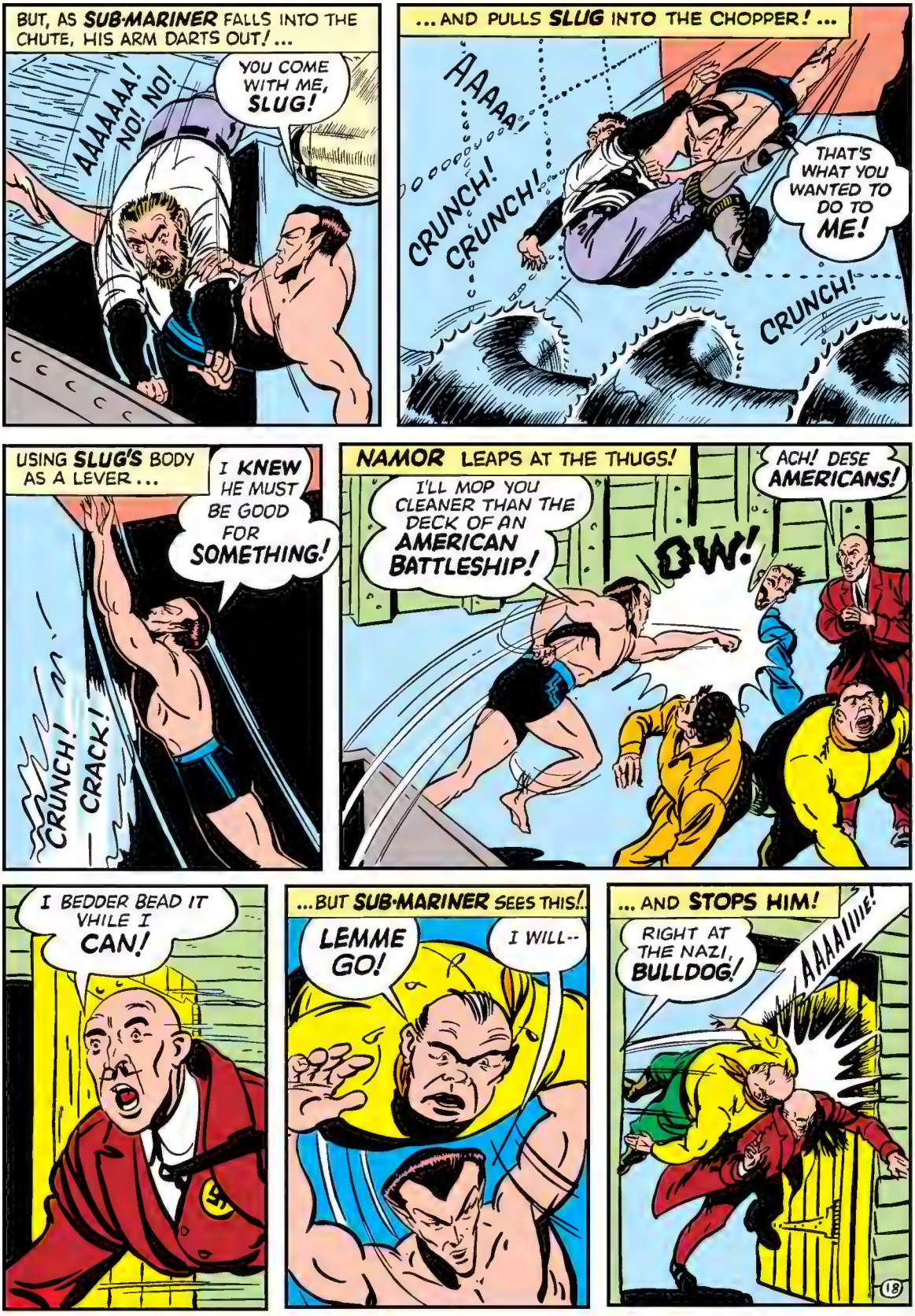
OUCH!
A DROP KICK! LIKE IT?

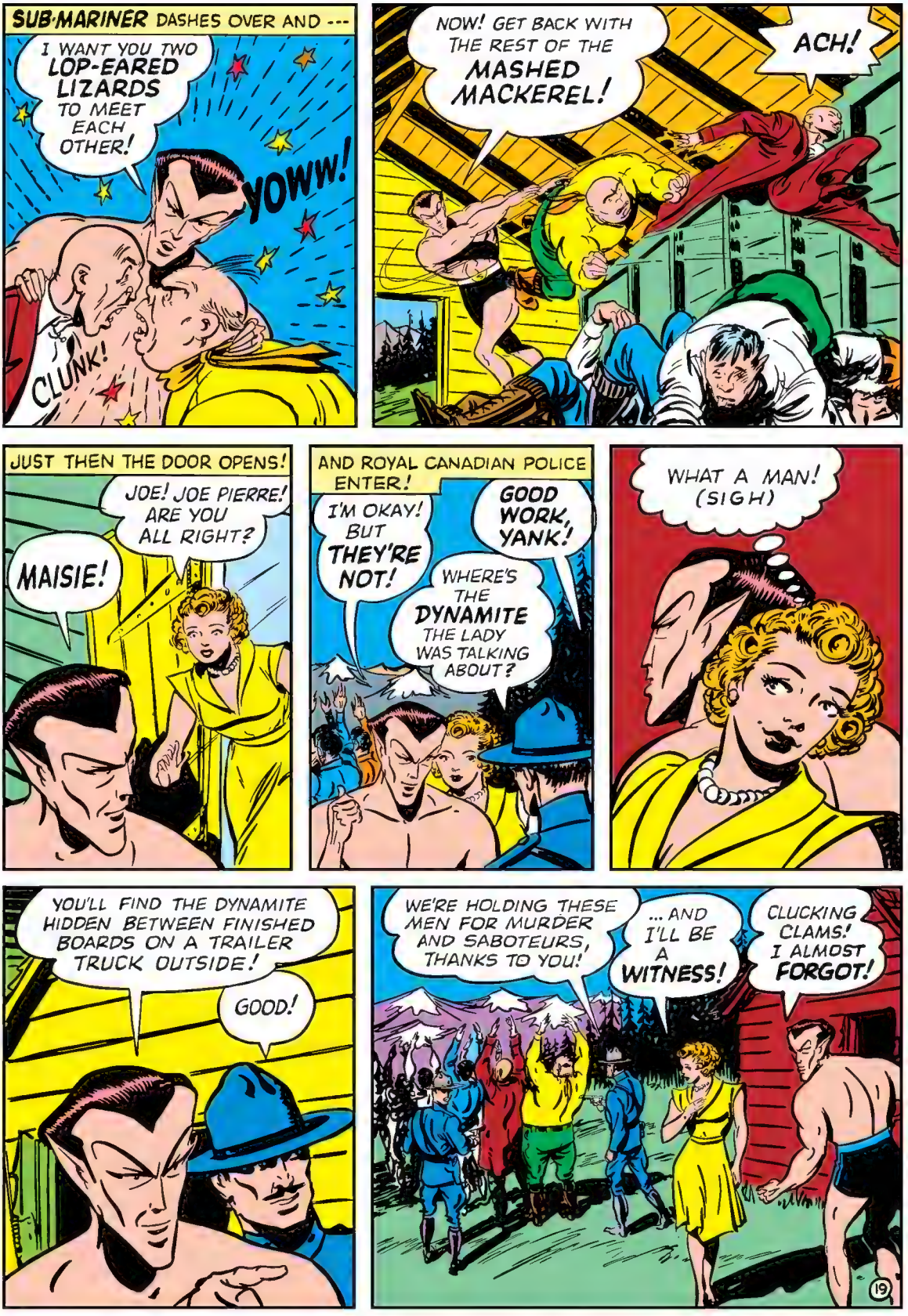

HE SUDDENLY SOMERSAULTS BACKWARD---
LOOK OUT!
DON'T TRY TO HOLD A WRIGGLING EEL!
HEY!

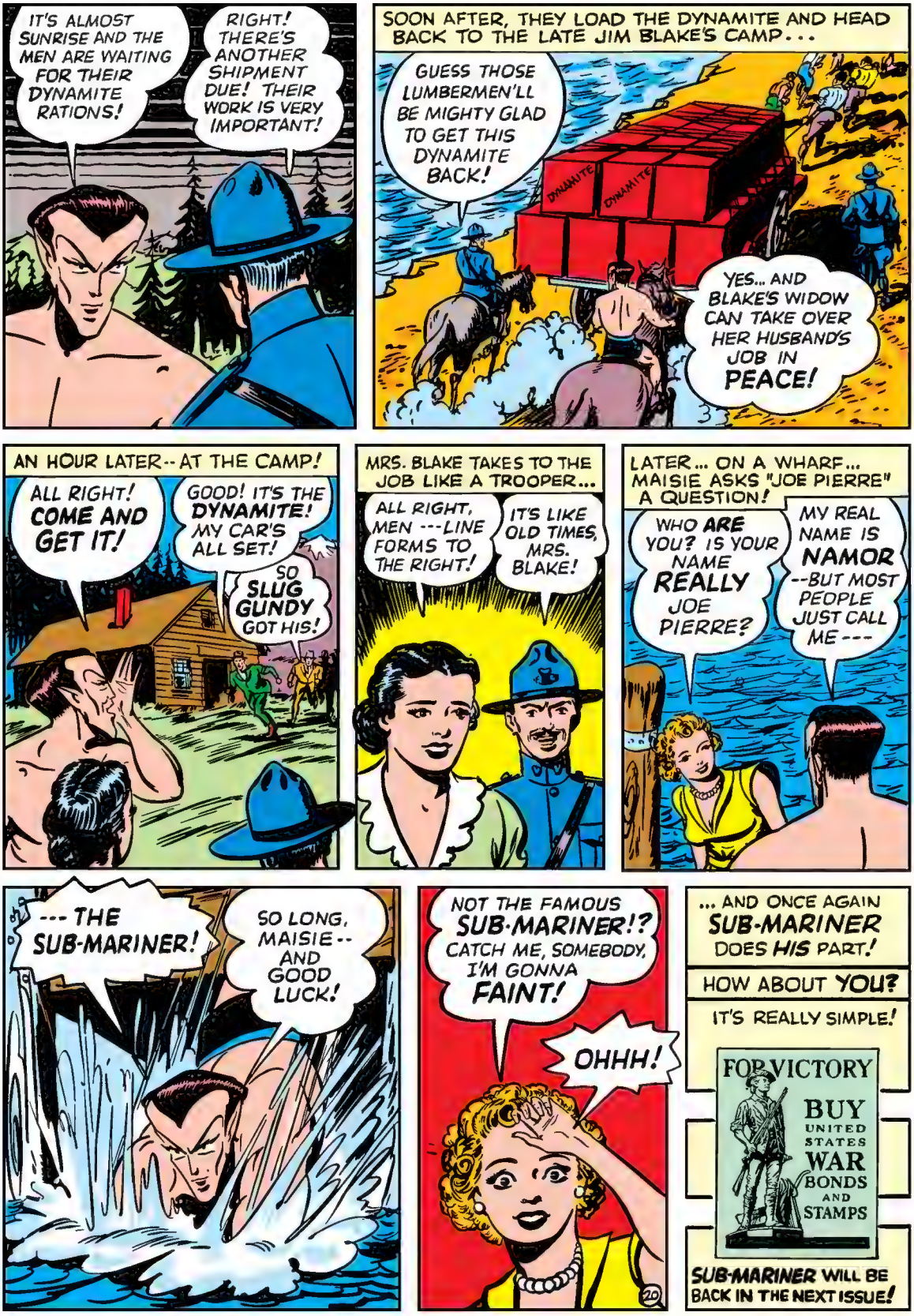

AND LANDS ON HIS FEET!
NOW FOR THE ATTACK!


SHTOP HIM! SHTOP HIM!
WE'RE TRYIN' TO!
MY FIRST OBJECTIVE IS TO---

KNOCK THE HEIL OUT OF HITLER'S STOOGE!
AGGGGGGGHHH!
... AND THEN TO MAKE CHOPPED CAVIAR OUT OF THE REST OF YOU FISH!
OH!--MY HEAD! HE'S A WILD MAN!
OWW!
OOOOFF!
HEY!
I'LL TURN ON THE SWITCH ON DIS WOOD CHOPPER CHUTE!
SLUG SHOUTS!
PUSH HIM INTO THE WOOD CHOPPER! IT'S RUNNING!
SUB-MARINER HEARS THIS AND LOOKS BACK...
DANCING DOGFISH! --THAT GADGETS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
JUST AS THE CROOKED TIMBER-TOPPERS RUSH HIM!
PUSH HIM IN! GOOT!
WE GOT HIM NOW!
OOPS! THEY KNOCKED ME OFF BALANCE! YOW!
CHOP HIM TO PIECES!
RRR RRRR!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
17


BUT, AS SUB-MARINER FALLS INTO THE CHUTE, HIS ARM DARTS OUT! ...
AAAAAAA!
NO! NO!
YOU COME WITH ME, SLUG!
... AND PULLS SLUG INTO THE CHOPPER! ...
AAAAA!
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO TO ME!
CRUNCH!
USING SLUG'S BODY AS A LEVER ...
I KNEW HE MUST BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!
CRUNCH!
CRACK!
NAMOR LEAPS AT THE THUGS!
I'LL MOP YOU CLEANER THAN THE DECK OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP!
OW!
ACH! DESE AMERICANS!
I BEDDER BEAD IT VHILE I CAN!
...BUT SUB-MARINER SEES THIS!..
LEMME GO!
I WILL--
... AND STOPS HIM!
RIGHT AT THE NAZI, BULLDOG!
AAAAIIIIE!
18


SUB-MARINER DASHES OVER AND ---
I WANT YOU TWO LOP-EARED LIZARDS TO MEET EACH OTHER!
YOWW!
CLUNK!
NOW! GET BACK WITH THE REST OF THE MASHED MACKEREL!
ACH!
JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENS!
JOE! JOE PIERRE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
MAISIE!
AND ROYAL CANADIAN POLICE ENTER!
I'M OKAY! BUT THEY'RE NOT!
GOOD WORK, YANK!
WHERE'S THE DYNAMITE THE LADY WAS TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT A MAN! (SIGH)
YOU'LL FIND THE DYNAMITE HIDDEN BETWEEN FINISHED BOARDS ON A TRAILER TRUCK OUTSIDE!
GOOD!
WE'RE HOLDING THESE MEN FOR MURDER AND SABOTEURS, THANKS TO YOU!
... AND I'LL BE A WITNESS!
CLUCKING CLAMS! I ALMOST FORGOT!
19


IT'S ALMOST SUNRISE AND THE MEN ARE WAITING FOR THEIR DYNAMITE RATIONS!
RIGHT! THERE'S ANOTHER SHIPMENT DUE! THEIR WORK IS VERY IMPORTANT!
SOON AFTER, THEY LOAD THE DYNAMITE AND HEAD BACK TO THE LATE JIM BLAKE'S CAMP...
GUESS THOSE LUMBERMEN'LL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO GET THIS DYNAMITE BACK!
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
YES... AND BLAKE'S WIDOW CAN TAKE OVER HER HUSBAND'S JOB IN PEACE!
AN HOUR LATER-- AT THE CAMP!
ALL RIGHT! COME AND GET IT!
GOOD! IT'S THE DYNAMITE! MY CAR'S ALL SET!
SO SLUG GUNDY GOT HIS!
MRS. BLAKE TAKES TO THE JOB LIKE A TROOPER...
ALL RIGHT, MEN ---LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT!
IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES, MRS. BLAKE!
LATER... ON A WHARF... MAISIE ASKS "JOE PIERRE" A QUESTION!
WHO ARE YOU? IS YOUR NAME REALLY JOE PIERRE?
MY REAL NAME IS NAMOR --BUT MOST PEOPLE JUST CALL ME ---
--- THE SUB-MARINER!
SO LONG, MAISIE-- AND GOOD LUCK!
NOT THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER!? CATCH ME, SOMEBODY, I'M GONNA FAINT!
OHHH!
20
... AND ONCE AGAIN SUB-MARINER DOES HIS PART!
HOW ABOUT YOU?
IT'S REALLY SIMPLE!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

NOT A WEAK LINK AMONG 'EM!

HUMAN TORCH

SUB-MARINER

THE ANGEL

THE VISION

TERRY VANCE

JIMMY JUPITER

THE PATRIOT

HI, GANG!

IT'S TRUE!

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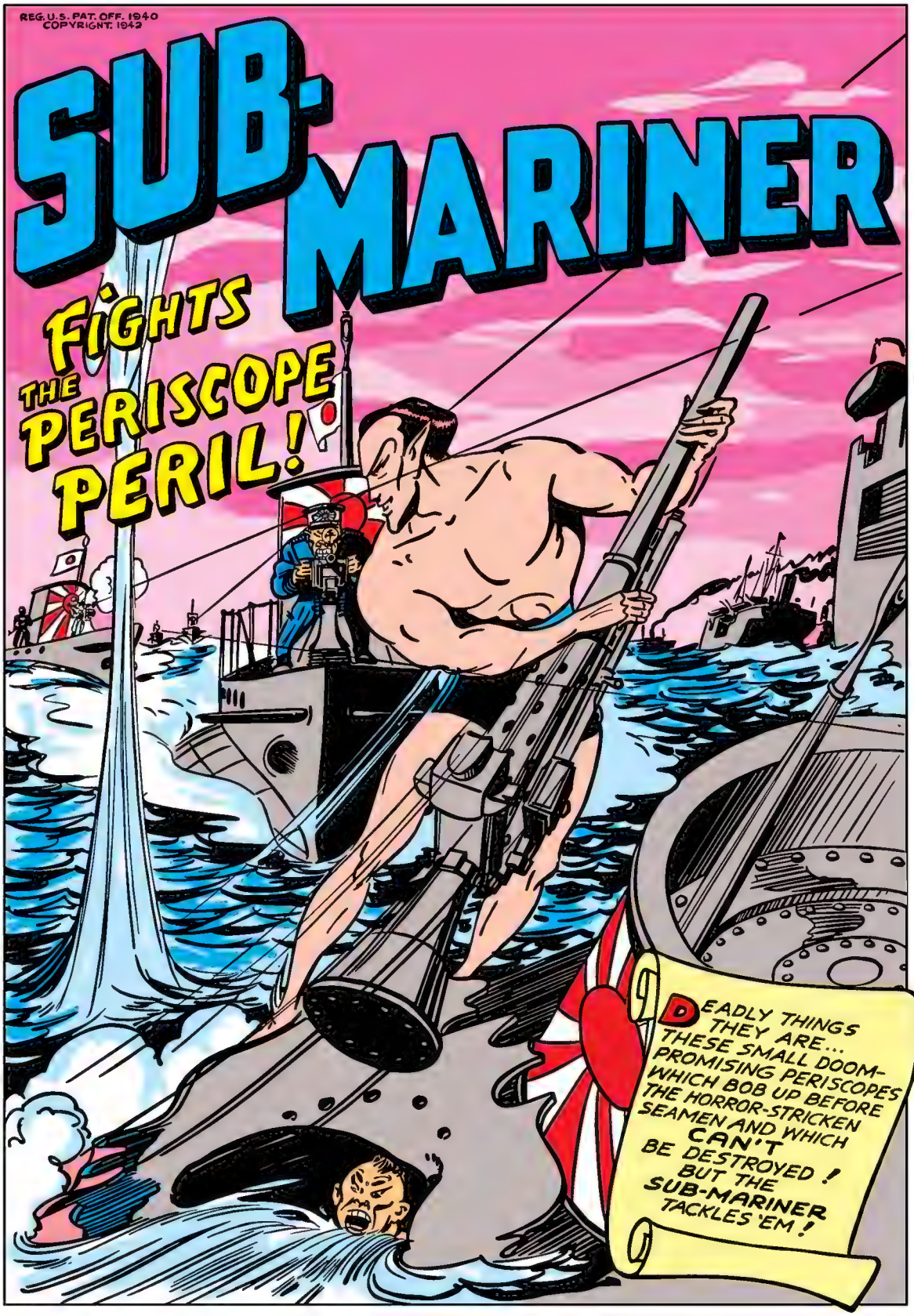
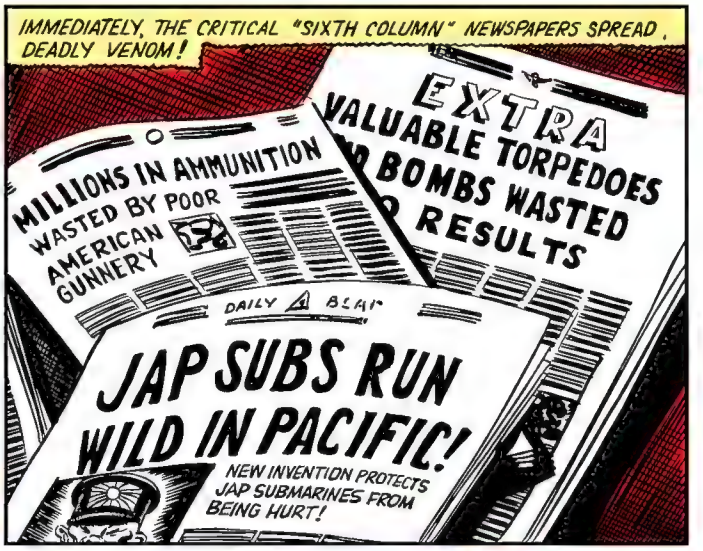
SUB-MARINER

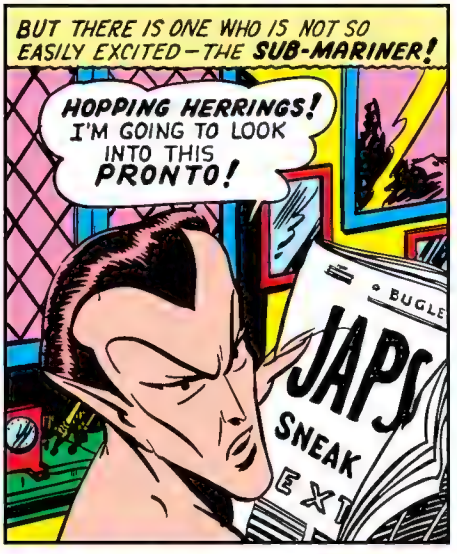
FIGHTS THE PERISCOPE PERIL!

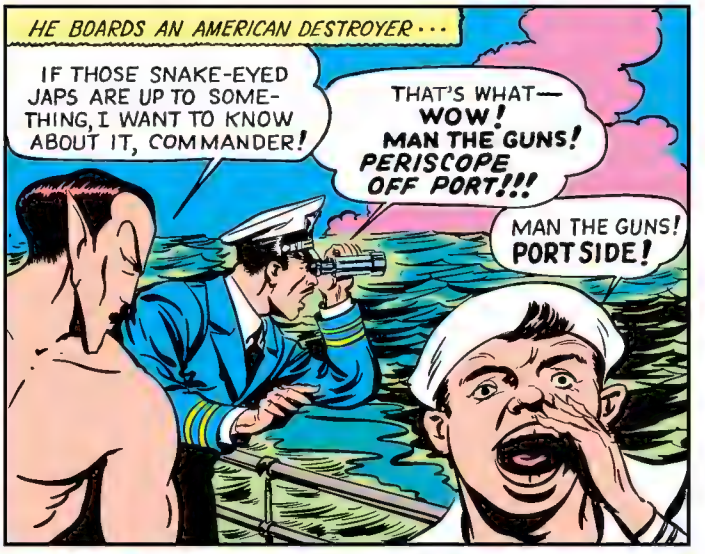

DEADLY THINGS THEY ARE... THESE SMALL DOOM-PROMISING PERISCOPES WHICH BOB UP BEFORE THE HORROR-STRICKEN SEAMEN AND WHICH CAN'T BE DESTROYED! BUT THE SUB-MARINER TACKLES 'EM!

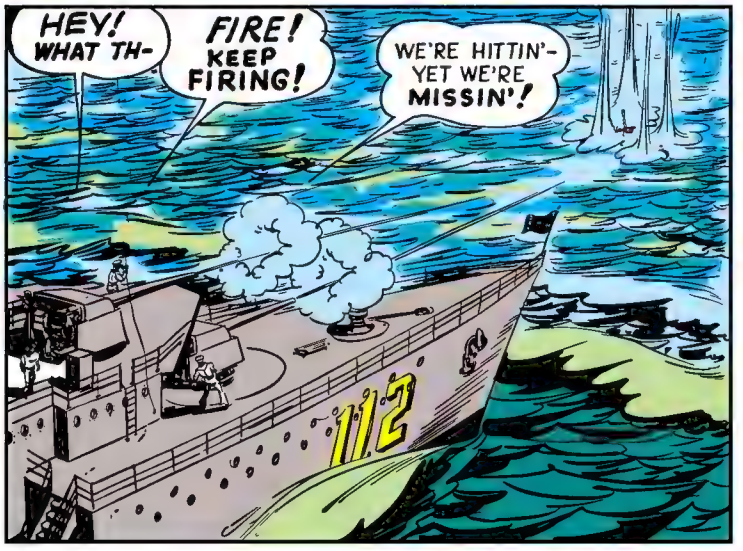
IN THE "CROW'S NEST" OF AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP, THE LOOKOUT SHOUTS A SUDDEN WARNING!
SUBMARINE! SUBMARINE!
THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN BARKS A COMMAND!
MAN THAT FOR'ARD GUN!
GOOD! GIVE 'EM ANOTHER!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
WHOOPEE! A PERFECT SHOT!
BUT THERE IS NO EXPLOSION!!!
WHAT THE—! I COULD HAVE SWORN WE MADE A DOZEN DIRECT HITS!
MEANWHILE
...ABOARD A NAVY DIRIGIBLE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PACIFIC...
SUB RIGHT BELOW, SIR!
DEPTH BOMBS, READY! NOW!
RIGHTO, SIR, HERE GOES!
US NAVY
STRAIGHT ACROSS HIS SIGHTS, THE BLIMP'S BOMBARDIER CATCHES THE PERISCOPE AND PRESSES THE DEPTH-BOMB RELEASE...

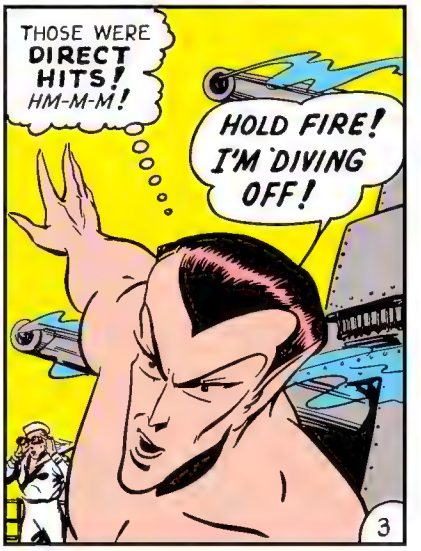
THE BOMBS APPARENTLY HIT THE SUB—
BUT AGAIN, NO EXPLOSION!

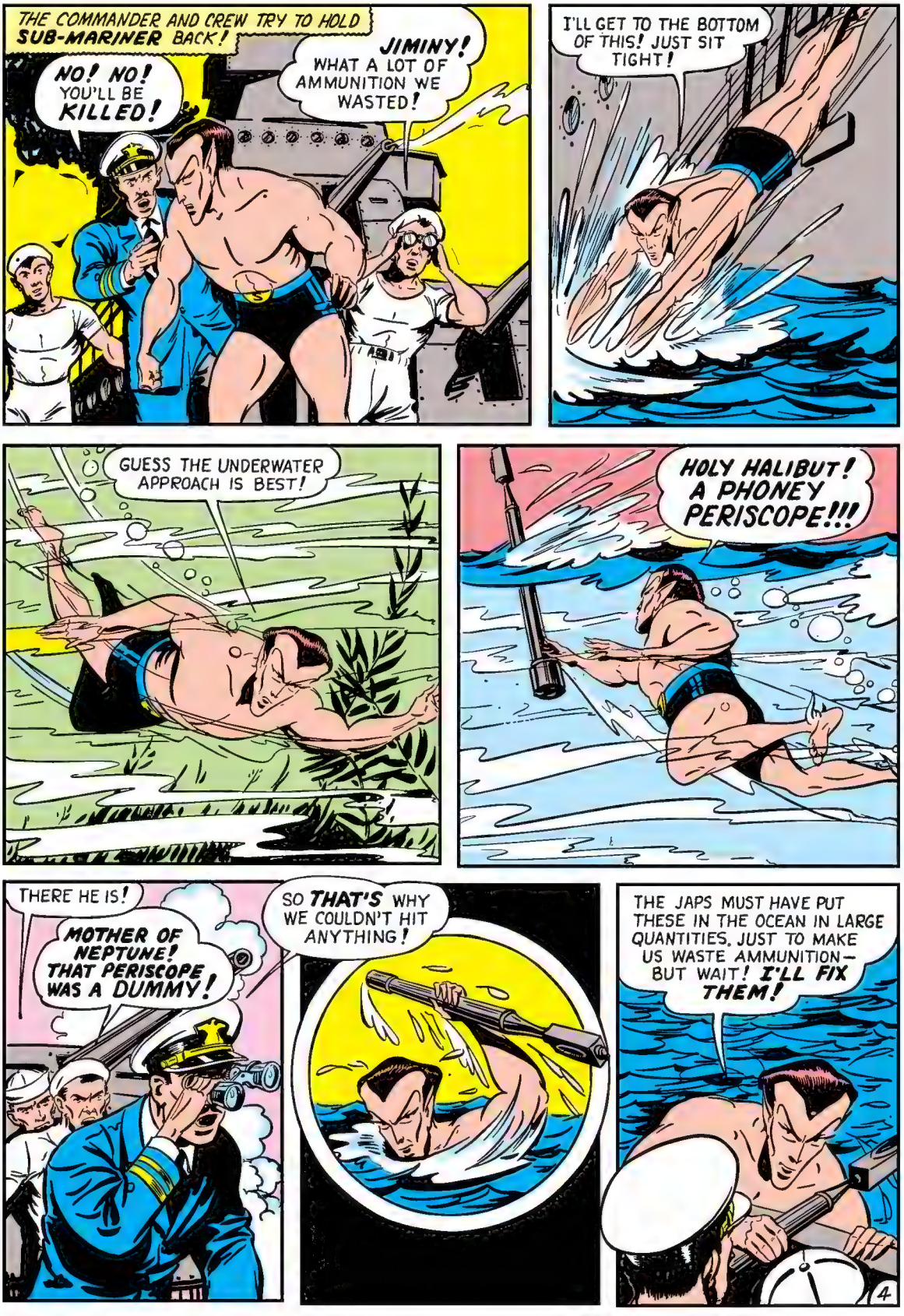

IMMEDIATELY, THE CRITICAL "SIXTH COLUMN" NEWSPAPERS SPREAD DEADLY VENOM!
EXTRA
VALUABLE TORPEDOES
BOMBS WASTED
RESULTS
MILLIONS IN AMMUNITION WASTED BY POOR AMERICAN GUNNERY
DAILY BLAT
JAP SUBS RUN WILD IN PACIFIC!
NEW INVENTION PROTECTS JAP SUBMARINES FROM BEING HURT!

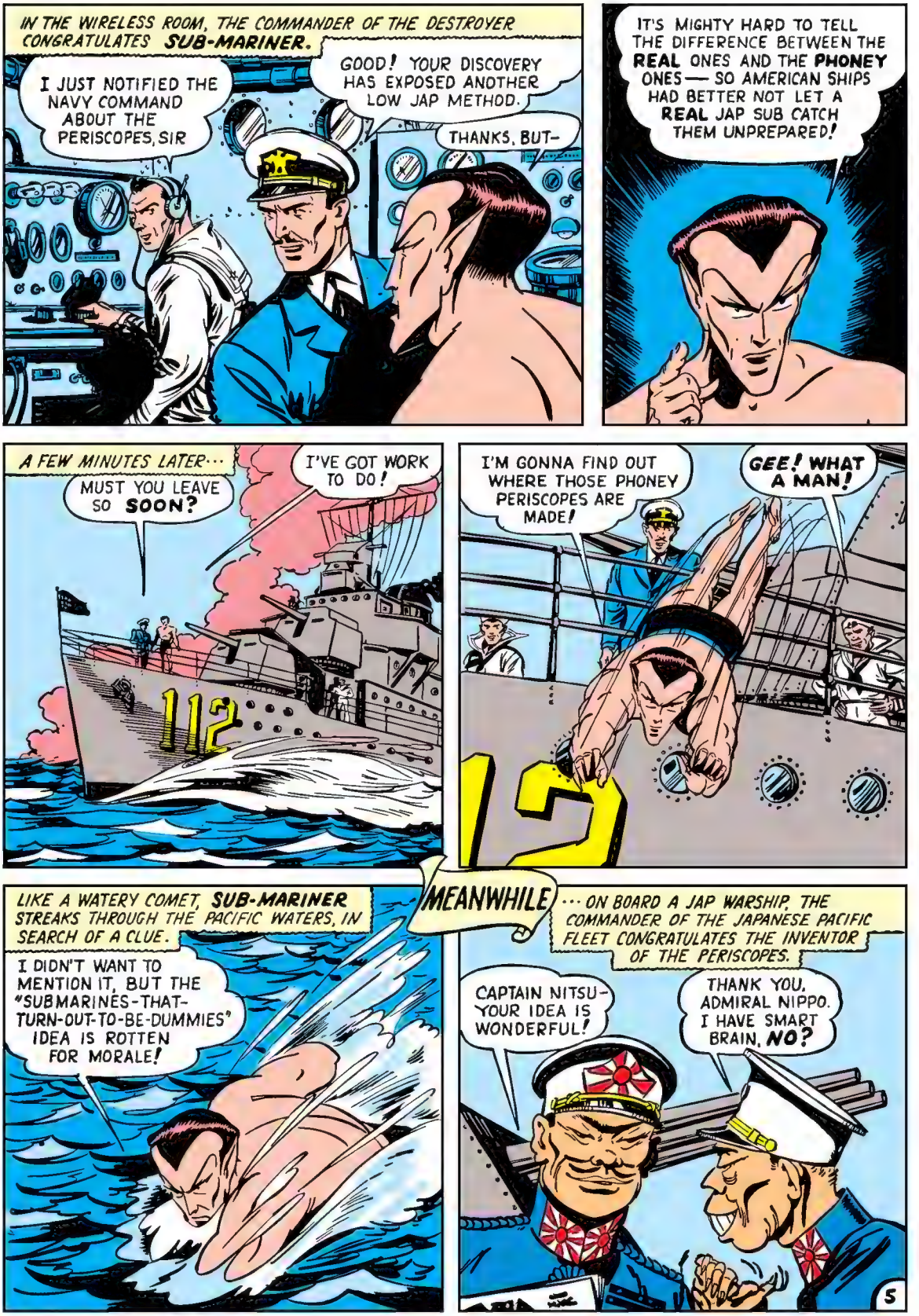

BUT THERE IS ONE WHO IS NOT SO EASILY EXCITED—THE SUB-MARINER!
HOPPING HERRINGS! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS PRONTO!
BUGLE
JAPS SNEAK


HE BOARDS AN AMERICAN DESTROYER...
IF THOSE SNAKE-EYED JAPS ARE UP TO SOMETHING, I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT, COMMANDER!
THAT'S WHAT— WOW! MAN THE GUNS! PERISCOPE OFF PORT!!!
MAN THE GUNS! PORT SIDE!


HEY! WHAT TH-
FIRE! KEEP FIRING!
WE'RE HITTIN'- YET WE'RE MISSIN'!
112


THOSE WERE DIRECT HITS! HM-M-M!
HOLD FIRE! I'M DIVING OFF!


THE COMMANDER AND CREW TRY TO HOLD SUB-MARINER BACK!
NO! NO! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
JIMINY! WHAT A LOT OF AMMUNITION WE WASTED!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! JUST SIT TIGHT!
GUESS THE UNDERWATER APPROACH IS BEST!
HOLY HALIBUT! A PHONEY PERISCOPE!!!
THERE HE IS!
MOTHER OF NEPTUNE! THAT PERISCOPE WAS A DUMMY!
SO THAT'S WHY WE COULDN'T HIT ANYTHING!
THE JAPS MUST HAVE PUT THESE IN THE OCEAN IN LARGE QUANTITIES, JUST TO MAKE US WASTE AMMUNITION— BUT WAIT! I'LL FIX THEM!
4

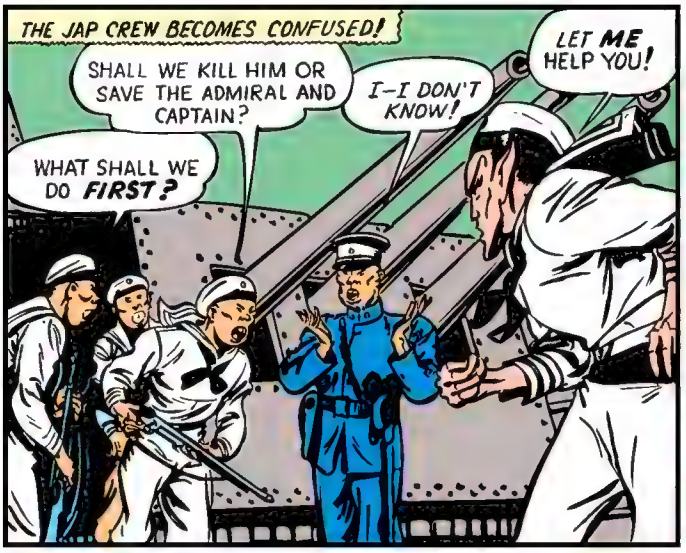

IN THE WIRELESS ROOM, THE COMMANDER OF THE DESTROYER CONGRATULATES SUB-MARINER.
I JUST NOTIFIED THE NAVY COMMAND ABOUT THE PERISCOPES, SIR
GOOD! YOUR DISCOVERY HAS EXPOSED ANOTHER LOW JAP METHOD.
THANKS, BUT—
IT'S MIGHTY HARD TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE REAL ONES AND THE PHONEY ONES — SO AMERICAN SHIPS HAD BETTER NOT LET A REAL JAP SUB CATCH THEM UNPREPARED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER···
MUST YOU LEAVE SO SOON?
I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
112
I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THOSE PHONEY PERISCOPES ARE MADE!
GEE! WHAT A MAN!
12
LIKE A WATERY COMET, SUB-MARINER STREAKS THROUGH THE PACIFIC WATERS, IN SEARCH OF A CLUE.
I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION IT, BUT THE "SUBMARINES-THAT-TURN-OUT-TO-BE-DUMMIES" IDEA IS ROTTEN FOR MORALE!
MEANWHILE
··· ON BOARD A JAP WARSHIP, THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE PACIFIC FLEET CONGRATULATES THE INVENTOR OF THE PERISCOPES.
CAPTAIN NITSU-YOUR IDEA IS WONDERFUL!
THANK YOU, ADMIRAL NIPPO. I HAVE SMART BRAIN, NO?
5

EVEN WHEN THE AMERICANS FIND OUT ABOUT THE FALSE PERISCOPES, THEIR MORALE WILL BE RUINED— THEY WILL NEVER KNOW IF THERE IS A FALSE SUBMARINE OR A REAL ONE! HEE-HAW!
A SWIFT TORPEDO BOAT IS LAUNCHED···
DISTRIBUTE THOSE PERISCOPES ALONG THE SHIPPING LANES.
YES, ADMIRAL NIPPO.
···AND SOON AFTER STARTS "PLANTING" THE PERISCOPES, ABOUT A MILE AWAY FROM THE BATTLESHIP.
DEPOSIT ONE HERE—YES?
YES! AMERICANS COULD NEVER THINK OF A TRICK LIKE THIS! NO?
WOW!
FLYIN' FLOUNDERS! THOSE ARE THE BABIES I'M LOOKING FOR!
SWIMMING UNDERWATER, SUB-MARINER···
WELL! WELL! SO THE JAP PHONIES ARE PLANTING PHONEY PERISCOPES!
YI-YI!
HA?
WHO?
... REACHES THE BOAT AND THEN...
HERE'S A TASTE OF THE REAL McCOY!
6

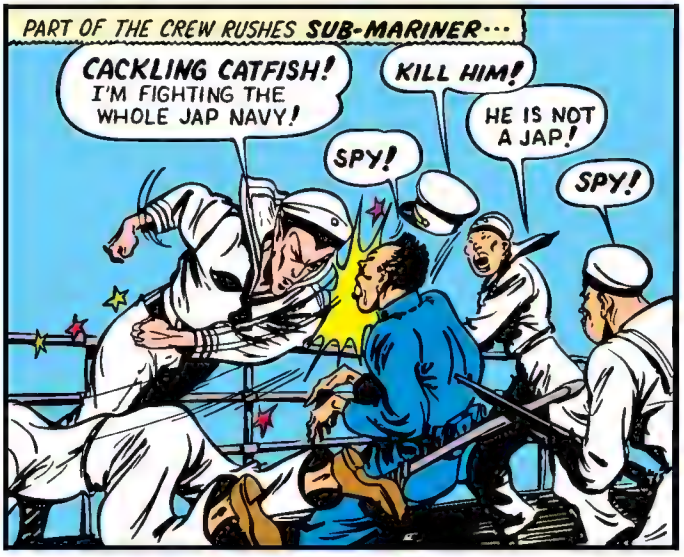
SUB-MARINER FIGHTS WITH WHITE-HOT FURY!
YOU YELLOW-BELLIED WATER LIZARDS!
EEK!
YI-I-Y!
ARE THERE ANY MORE OF THESE PHONEY PERISCOPES AROUND?
NO! NO!
A FUSE IS SET OFF!
THIS'LL DESTROY THE JAPS AND THE PERISCOPES!
T.N.T.
SHIVERING SHAD! I'D BETTER GET OFF THIS TUB - FAST!
.... AND THE TORPEDO BOAT EXPLODES!
BOOM!
GOOD! THERE MUST BE A JAP WARSHIP AROUND - THOSE TORPEDO BOATS CAN'T CRUISE VERY FAR.
SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF OIL LEFT ON THE WATER BY THE TORPEDO BOAT.
THE JAP BATTLESHIP! THAT OIL LED ME - HOPPED-UP HERRING! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
IF AN AMERICAN SHIP SIGHTS A PERISCOPE WITH NO OIL ON THE WATER BEHIND IT, THEY KNOW IMMEDIATELY THAT IT'S NOT A REAL SUBMARINE!

...UNSEEN, SUB-MARINER CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF THE JAP SHIP
WATCH CLOSELY— I'M GONNA TURN INTO A JAP!
YI-YI!
THE MASQUERADE IS JUST BEGINNING, FOLKS!
ULP!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR SAILOR SUIT— YOU CAN GO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK FOR AWHILE!
I PUSH MY JAW BACK—STICK MY TEETH OUT, AND PRESTO! I'M A SAPPY JAPPY!
AT THAT MOMENT, ADMIRAL NIPPO AND CAPTAIN NITSU COME 'ROUND THE BEND.
AH! YOUR FALSE PERISCOPES ARE CLEVER, CAPTAIN.
YES, ADMIRAL—THE TORPEDO BOAT SHOULD BE BACK TO CARRY THE NEXT LOAD.
SHUTTLIN' SHARKS!
IT'S THE GUY WHO MAKES THE PHONEY PERISCOPES! I'M GONNA MAKE TURTLE SOUP OUT OF HIM!

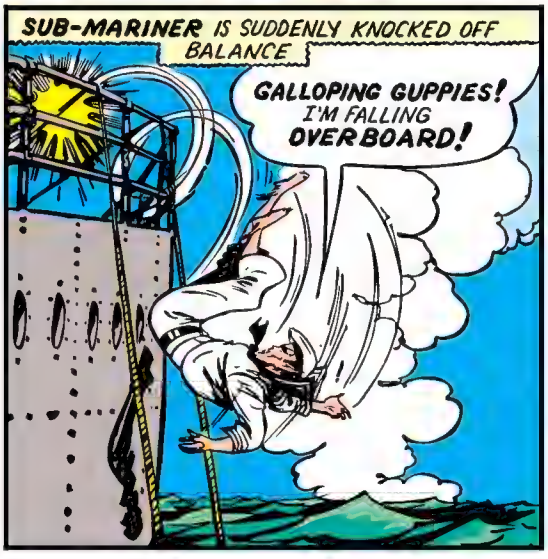
SUDDENLY, THE JAP ADMIRAL SPOTS SUB-MARINER.
CAPTAIN—IS THAT SAILOR JAPANESE!
I NEVER—
SURE! I'M THE GUY WHO MOPS UP!—
JAPS!
HELP! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN!
THAT SAILOR—
IF YOU'VE GOT BRAINS—THIS'LL MAKE THEM EXPLODE!
YAP-YAP!
YI-YI-YI!
YI-YI-YI!
THE JAP CREW RUSHES ONTO THE SCENE!
HE'S THROWING THE ADMIRAL AND CAPTAIN OVERBOARD!
STOP HIM!
MOPPING DECKS MADE HIM CRAZY!
I'M PUTTING YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU PUT THE PERISCOPES—AND I HOPE YOU ATTRACT AS MANY SHOTS!
OO-OOO!
YI-YI-I-I!

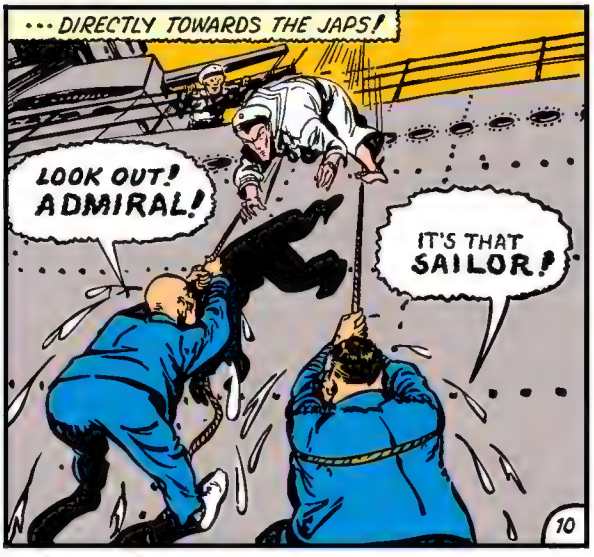

THE JAP CREW BECOMES CONFUSED!
SHALL WE KILL HIM OR SAVE THE ADMIRAL AND CAPTAIN?
I-I DON'T KNOW!
LET ME HELP YOU!
WHAT SHALL WE DO FIRST?

TAKE ME ON FIRST-SO THEY CAN DROWN!

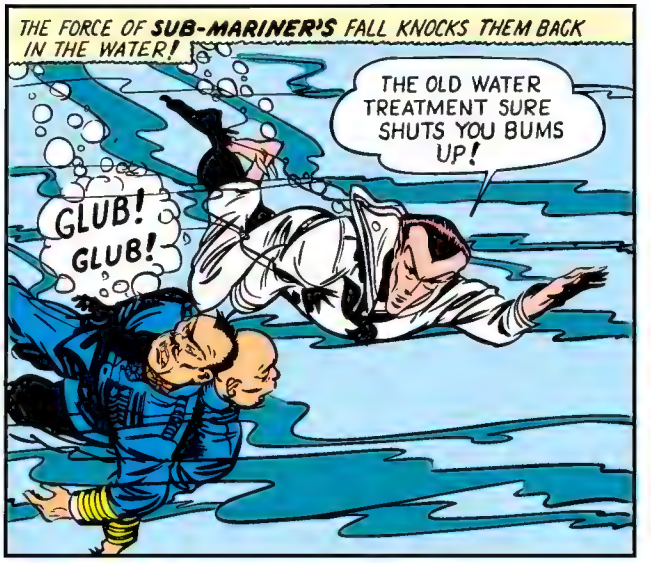

PART OF THE CREW RUSHES SUB-MARINER···
CACKLING CATFISH! I'M FIGHTING THE WHOLE JAP NAVY!
KILL HIM!
HE IS NOT A JAP!
SPY!
SPY!

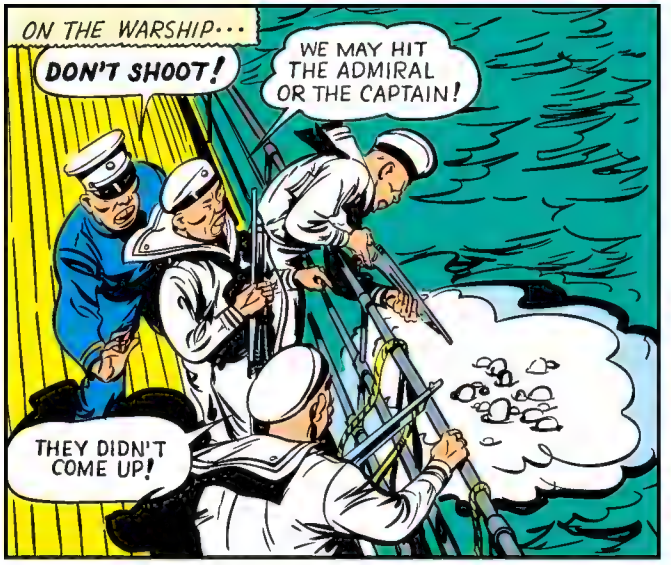
··· WHILE OTHERS THROW ROPES TO THE ADMIRAL AND CAPTAIN.
I'LL HAVE THAT SAILOR'S HEAD CUT OFF FOR THIS!
YES!— IF HE IS A SAILOR!


SUB-MARINER IS SUDDENLY KNOCKED OFF BALANCE
GALLOPING GUPPIES! I'M FALLING OVERBOARD!

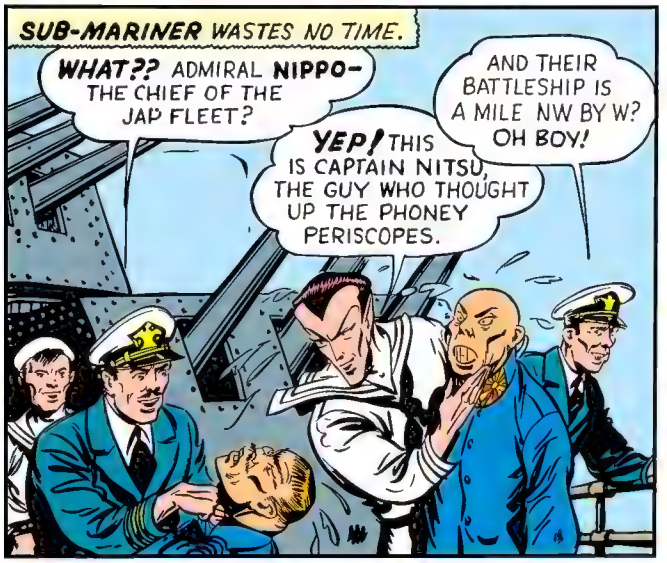

··· DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE JAPS!
LOOK OUT! ADMIRAL!
IT'S THAT SAILOR!

WOWIE!
CLUNK!

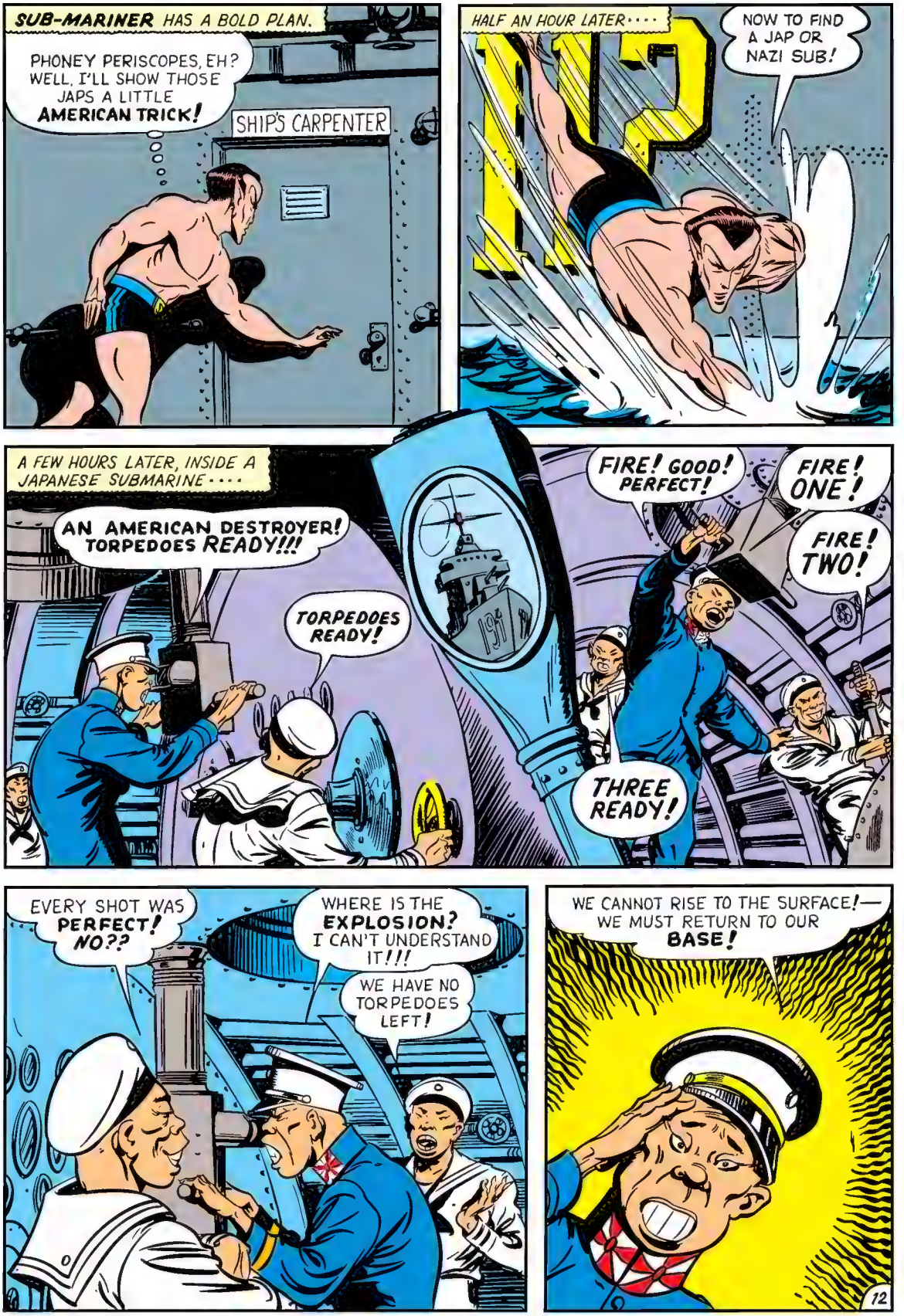

THE FORCE OF SUB-MARINER'S FALL KNOCKS THEM BACK IN THE WATER!
THE OLD WATER TREATMENT SURE SHUTS YOU BUMS UP!
GLUB! GLUB!

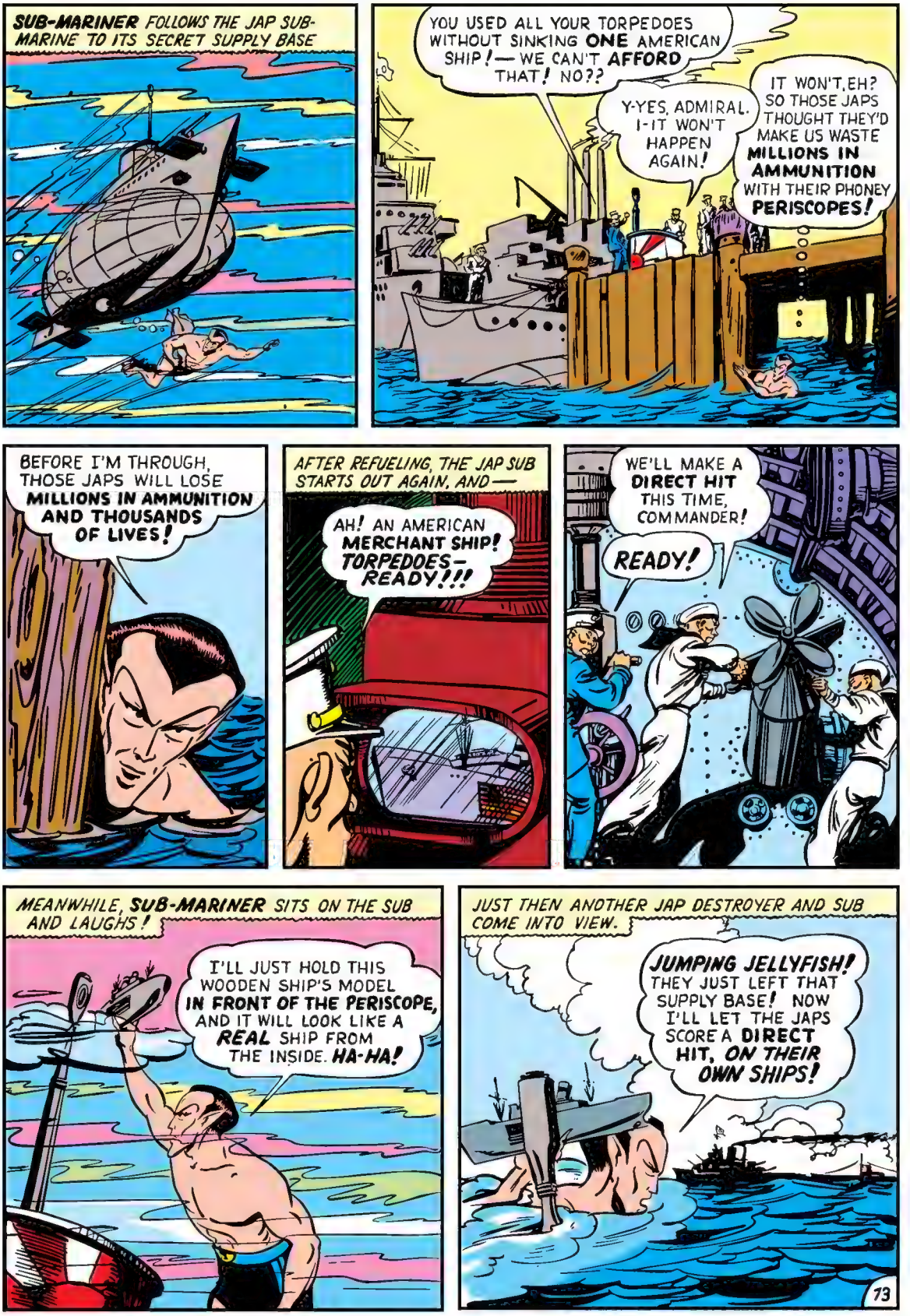

ON THE WARSHIP...
DON'T SHOOT!
WE MAY HIT THE ADMIRAL OR THE CAPTAIN!
THEY DIDN'T COME UP!

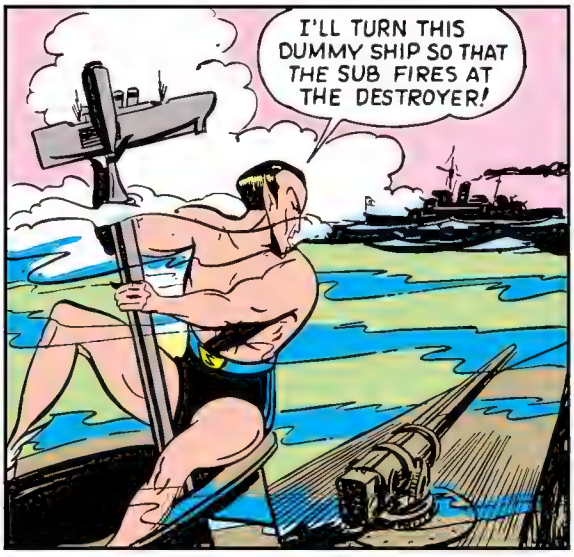
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WE'RE A MILE FROM THAT SHIP BY NOW. I'LL TURN THESE LICE OVER TO THAT AMERICAN DESTROYER!


SUB-MARINER WASTES NO TIME.
WHAT?? ADMIRAL NIPPO- THE CHIEF OF THE JAP FLEET?
AND THEIR BATTLESHIP IS A MILE NW BY W? OH BOY!
YEP! THIS IS CAPTAIN NITSU, THE GUY WHO THOUGHT UP THE PHONEY PERISCOPES.

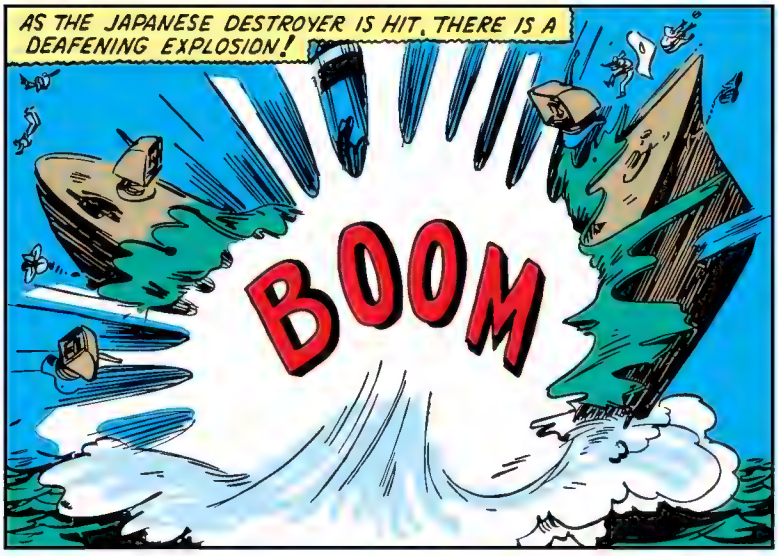
WARN EVERY AMERICAN SHIP THAT, IF THERE IS NO PATH OF OIL BEHIND A PERISCOPE, THEN IT'S A DUMMY!

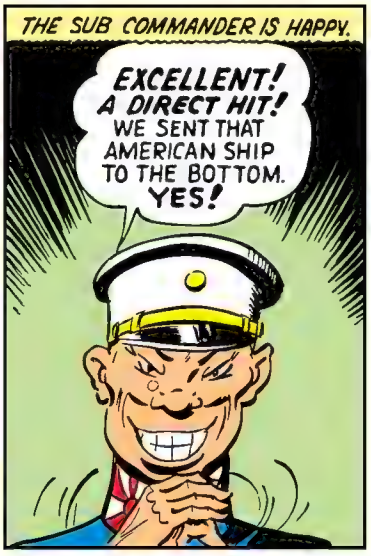

SUB-MARINER HAS A BOLD PLAN.
PHONEY PERISCOPES, EH? WELL, I'LL SHOW THOSE JAPS A LITTLE AMERICAN TRICK!
SHIP'S CARPENTER
HALF AN HOUR LATER....
NOW TO FIND A JAP OR NAZI SUB!
A FEW HOURS LATER, INSIDE A JAPANESE SUBMARINE....
AN AMERICAN DESTROYER! TORPEDOES READY!!!
TORPEDOES READY!
FIRE! GOOD! PERFECT!
FIRE! ONE!
FIRE! TWO!
THREE READY!
EVERY SHOT WAS PERFECT! NO??
WHERE IS THE EXPLOSION? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!!!
WE HAVE NO TORPEDOES LEFT!
WE CANNOT RISE TO THE SURFACE!— WE MUST RETURN TO OUR BASE!

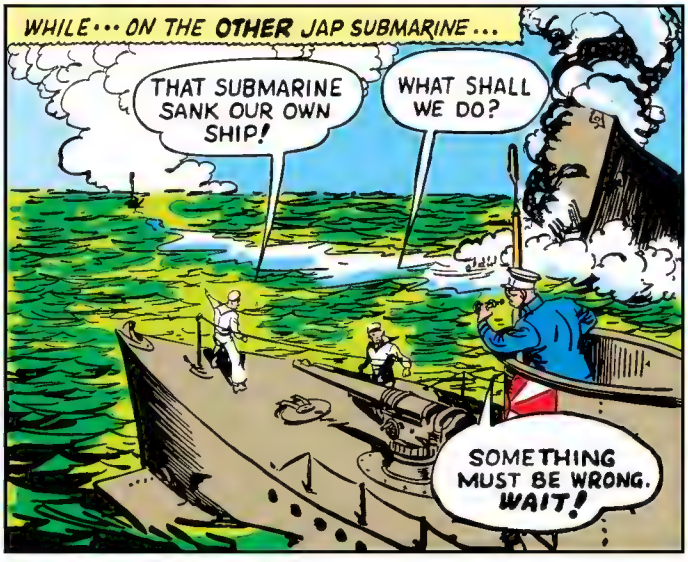

SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE JAP SUB-MARINE TO ITS SECRET SUPPLY BASE
YOU USED ALL YOUR TORPEDOES WITHOUT SINKING ONE AMERICAN SHIP!—WE CAN'T AFFORD THAT! NO??
Y-YES, ADMIRAL. I-IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
IT WON'T, EH? SO THOSE JAPS THOUGHT THEY'D MAKE US WASTE MILLIONS IN AMMUNITION WITH THEIR PHONEY PERISCOPES!
BEFORE I'M THROUGH, THOSE JAPS WILL LOSE MILLIONS IN AMMUNITION AND THOUSANDS OF LIVES!
AFTER REFUELING, THE JAP SUB STARTS OUT AGAIN, AND—
AH! AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP! TORPEDOES—READY!!!
WE'LL MAKE A DIRECT HIT THIS TIME, COMMANDER!
READY!
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER SITS ON THE SUB AND LAUGHS!
I'LL JUST HOLD THIS WOODEN SHIP'S MODEL IN FRONT OF THE PERISCOPE, AND IT WILL LOOK LIKE A REAL SHIP FROM THE INSIDE. HA-HA!
JUST THEN ANOTHER JAP DESTROYER AND SUB COME INTO VIEW.
JUMPING JELLYFISH! THEY JUST LEFT THAT SUPPLY BASE! NOW I'LL LET THE JAPS SCORE A DIRECT HIT, ON THEIR OWN SHIPS!

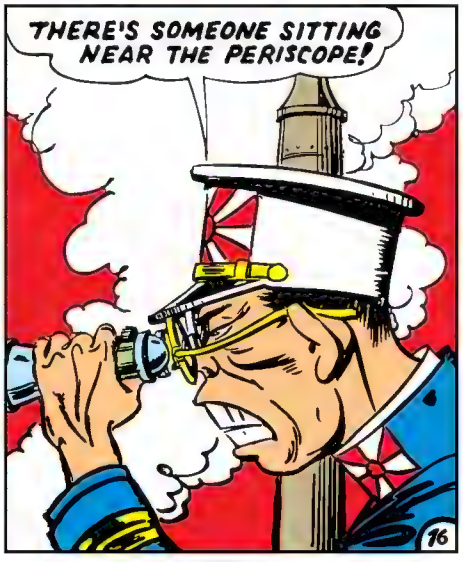

I'LL TURN THIS DUMMY SHIP SO THAT THE SUB FIRES AT THE DESTROYER!

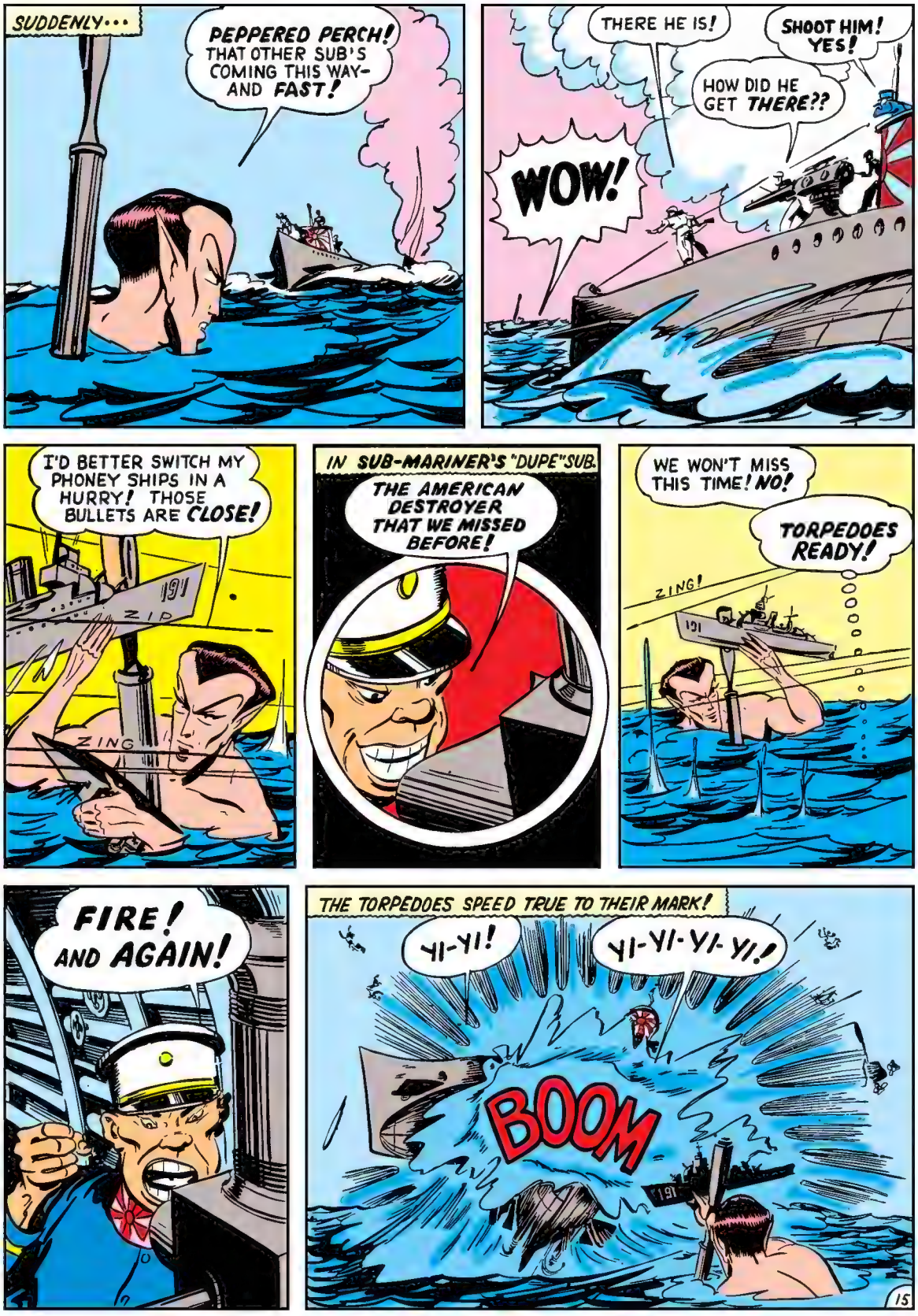
INSIDE THE SUB, THE COMMANDER TAKES VERY CAREFUL AIM.
NOW! FIRE!
WE WON'T MISS! NO!
GOOD! GOOD!


AS THE JAPANESE DESTROYER IS HIT, THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
BOOM

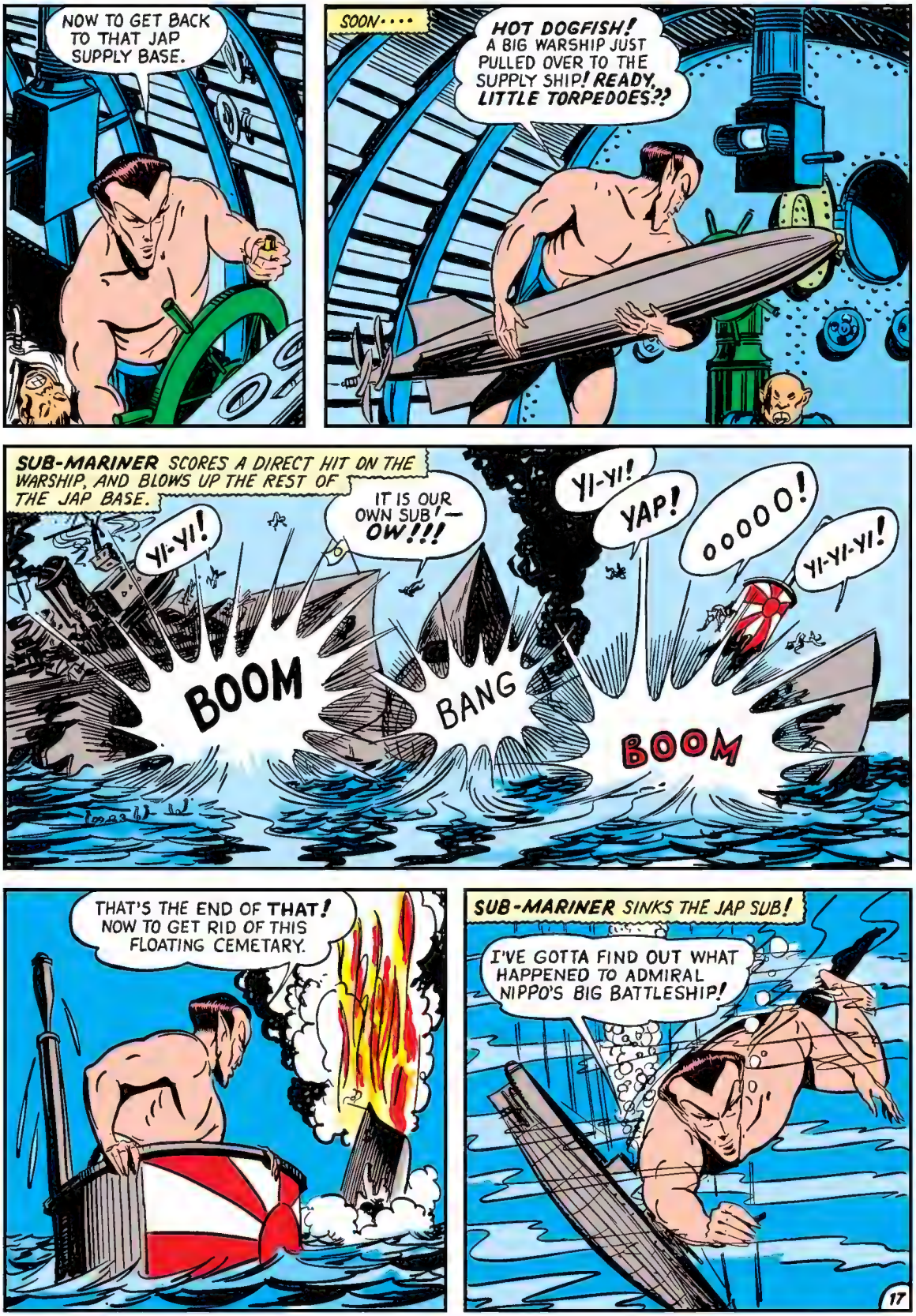

THE SUB COMMANDER IS HAPPY.
EXCELLENT! A DIRECT HIT! WE SENT THAT AMERICAN SHIP TO THE BOTTOM. YES!

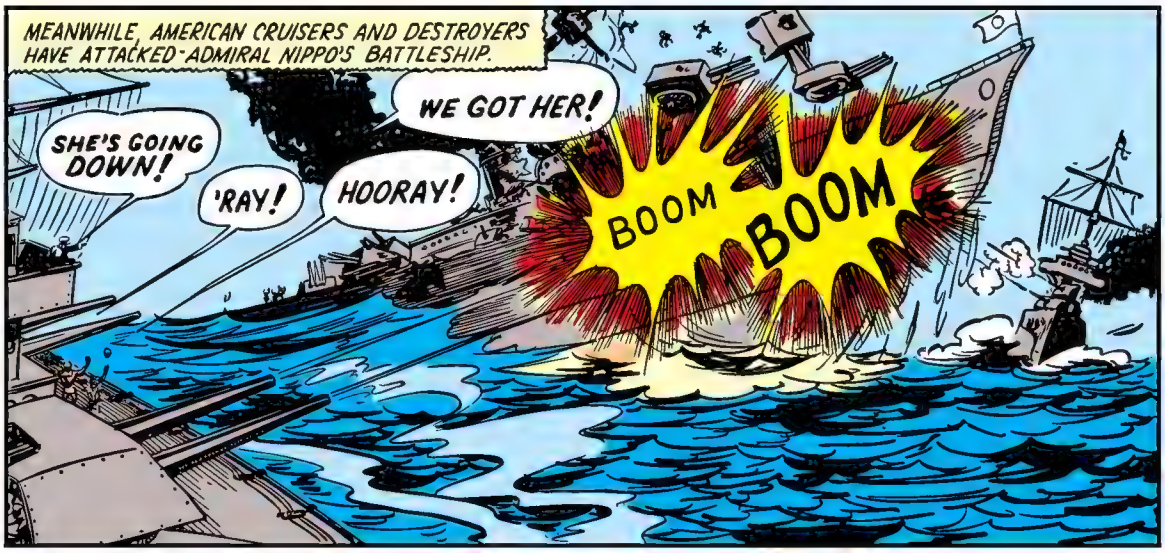

WHILE ... ON THE OTHER JAP SUBMARINE ...
THAT SUBMARINE SANK OUR OWN SHIP!
WHAT SHALL WE DO?
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. WAIT!

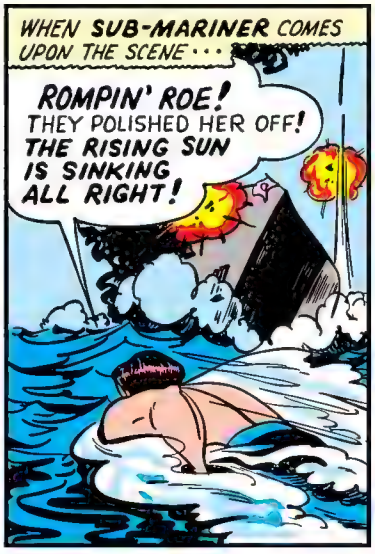

THERE'S SOMEONE SITTING NEAR THE PERISCOPE!


SUDDENLY···
PEPPERED PERCH! THAT OTHER SUB'S COMING THIS WAY- AND FAST!
THERE HE IS!
SHOOT HIM! YES!
HOW DID HE GET THERE??
WOW!
I'D BETTER SWITCH MY PHONEY SHIPS IN A HURRY! THOSE BULLETS ARE CLOSE!
191
ZIP
ZING
IN SUB-MARINER'S "DUPE" SUB.
THE AMERICAN DESTROYER THAT WE MISSED BEFORE!
WE WON'T MISS THIS TIME! NO!
TORPEDOES READY!
ZING!
191
FIRE! AND AGAIN!
THE TORPEDOES SPEED TRUE TO THEIR MARK!
YI-YI!
YI-YI-YI-YI!
BOOM
191

THE EXPLOSION KNOCKS SUB-MARINER AWAY FROM THE PERISCOPE.
WOW!
... AND, FOR THE FIRST, THE JAP SUB-COMMANDER SEES....
PERFECT! A DIRECT HIT! YI-YI-YI! WE TORPEDOED ONE OF OUR OWN SHIPS! YES!
THE SHAME OF WHAT HE HAS DONE DRIVES HIM TO KILL HIMSELF!
I HAVE KILLED MY OWN JAPANESE BROTHERS! I SHALL COMMIT HARI-KARI! UH...!
BANG!
I'M GOING INTO THIS SUB AND TEAR THE REST OF THE JAPS APART!
HERE GOES!
MEANWHILE-
CHUCKLING CHOWDER! THEY'RE ALL COMMITTING SUICIDE!!!
YI-YI-YI!
HARI-KARI-OOO-
BANG
OOOO!
YAP!
IT'S BETTER THAN HAVING ME DO THE JOB FOR THEM! GUESS THEY'RE ASHAMED OF WHAT THEY DID!


NOW TO GET BACK TO THAT JAP SUPPLY BASE.
SOON····
HOT DOGFISH! A BIG WARSHIP JUST PULLED OVER TO THE SUPPLY SHIP! READY, LITTLE TORPEDOES??
SUB-MARINER SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE WARSHIP, AND BLOWS UP THE REST OF THE JAP BASE.
YI-YI!
IT IS OUR OWN SUB!— OW!!!
YI-YI!
YAP!
OOOOO!
YI-YI-YI!
BOOM
BANG
BOOM
THAT'S THE END OF THAT! NOW TO GET RID OF THIS FLOATING CEMETARY.
SUB-MARINER SINKS THE JAP SUB!
I'VE GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ADMIRAL NIPPO'S BIG BATTLESHIP!





JUST BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THESE PHONEY PERISCOPES WOULD FOOL US.
WITH MEN LIKE YOU FIGHTING WITH US, WE'RE SURE OF VICTORY, SUB-MARINER!
AND, BY THE WAY···YOU SHOULD SEE THE FACE OF ADMIRAL NIPPO···

THEY'D BETTER QUAKE IN THEIR BOOTS! --ALL THOSE SNEAKY ENEMIES OF FREEDOM AND FAIR PLAY!

SUB-MARINER WON'T EVEN GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO "SAVE FACE."

DON'T MISS THE NEW, TERRIFIC ADVENTURE OF YOUR VERY DIFFERENT HERO, SUB-MARINER!

MARVEL COMICS

NOW ON SALE... ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢

THE SEA SERPENT

By MICKEY SPILLANE

WIND-WHIPPED waves made an angry demon of the sea. They rolled across the horizon in turbulent masses, blending with the heavy grey sky overhead. Here and there livid streaks of jagged lightning flashed down, lighting the whole ocean for brief seconds, followed by an ominous rumble of thunder more terrifying than any man-made implements of war. Here off Cape Horn the elements blasted together the defiance of the race of humans that battled on far-flung fronts, challenging them with a voice of terrible fury.

The people in the small villages on the Cape huddled together. Men in the boats who had seen the storm approach made for the shelter of the port, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when they tied up safely. This was no night for a seaman. When the winds roared down and the sea lashed itself into a frenzy of churning foam, queer things happened . . . things that were not made for the eyes of a man to see. For it was at this time that the sea told its secrets . . . and sent to the surface creatures to put fear into the hearts of the bravest person!

HERMANN HEIDT braced himself in the conning tower of the submarine and watched the waves break over the sleek metal hull. Behind him the ugly forms of five other subs were faintly visible in the dusk, following the U120 as a dog follows its master. Those six submersibles had braved many a storm to reach their destination ...the shipping lanes of the United States. Heidt grinned to himself. The craft were all of the newest, fastest and most deadly design that German experts could put upon the sea. With these as the basis of the Nazi fleet in the Atlantic the war would take a new turn.

The commander turned to the water-soaked form of the little man next to him. "Well, are you piloting this boat or not! Need I remind you that if we do not get through the pass to my satisfaction, your sister in our concentration camp will suffer!"

The little man nodded.

"I know," he said softly, "but this night we should not travel. Terrible things happen the devils below rise to kill!"

"Ha! What kind of nonsense is that! You people of the cape are all alike! You believe in every story a crazy sailor brings in! Now point out our direction." Little Henry Vinton poked a shaking finger ahead.

"Follow the coast line to the bend. There is the open sea. Now can you put me ashore?" Hermann Heidt smiled, his wide-spaced teeth flashing.

"Yes, now you may go ashore ——" he grabbed Vinton by the waist and flung him from the tower. "——if you can *swim!* Ha, ha, ha!" Henry hit the slippery hull. His fingers sought a hold desperately, but there was none. A wave washed over the sub and he was gone. Fortunately, he was an able swimmer, and with the help of several waves managed to land shaken, but safe, on the beach. Slowly his eyes peered into the gloom. He shook his fist. "You who make traitors from honest men, you who kill for the joy of it . . . the sea will take its revenge. It is something that you will not escape!"

THE SEA WAS RISING higher now. It was dangerous water for submarines, one of those waves could easily break the back of the stoutest hull! The commander shouted down the open hatch to an officer. "Contact the other boats. Keep in close order and submerge. We will have to sit on the bottom until the storm passes over." Heidt closed shut the instrument cases and descended into the interior, slamming the hatch cover above him.

Orders were barked in thick gutteral tones throughout the sub, and the dials began to move. Slowly, slowly the fleet went under. But even below the surface the surging of the sea could be felt. Feet were braced to counteract the pitching, and hands held tightly to the rails. One minute passed, then another, and with a slight bump the commander's sub lay on the bottom. At once the radio buzzed and the other subs reported that they, too, had come to rest.

Outside the water was black... darker than the darkest night. Not even the brightest searchlight could penetrate it more than a few feet. But there were eyes out there that could see . . . great staring eyes that took in every detail of these weird things that came down from above. Yes, the sea had a secret, a grim, terrible secret . . . one that had good cause to be feared. If Heidt could have seen the horrible feelers that were attached to the thing that felt the body of the sub, he would have gone stark, staring mad!

FROM THE DEPTHS of the ocean, the storm had brought up a serpent of incredible size! Its long mottled form twisted through the water like that of an eel. Along its sides were row upon row of lights, there to attract other fish that were devoured immediately. Anything was prey for this monster, and now it was hungry. For long moments it wound about the U120, feeling of its shape .The men inside felt occasional queer bumps, but credited it to the restless ocean.

But the serpent was gradually becoming irritated. Every other creature that he had ever approached had fled in mortal terror. This new thing made no move. The giant tail flicked against the plates . . . a long needle-like barb shot out . . . and glanced harmlessly off. That tail held a stinger that would kill a whale in a second, and here was an enemy that resisted it! With unbounded rage, the serpent lashed into the metal fish, gaping mouth open wide. Huge tusks flashed and it came down on the forward gun. Metal rasped, ripped, and the gun was a shambles!

Hermann Heidt felt the shuddering of the ship. This he did not like. Perhaps there *was* something in the grotesque stories that Vinson had told. At any rate, it was better to brave the waves above than to stay here while his brain seethed with wild notions. "Attention!" he shouted. "Get under way. Radioman, reach the others, tell them to surface and proceed to the destination!" Men scrambled to stations and the electric engines churned. The sub rose slowly as the water was blown from the tanks. On all sides, five others went up, keeping a safe distance with the aid of their new precision instruments.

AT THE FIRST MOTION of the boat, the serpeant recoiled. Its tiny brain was not enough to cope with this situation, but he was so enraged that he would not let it end here. The unearthy fish, as long as three U boats put together, followed the sub to the surface . . . then it saw the others. At once it thought that this was a mass attack, for it had happened before. Several fish of the same breed had banded together to fight it out, but it was an unsuccessful attempt.

The hatch covers in the six conning towers banged open. The captain of each ship stepped out. Heidt stood looking out over the sea when the officer behind him gasped and stumbled. "Herr Kapitan . . . look!" Heidt turned. His eyes grew wide, his jaw dropped. Before him a huge head reared up out of a wave, a head all out of proprotion with human standards. Suddenly Heidt saw the forward gun . . . and the marks of teeth. He screamed once . . . then the serpeant charged!

TREMENDOUS COILS went about the sub, turning it half over on its side. Heidt grabbed the rail and held on, but the other man was not so fortunate. Over he went . . . and teeth snapped shut, blotting out a death yell! In the other subs there was a moment's confusion, then men leaped out and dashed to the deck guns. Shells screamed out over the water, but in the half-light, and with the violent pitching on the boat, they missed.

But the reverberations were felt by the giant of the sea. He turned, and in a moment was amongst the subs. The tail streaked out at the deck of one, and every man went overboard, while the gun was smashed from its moorings. Cannon fired madly. The men knew that they dared not submerge . . . and they could not possibly outrun this nightmare! Suddenly there was a horrifying series of shrieks. The serpent reared over thc U123 like a snake over a mouse. The great body smashed down once . . . and the sub broke in two!

Immediately it was back to the others . . . darting at each, deadly tail slashing and teeth snapping. The U126 was next. For a moment the monster disappeared, and it looked like he had enough, but suddenly the U126 was tossed out of the water like a wooden chip. It crashed back to the surface, rolled over and disappeared. The serpent saw that this was an easy way to dispose of the foe, and in an instant two more went under, leaving only a trace of wreckage on the surface.

On the rear deck of the U-120, Heidt screamed at the men to fire. The creature had left them to attack the other boat. The gun flashed as the serpent threw its coils about the U122. The cracking of the sub's shell could be heard even at this distance. Then . . . the shell hit! It pierced a coil . . . but exploded inside the sub! The serpent released his victim, and with a bubbling of oil and air the sub slid into the depths!

THEN . . . the serpent was on the U120! Heidt shrieked . . . he looked into the huge eye of the monster . . . and that was the last thing he ever saw. One mighty swipe of those jaws cleared the deck of all life. A wave hit the uncontrolled sub and carried it toward the beach. The monster cast one look at it, and satisfied, went back to the black depths of the sea to nurse his wound.

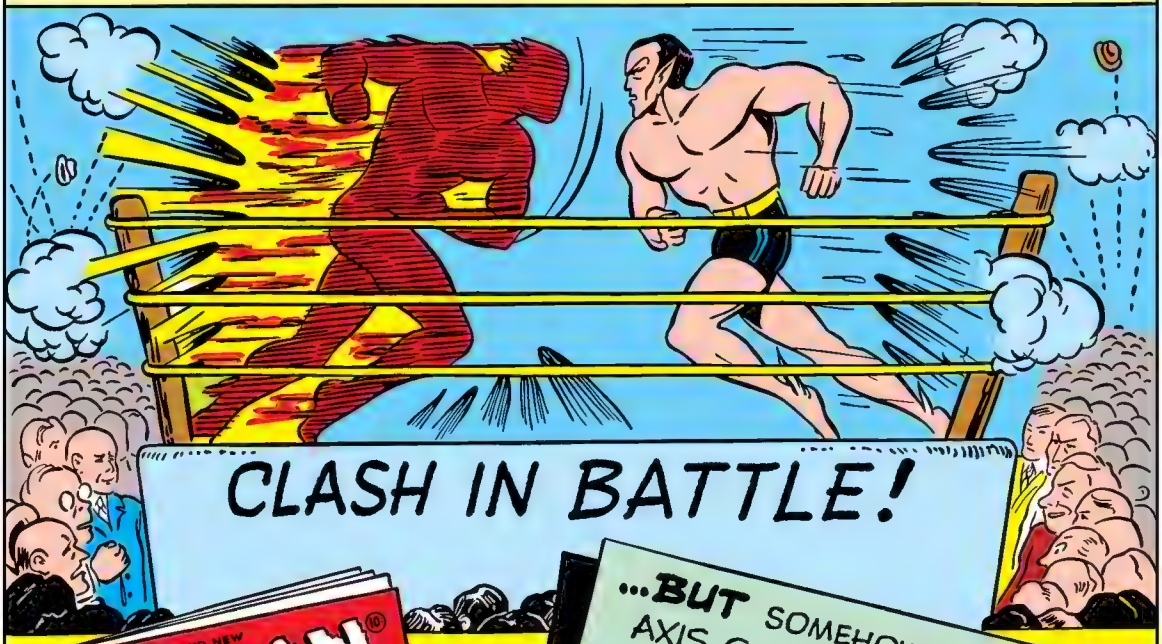
WEEKS LATER, Henry Vinton came upon a strange sight. High upon the beach where the waves had tossed her was the abandoned, lifeless hull of a submarine. Still visible in large numerals upon the sides of the conning towor was "U120" . . . and the forward gun was ripped off. There, plainly outlined in the twisted metal were the marks of teeth. Teeth larger than any man would believe possible . . . unless they actually saw them . . . and some did! Henry Vinton shuddered and moved on . .

THE END

AT IT AGAIN!

A FIGHT TO END ALL FIGHTS!

THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SUB-MARINER

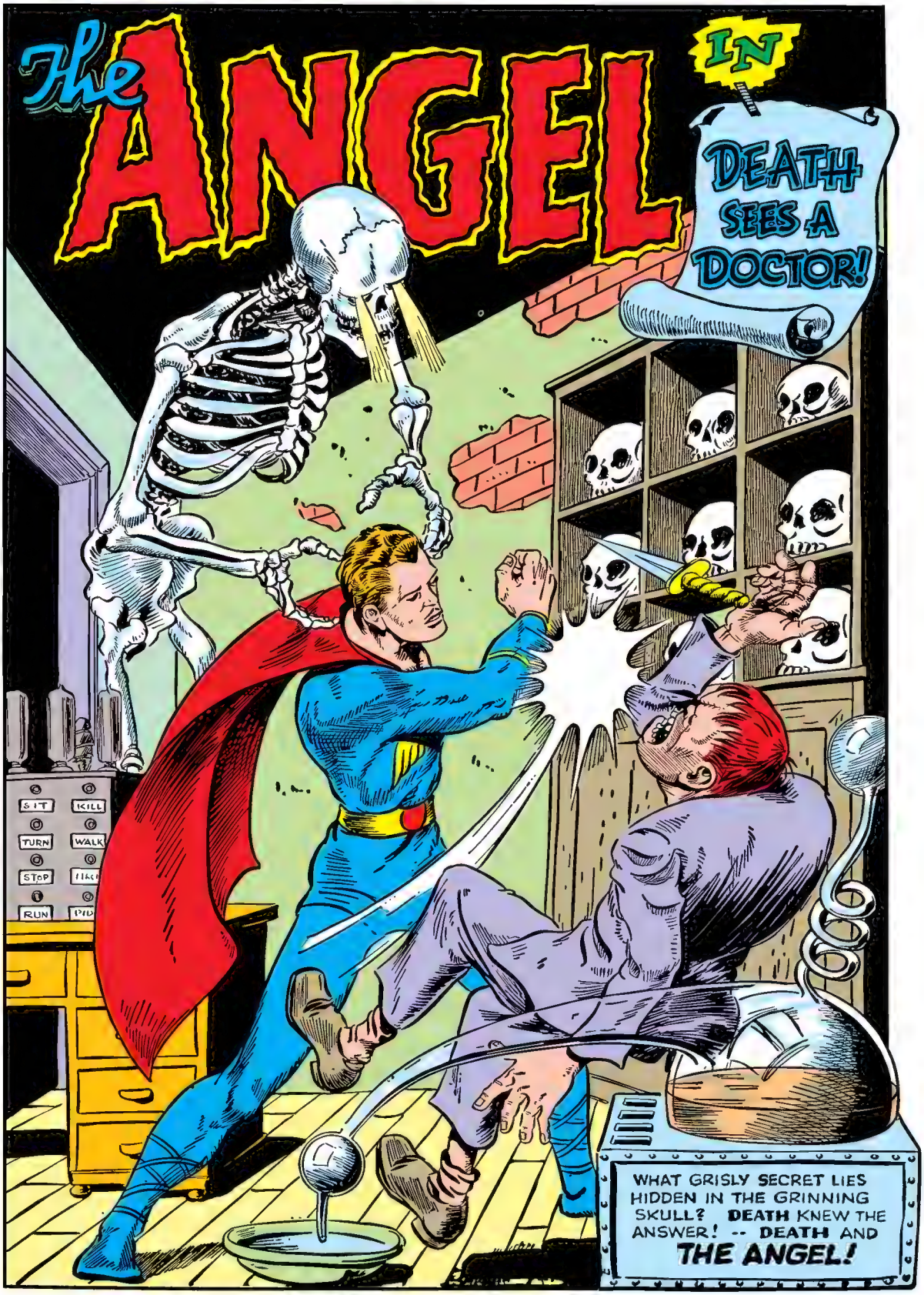


CLASH IN BATTLE!

...BUT SOMEHOW THE AXIS GETS MIXED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF IT! ... GUESS WHO WINS? YOU CAN FIND OUT IN THE CURRENT HUMAN TORCH!

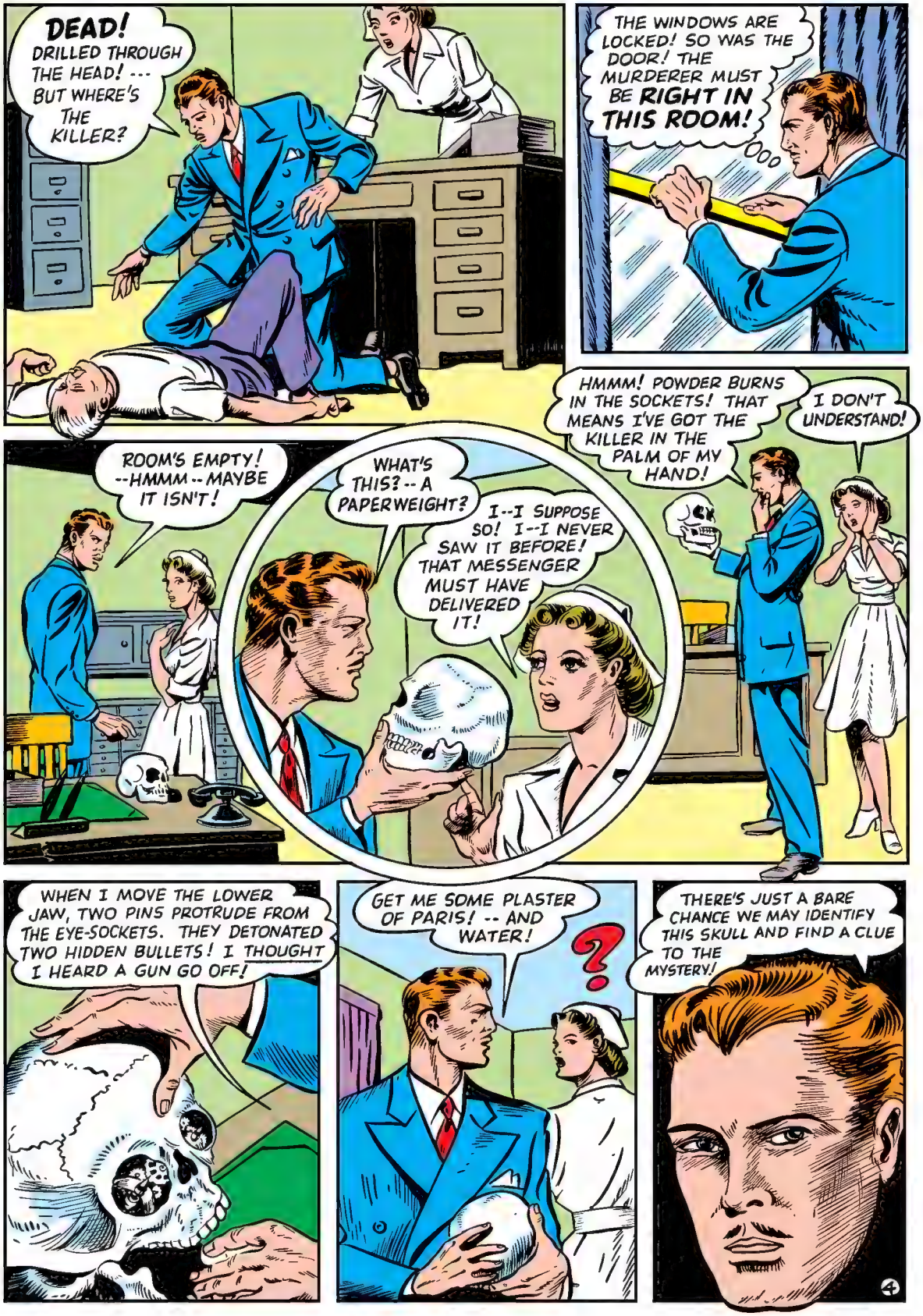
ON SALE NOW! AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND...

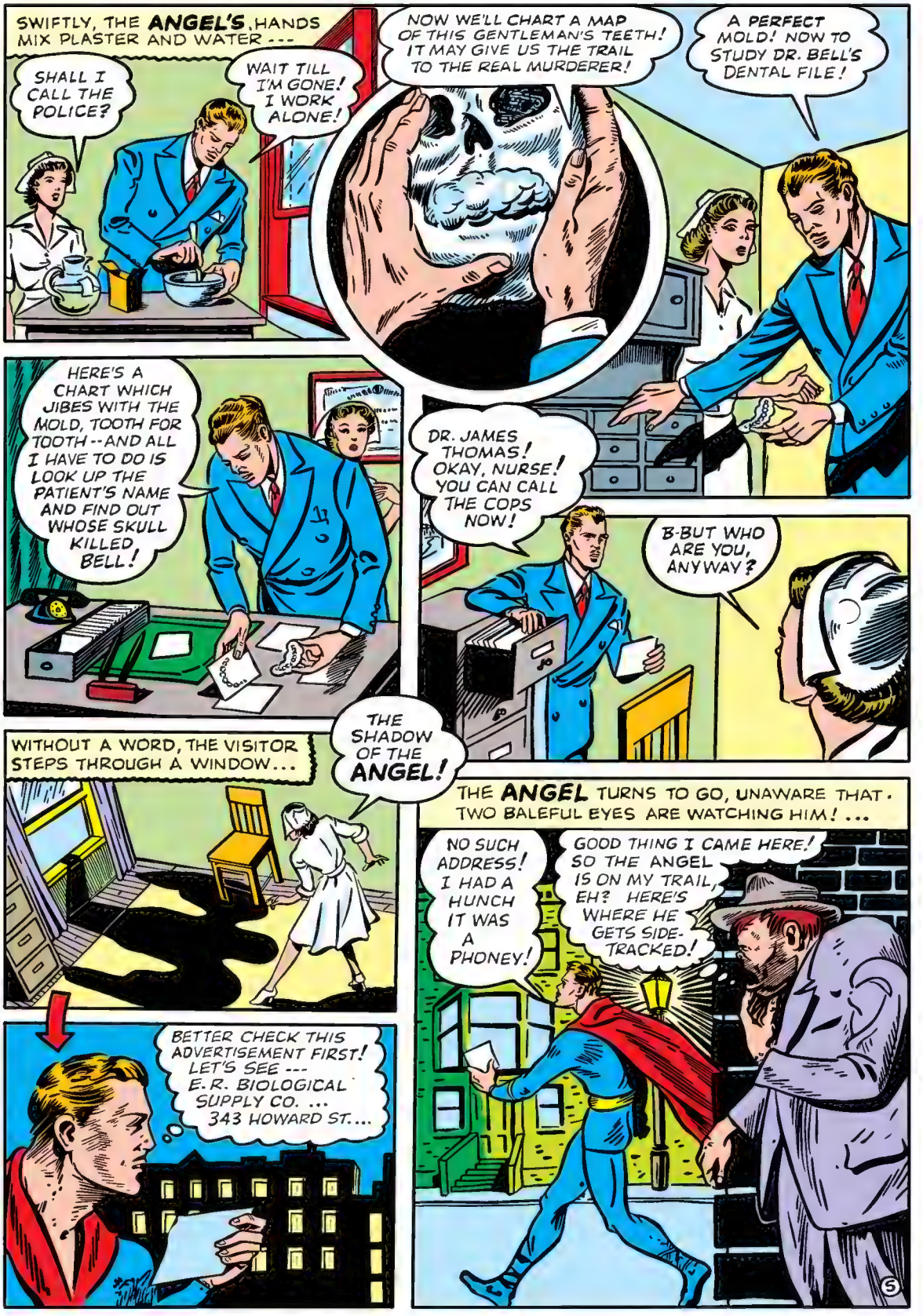
10¢

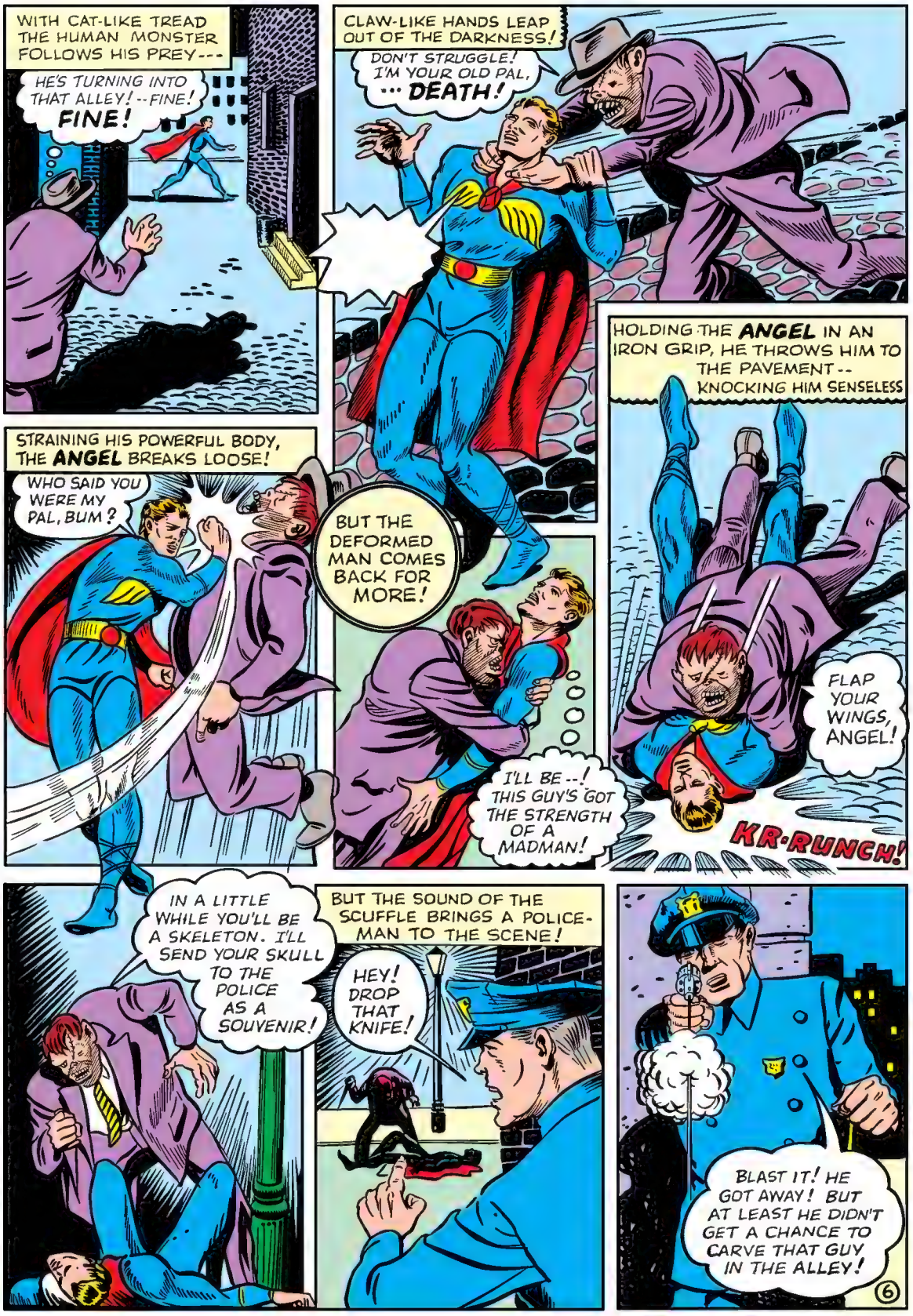

The ANGEL
IN
DEATH SEES A DOCTOR!
SIT
KILL
TURN
WALK
STOP
RUN
WHAT GRISLY SECRET LIES HIDDEN IN THE GRINNING SKULL? DEATH KNEW THE ANSWER! -- DEATH AND THE ANGEL!

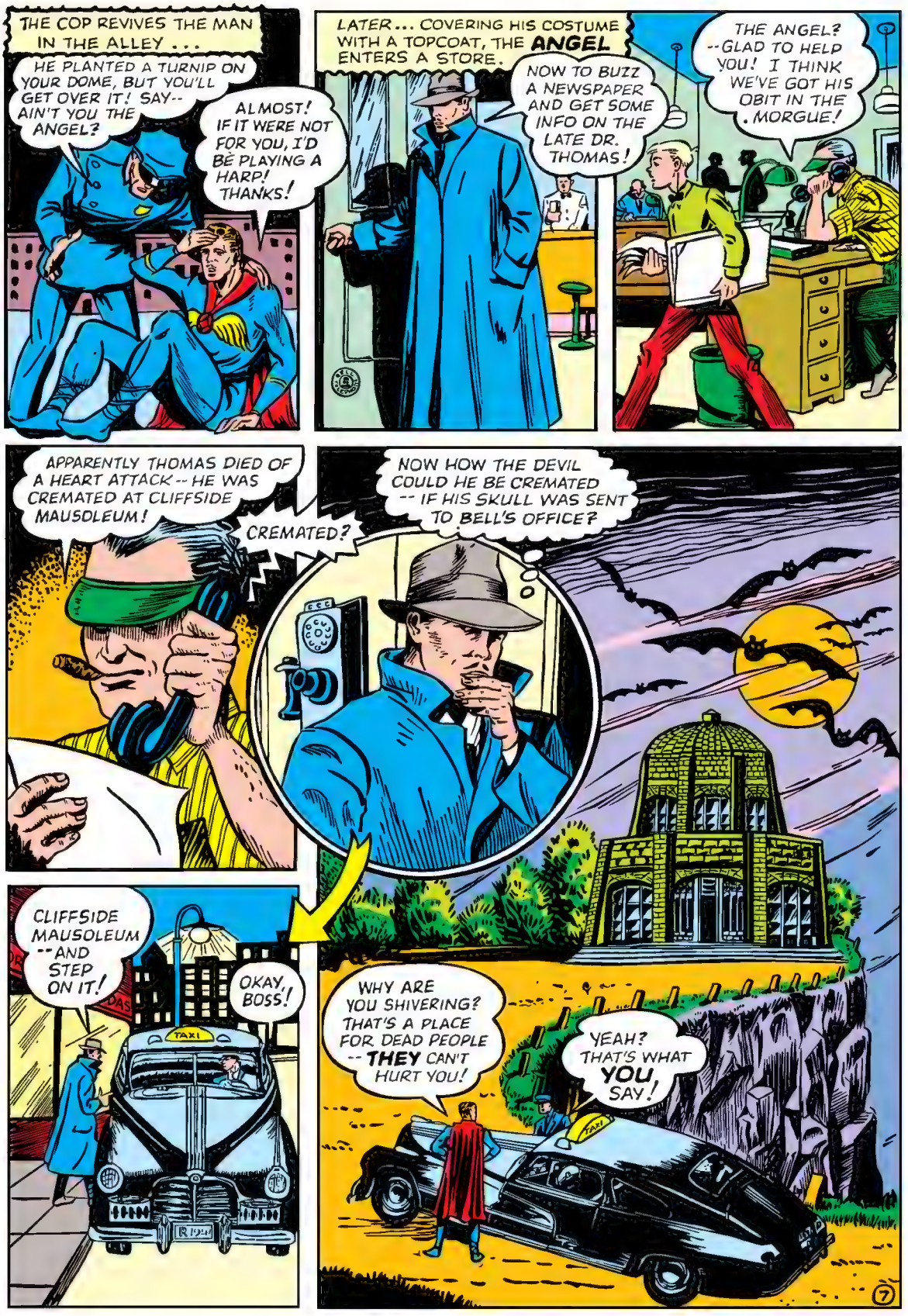
AT THE HOME OF THE ANGEL...
LOOKS LIKE CRIME'S TAKING A HOLIDAY! A BREAK FOR ME!.. .. WHAT'S THAT?..
BR-RRRRRNG
THE ANGEL? THIS IS DR. BELL.
HOW ARE YOU, DOCTOR? --HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU IN MONTHS! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CUSTOMER, MY TEETH ARE IN A-1 CONDITION!
I DON'T CALL A MAN AT THIS HOUR TO TALK ABOUT TEETH. I'VE RECEIVED A NOTE -- A STRANGE NOTE..
IT--IT SAYS: "DEAR DR. BELL, YOU HAVE BEEN HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. YOU MAY EXPECT A VISIT FROM ME SOON." -- THE SIGNATURE IS -- DEATH!
WHAT TH--?
I'LL BOARD A PLANE -- OUGHT TO BE IN TOWN IN ABOUT TWO HOURS. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T ADMIT ANY STRANGE VISITORS!
AND SO THE ANGEL HURRIES TO THE NEAREST AIRPORT AND HEADS FOR THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURE IN HIS CAREER.
THE DOCTOR SOUNDED SCARED! NOW HE KNOWS HOW HIS PATIENTS FEEL!
MEANWHILE, A MESSENGER APPEARS AT THE DENTIST'S HOME -----
I WAS TOLD TO GIVE THIS TO THE DOCTOR AND NO ONE ELSE!
OKAY, SON, I'LL TAKE IT!
WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE!
SURPRISE!...
WHAT THE?
2

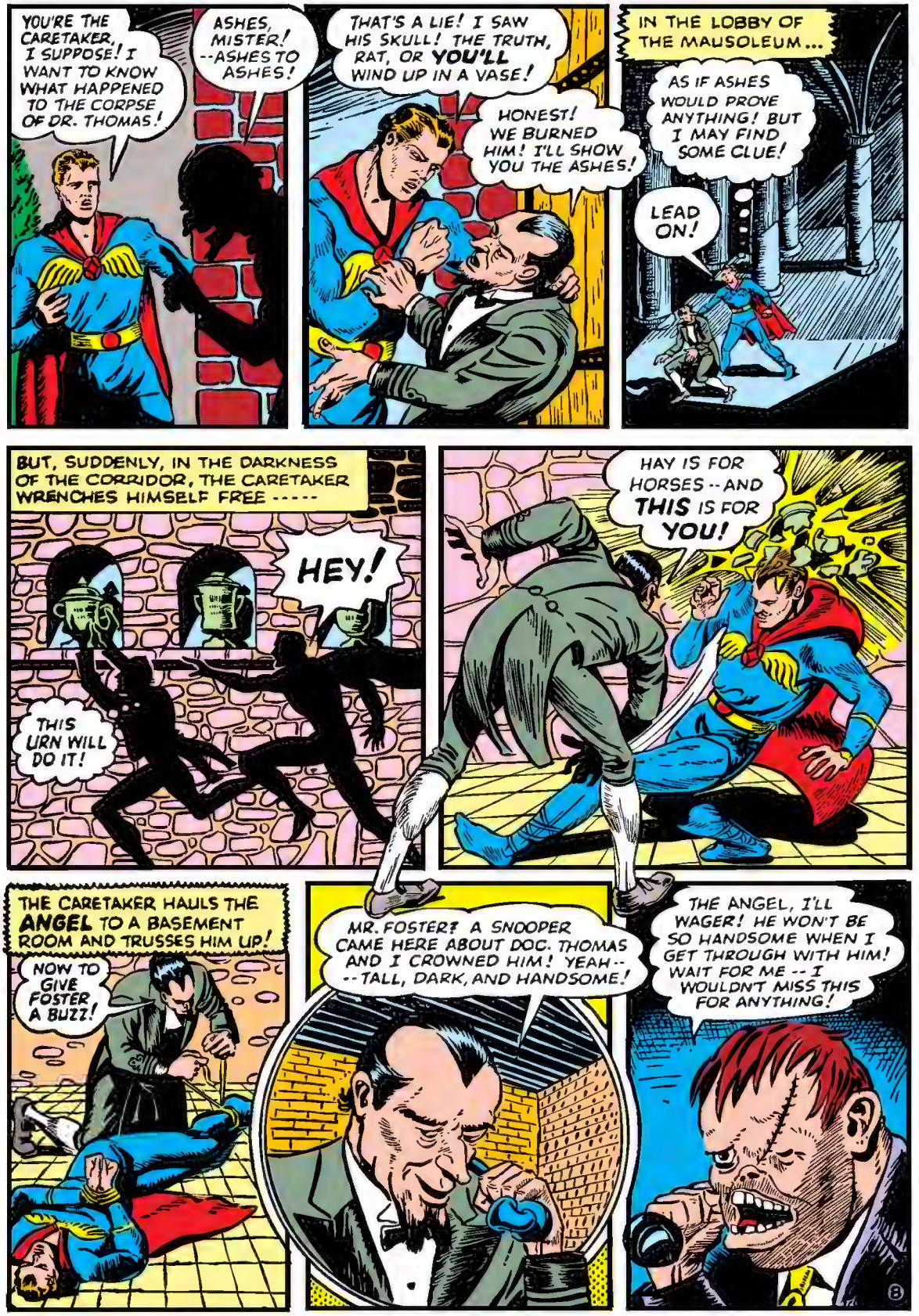
STRANGE SORT OF GIFT!
Enclosed is a "Get-Acquainted" Gift to introduce the fine biological products manufactured by us for physicians and dentists.
AN EXCELLENT PAPER WEIGHT.
THE E.R. BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY CO.
343 HOWARD STREET
TALK ABOUT HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP! --FINE SKULL, THOUGH! OPEN YOUR MOUTH, OLD FELLOW!
SUDDENLY, THE EYE-SOCKETS OF THE GRINNING SKULL BLAZE!
AIYI-I-I-!
WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR MOLARS!
AGHRR-R!
SOUNDED LIKE BELL'S VOICE! I'M AFRAID I'M TOO LATE!
ROBERT BELL D.D.S.
DOCTOR! DOCTOR! WHAT'S WRONG?
ONE SIDE, MISS!
BANG!
?
WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG RIGHT NOW-- UNLESS I COME OUT FEET FIRST!
3

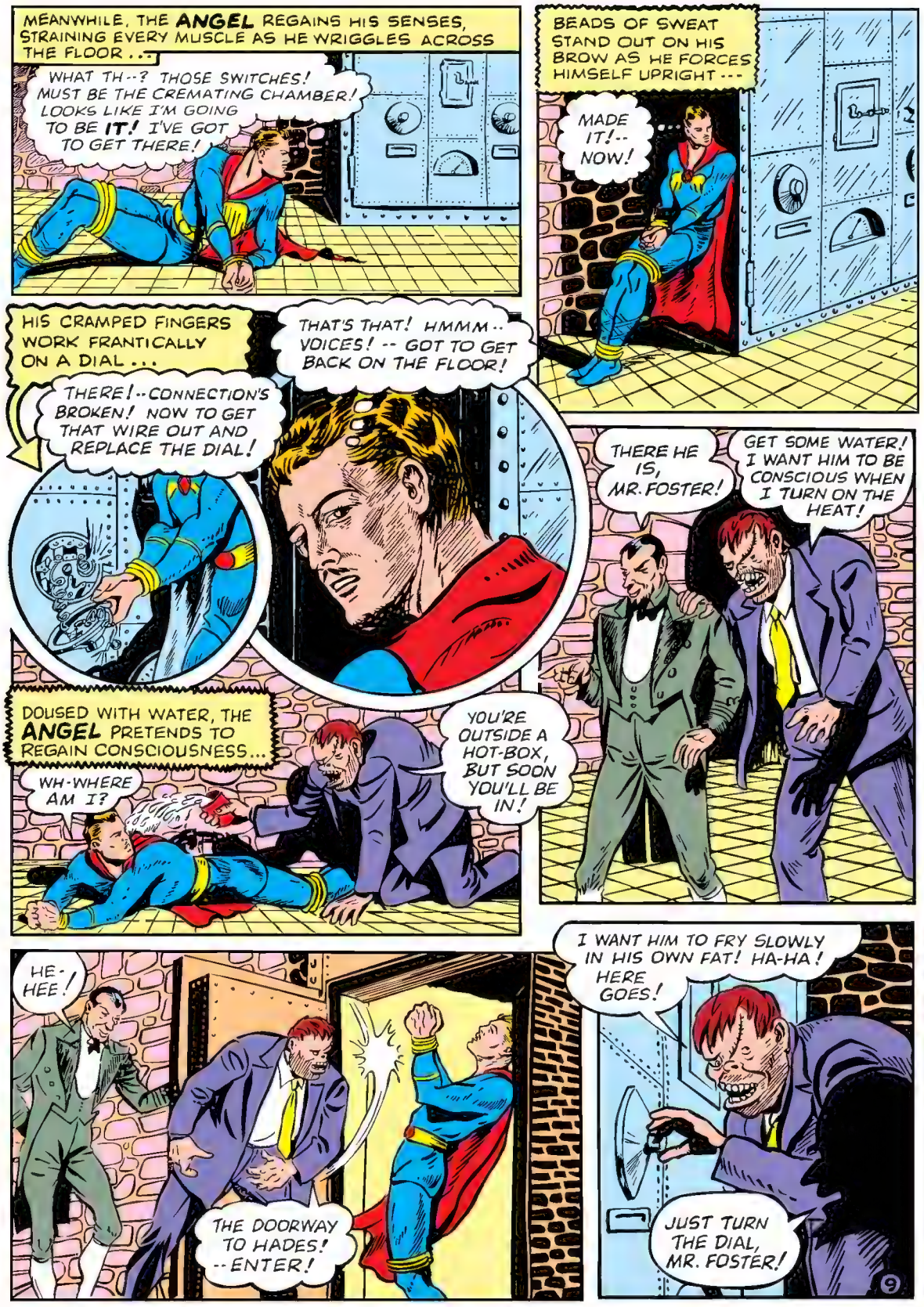

DEAD! DRILLED THROUGH THE HEAD! --- BUT WHERE'S THE KILLER?
THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED! SO WAS THE DOOR! THE MURDERER MUST BE RIGHT IN THIS ROOM!
HMMM! POWDER BURNS IN THE SOCKETS! THAT MEANS I'VE GOT THE KILLER IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
ROOM'S EMPTY! --HMMM -- MAYBE IT ISN'T!
WHAT'S THIS? -- A PAPERWEIGHT?
I--I SUPPOSE SO! I--I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE! THAT MESSENGER MUST HAVE DELIVERED IT!
WHEN I MOVE THE LOWER JAW, TWO PINS PROTRUDE FROM THE EYE-SOCKETS. THEY DETONATED TWO HIDDEN BULLETS! I THOUGHT I HEARD A GUN GO OFF!
GET ME SOME PLASTER OF PARIS! -- AND WATER!
?
THERE'S JUST A BARE CHANCE WE MAY IDENTIFY THIS SKULL AND FIND A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY!
4

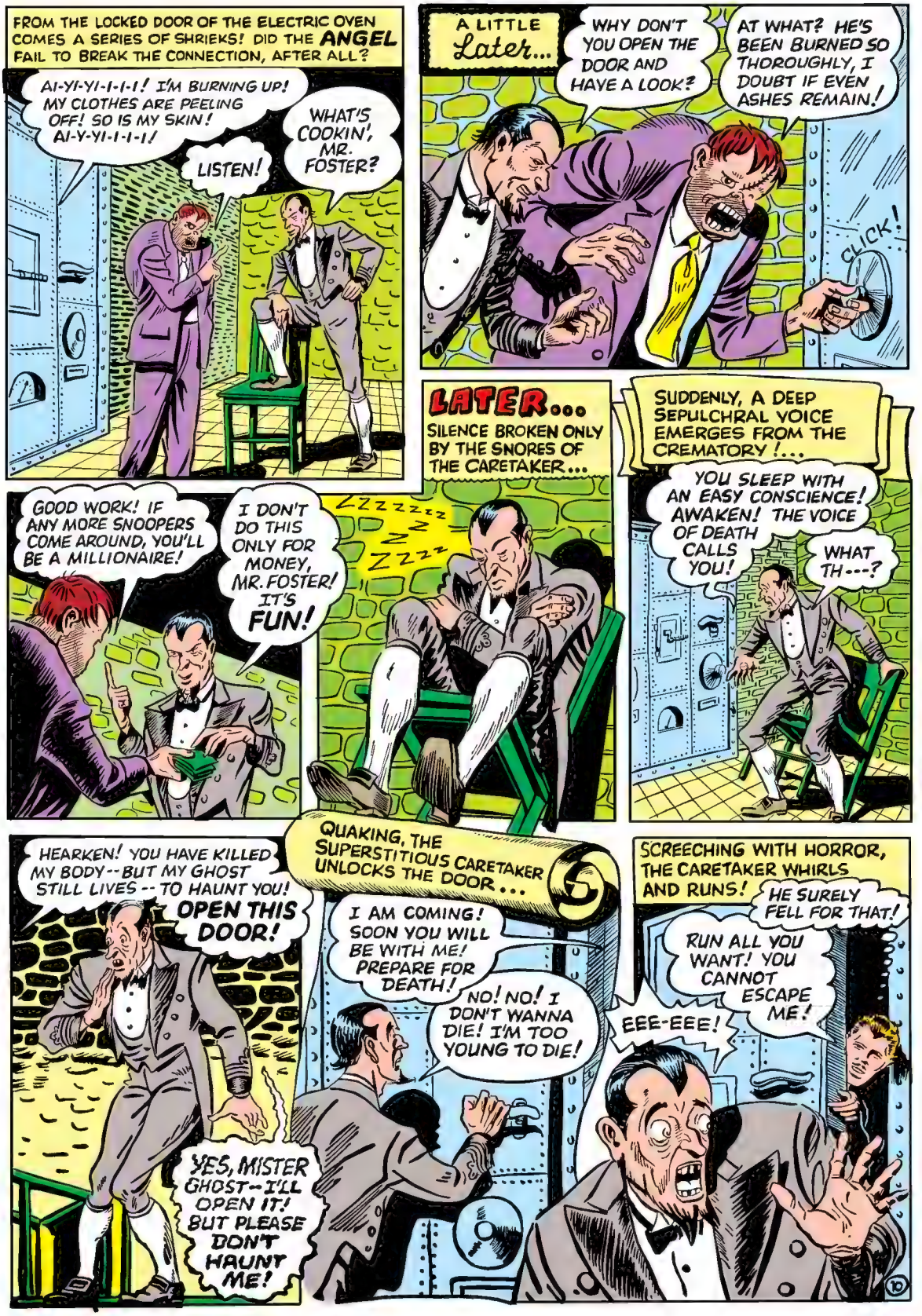

SWIFTLY, THE ANGEL'S HANDS MIX PLASTER AND WATER ---
SHALL I CALL THE POLICE?
WAIT TILL I'M GONE! I WORK ALONE!
NOW WE'LL CHART A MAP OF THIS GENTLEMAN'S TEETH! IT MAY GIVE US THE TRAIL TO THE REAL MURDERER!
A PERFECT MOLD! NOW TO STUDY DR. BELL'S DENTAL FILE!
HERE'S A CHART WHICH JIBES WITH THE MOLD, TOOTH FOR TOOTH--AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK UP THE PATIENT'S NAME AND FIND OUT WHOSE SKULL KILLED BELL!
DR. JAMES THOMAS! OKAY, NURSE! YOU CAN CALL THE COPS NOW!
B-BUT WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
WITHOUT A WORD, THE VISITOR STEPS THROUGH A WINDOW...
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
BETTER CHECK THIS ADVERTISEMENT FIRST! LET'S SEE --- E.R. BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY CO. ... 343 HOWARD ST....
THE ANGEL TURNS TO GO, UNAWARE THAT TWO BALEFUL EYES ARE WATCHING HIM! ...
NO SUCH ADDRESS! I HAD A HUNCH IT WAS A PHONEY!
GOOD THING I CAME HERE! SO THE ANGEL IS ON MY TRAIL, EH? HERE'S WHERE HE GETS SIDE-TRACKED!
5

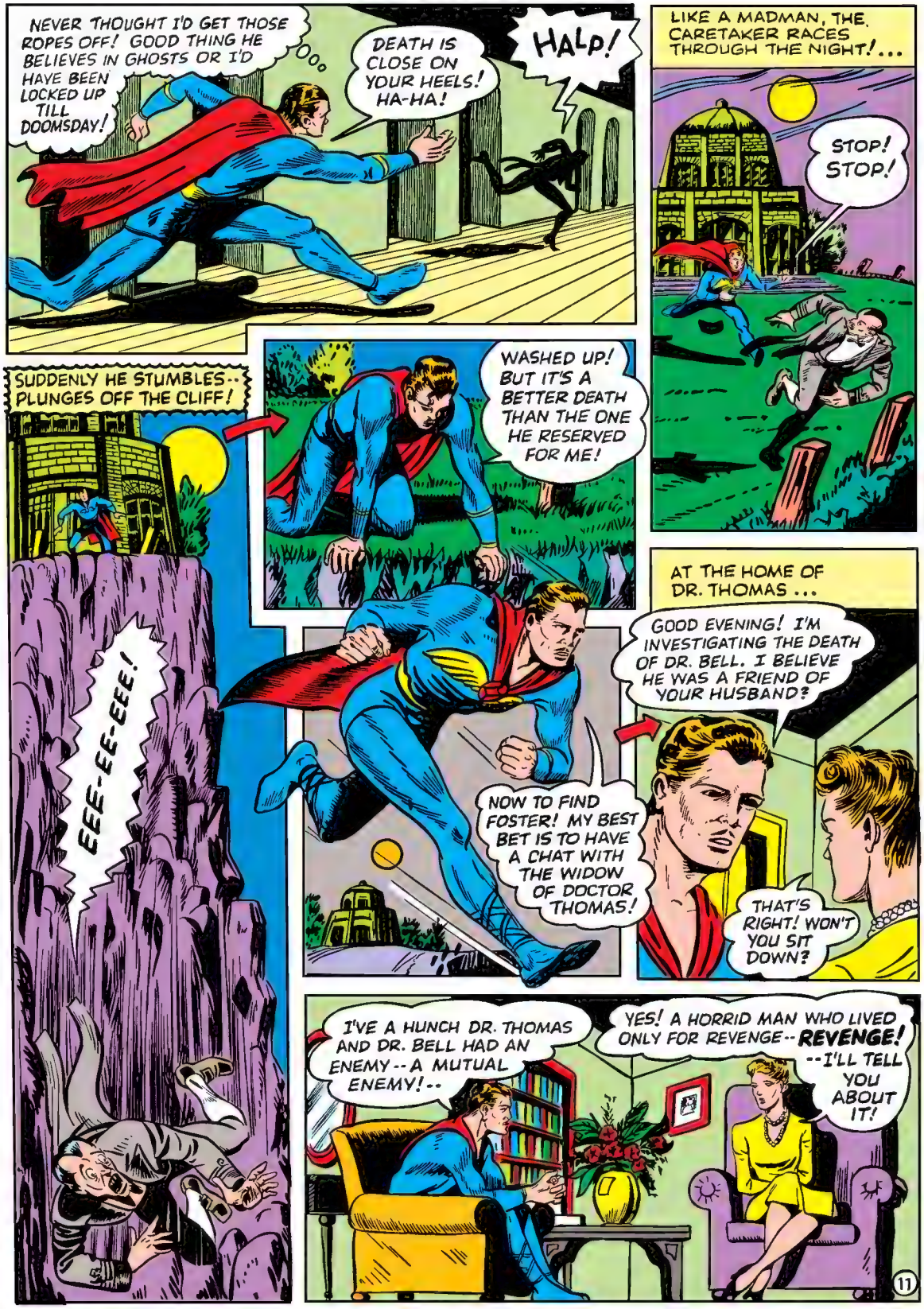

WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD THE HUMAN MONSTER FOLLOWS HIS PREY---
HE'S TURNING INTO THAT ALLEY! --FINE! FINE!
CLAW-LIKE HANDS LEAP OUT OF THE DARKNESS!
DON'T STRUGGLE! I'M YOUR OLD PAL, ... DEATH!
HOLDING THE ANGEL IN AN IRON GRIP, HE THROWS HIM TO THE PAVEMENT -- KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS
FLAP YOUR WINGS, ANGEL!
KR-RUNCH!
STRAINING HIS POWERFUL BODY, THE ANGEL BREAKS LOOSE!
WHO SAID YOU WERE MY PAL, BUM?
BUT THE DEFORMED MAN COMES BACK FOR MORE!
I'LL BE --! THIS GUY'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN!
IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL BE A SKELETON. I'LL SEND YOUR SKULL TO THE POLICE AS A SOUVENIR!
BUT THE SOUND OF THE SCUFFLE BRINGS A POLICE-MAN TO THE SCENE!
HEY! DROP THAT KNIFE!
BLAST IT! HE GOT AWAY! BUT AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO CARVE THAT GUY IN THE ALLEY!
6

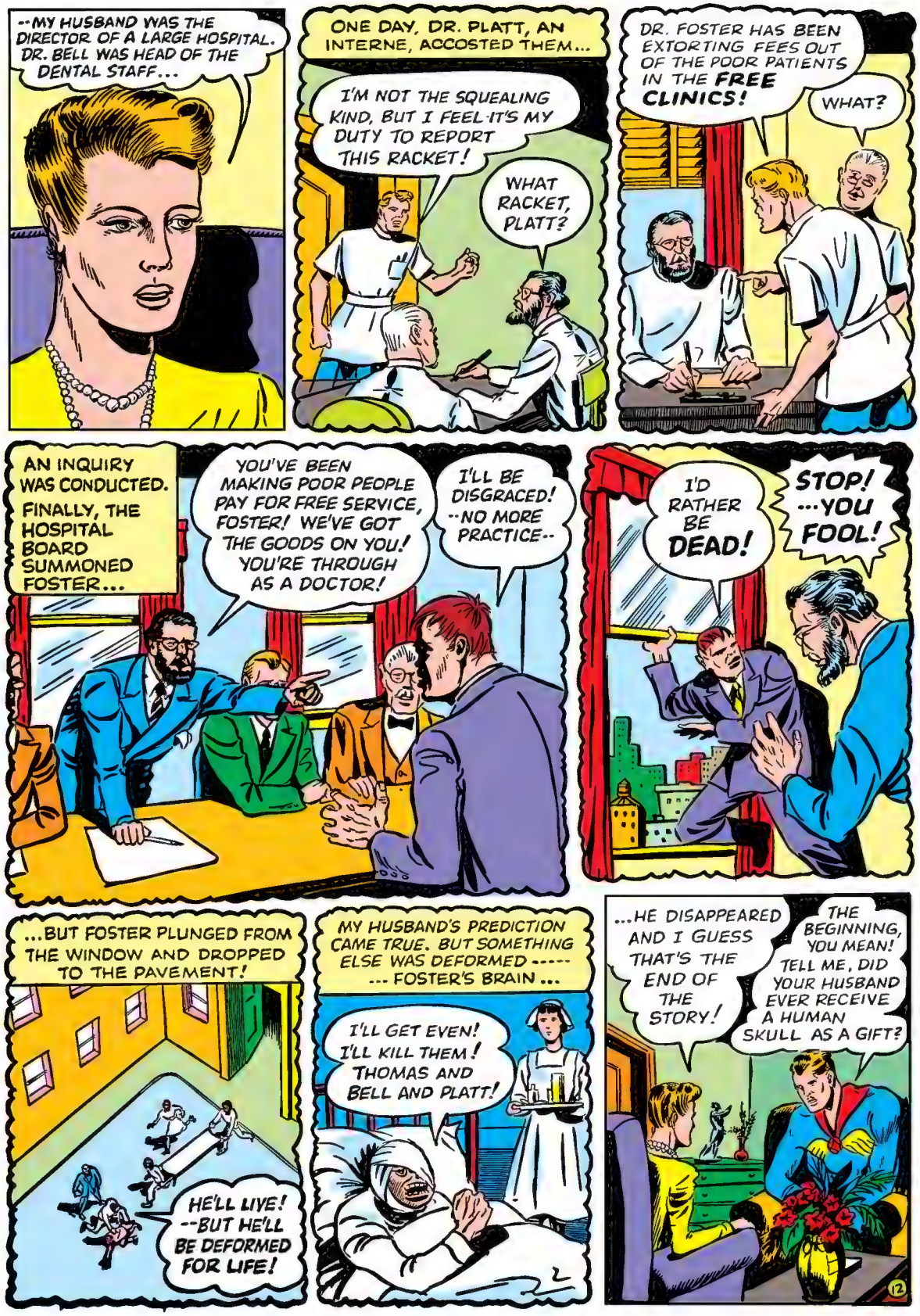

THE COP REVIVES THE MAN IN THE ALLEY . . .
HE PLANTED A TURNIP ON YOUR DOME, BUT YOU'LL GET OVER IT! SAY-- AIN'T YOU THE ANGEL?
ALMOST! IF IT WERE NOT FOR YOU, I'D BE PLAYING A HARP! THANKS!
LATER . . . COVERING HIS COSTUME WITH A TOPCOAT, THE ANGEL ENTERS A STORE.
NOW TO BUZZ A NEWSPAPER AND GET SOME INFO ON THE LATE DR. THOMAS!
THE ANGEL? --GLAD TO HELP YOU! I THINK WE'VE GOT HIS OBIT IN THE MORGUE!
APPARENTLY THOMAS DIED OF A HEART ATTACK -- HE WAS CREMATED AT CLIFFSIDE MAUSOLEUM!
CREMATED?
NOW HOW THE DEVIL COULD HE BE CREMATED -- IF HIS SKULL WAS SENT TO BELL'S OFFICE?
CLIFFSIDE MAUSOLEUM --AND STEP ON IT!
OKAY, BOSS!
TAXI
WHY ARE YOU SHIVERING? THAT'S A PLACE FOR DEAD PEOPLE -- THEY CAN'T HURT YOU!
YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!
7

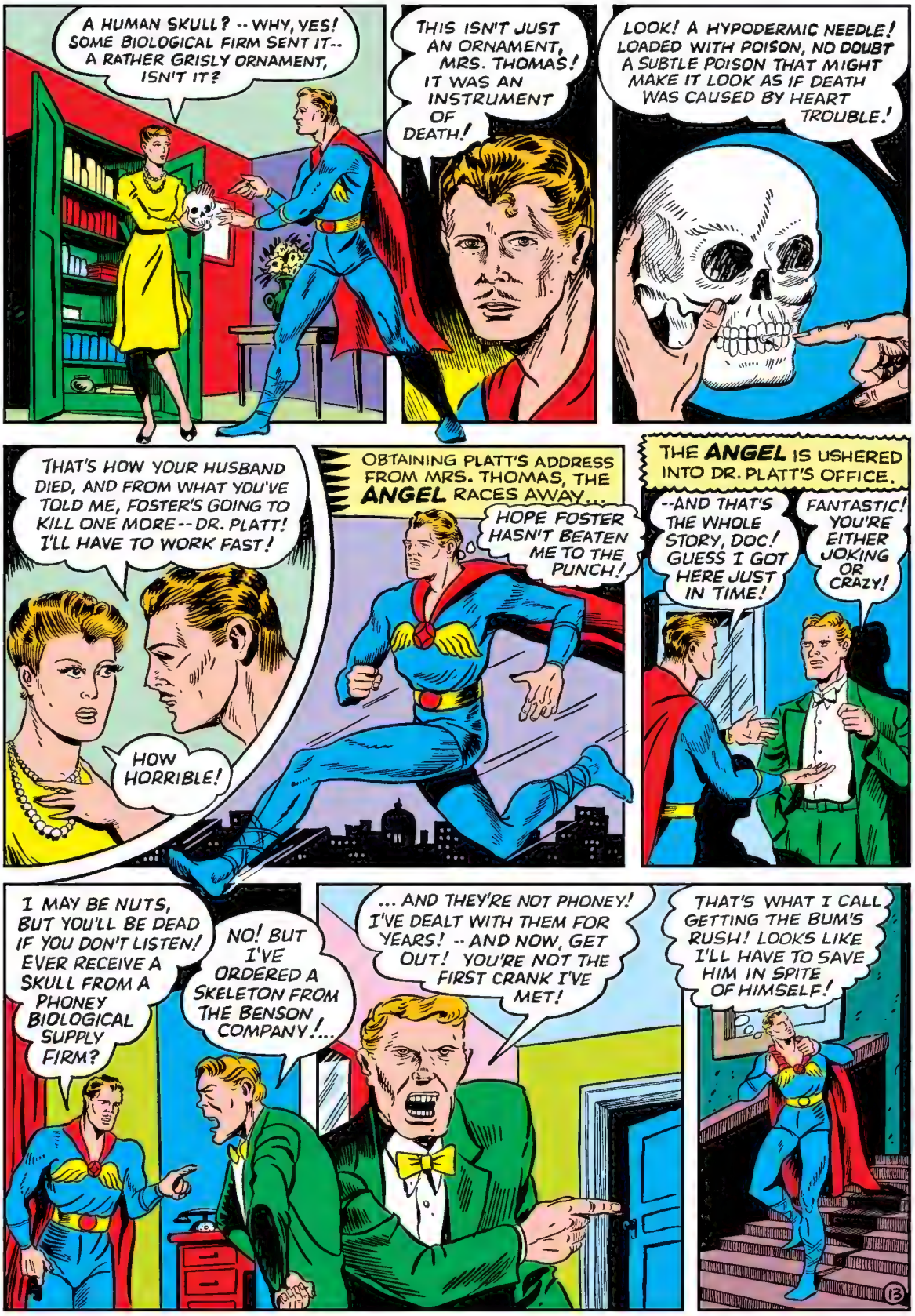

YOU'RE THE CARETAKER, I SUPPOSE! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CORPSE OF DR. THOMAS!
ASHES, MISTER! --ASHES TO ASHES!
THAT'S A LIE! I SAW HIS SKULL! THE TRUTH, RAT, OR YOU'LL WIND UP IN A VASE!
HONEST! WE BURNED HIM! I'LL SHOW YOU THE ASHES!
IN THE LOBBY OF THE MAUSOLEUM...
AS IF ASHES WOULD PROVE ANYTHING! BUT I MAY FIND SOME CLUE!
LEAD ON!
BUT, SUDDENLY, IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CORRIDOR, THE CARETAKER WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE -----
HEY!
THIS URN WILL DO IT!
HAY IS FOR HORSES -- AND THIS IS FOR YOU!
THE CARETAKER HAULS THE ANGEL TO A BASEMENT ROOM AND TRUSSES HIM UP!
NOW TO GIVE FOSTER A BUZZ!
MR. FOSTER? A SNOOPER CAME HERE ABOUT DOC. THOMAS AND I CROWNED HIM! YEAH -- --TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME!
THE ANGEL, I'LL WAGER! HE WON'T BE SO HANDSOME WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM! WAIT FOR ME -- I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING!
8


MEANWHILE, THE ANGEL REGAINS HIS SENSES, STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE AS HE WRIGGLES ACROSS THE FLOOR . . .
WHAT TH--? THOSE SWITCHES! MUST BE THE CREMATING CHAMBER! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO BE IT! I'VE GOT TO GET THERE!
BEADS OF SWEAT STAND OUT ON HIS BROW AS HE FORCES HIMSELF UPRIGHT ---
MADE IT!-- NOW!
HIS CRAMPED FINGERS WORK FRANTICALLY ON A DIAL . . .
THAT'S THAT! HMMM -- VOICES! -- GOT TO GET BACK ON THE FLOOR!
THERE!--CONNECTION'S BROKEN! NOW TO GET THAT WIRE OUT AND REPLACE THE DIAL!
THERE HE IS, MR. FOSTER!
GET SOME WATER! I WANT HIM TO BE CONSCIOUS WHEN I TURN ON THE HEAT!
DOUSED WITH WATER, THE ANGEL PRETENDS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...
WH-WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE OUTSIDE A HOT-BOX, BUT SOON YOU'LL BE IN!
HE-HEE!
THE DOORWAY TO HADES! --ENTER!
I WANT HIM TO FRY SLOWLY IN HIS OWN FAT! HA-HA! HERE GOES!
JUST TURN THE DIAL, MR. FOSTER!
9


FROM THE LOCKED DOOR OF THE ELECTRIC OVEN COMES A SERIES OF SHRIEKS! DID THE ANGEL FAIL TO BREAK THE CONNECTION, AFTER ALL?
AI-YI-YI-I-I-I! I'M BURNING UP! MY CLOTHES ARE PEELING OFF! SO IS MY SKIN! AI-Y-YI-I-I-I!
LISTEN!
WHAT'S COOKIN', MR. FOSTER?
A LITTLE Later...
WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE DOOR AND HAVE A LOOK?
AT WHAT? HE'S BEEN BURNED SO THOROUGHLY, I DOUBT IF EVEN ASHES REMAIN!
CLICK!
LATER...
SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE SNORES OF THE CARETAKER...
Zzzzzzz
SUDDENLY, A DEEP SEPULCHRAL VOICE EMERGES FROM THE CREMATORY!...
YOU SLEEP WITH AN EASY CONSCIENCE! AWAKEN! THE VOICE OF DEATH CALLS YOU!
WHAT TH---?
GOOD WORK! IF ANY MORE SNOOPERS COME AROUND, YOU'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE!
I DON'T DO THIS ONLY FOR MONEY, MR. FOSTER! IT'S FUN!
HEARKEN! YOU HAVE KILLED MY BODY--BUT MY GHOST STILL LIVES--TO HAUNT YOU!
OPEN THIS DOOR!
YES, MISTER GHOST--I'LL OPEN IT! BUT PLEASE DON'T HAUNT ME!
QUAKING, THE SUPERSTITIOUS CARETAKER UNLOCKS THE DOOR...
I AM COMING! SOON YOU WILL BE WITH ME! PREPARE FOR DEATH!
NO! NO! I DON'T WANNA DIE! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!
SCREECHING WITH HORROR, THE CARETAKER WHIRLS AND RUNS!
HE SURELY FELL FOR THAT!
RUN ALL YOU WANT! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!
EEE-EEE!
10

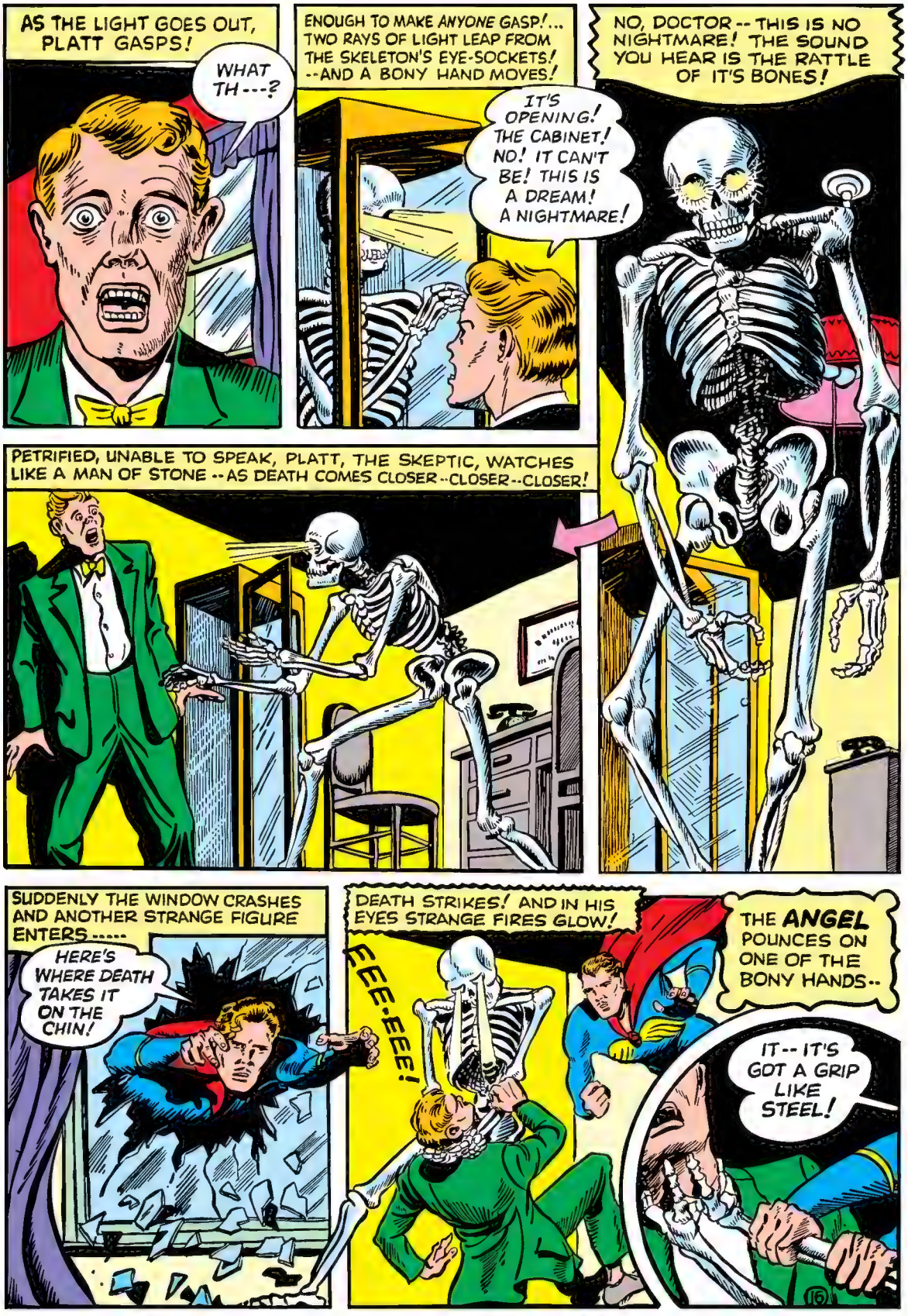

NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET THOSE ROPES OFF! GOOD THING HE BELIEVES IN GHOSTS OR I'D HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP TILL DOOMSDAY!
OOO.
DEATH IS CLOSE ON YOUR HEELS! HA-HA!
HALP!
LIKE A MADMAN, THE CARETAKER RACES THROUGH THE NIGHT!...
STOP! STOP!
SUDDENLY HE STUMBLES-- PLUNGES OFF THE CLIFF!
EEE-EE-EEE!
WASHED UP! BUT IT'S A BETTER DEATH THAN THE ONE HE RESERVED FOR ME!
NOW TO FIND FOSTER! MY BEST BET IS TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THE WIDOW OF DOCTOR THOMAS!
AT THE HOME OF DR. THOMAS ...
GOOD EVENING! I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF DR. BELL. I BELIEVE HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOUR HUSBAND?
THAT'S RIGHT! WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?
I'VE A HUNCH DR. THOMAS AND DR. BELL HAD AN ENEMY--A MUTUAL ENEMY!--
YES! A HORRID MAN WHO LIVED ONLY FOR REVENGE-- REVENGE! --I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!


--MY HUSBAND WAS THE DIRECTOR OF A LARGE HOSPITAL. DR. BELL WAS HEAD OF THE DENTAL STAFF...
ONE DAY, DR. PLATT, AN INTERNE, ACCOSTED THEM...
I'M NOT THE SQUEALING KIND, BUT I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO REPORT THIS RACKET!
WHAT RACKET, PLATT?
DR. FOSTER HAS BEEN EXTORTING FEES OUT OF THE POOR PATIENTS IN THE FREE CLINICS!
WHAT?
AN INQUIRY WAS CONDUCTED. FINALLY, THE HOSPITAL BOARD SUMMONED FOSTER...
YOU'VE BEEN MAKING POOR PEOPLE PAY FOR FREE SERVICE, FOSTER! WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU! YOU'RE THROUGH AS A DOCTOR!
I'LL BE DISGRACED! --NO MORE PRACTICE--
I'D RATHER BE DEAD!
STOP! ...YOU FOOL!
...BUT FOSTER PLUNGED FROM THE WINDOW AND DROPPED TO THE PAVEMENT!
HE'LL LIVE! --BUT HE'LL BE DEFORMED FOR LIFE!
MY HUSBAND'S PREDICTION CAME TRUE. BUT SOMETHING ELSE WAS DEFORMED ----- --- FOSTER'S BRAIN ...
I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL KILL THEM! THOMAS AND BELL AND PLATT!
...HE DISAPPEARED AND I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY!
THE BEGINNING, YOU MEAN! TELL ME, DID YOUR HUSBAND EVER RECEIVE A HUMAN SKULL AS A GIFT?
12


A HUMAN SKULL? -- WHY, YES! SOME BIOLOGICAL FIRM SENT IT-- A RATHER GRISLY ORNAMENT, ISN'T IT?
THIS ISN'T JUST AN ORNAMENT, MRS. THOMAS! IT WAS AN INSTRUMENT OF DEATH!
LOOK! A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE! LOADED WITH POISON, NO DOUBT A SUBTLE POISON THAT MIGHT MAKE IT LOOK AS IF DEATH WAS CAUSED BY HEART TROUBLE!
THAT'S HOW YOUR HUSBAND DIED, AND FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, FOSTER'S GOING TO KILL ONE MORE -- DR. PLATT! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
HOW HORRIBLE!
OBTAINING PLATT'S ADDRESS FROM MRS. THOMAS, THE ANGEL RACES AWAY...
HOPE FOSTER HASN'T BEATEN ME TO THE PUNCH!
THE ANGEL IS USHERED INTO DR. PLATT'S OFFICE.
--AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, DOC! GUESS I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
FANTASTIC! YOU'RE EITHER JOKING OR CRAZY!
I MAY BE NUTS, BUT YOU'LL BE DEAD IF YOU DON'T LISTEN! EVER RECEIVE A SKULL FROM A PHONEY BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY FIRM?
NO! BUT I'VE ORDERED A SKELETON FROM THE BENSON COMPANY!...
... AND THEY'RE NOT PHONEY! I'VE DEALT WITH THEM FOR YEARS! -- AND NOW, GET OUT! YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST CRANK I'VE MET!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL GETTING THE BUM'S RUSH! LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO SAVE HIM IN SPITE OF HIMSELF!
13

MEANWHILE.
DRIVE SLOWLY, JIM! IF THAT SKELETON'S DAMAGED, DOC PLATT WILL HAVE OUR HIDES!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL HANDLE IT LIKE IT WAS A BABY!
COMPANY
EN ROUTE TO PLATT'S HOME...
HEY, BUD! GIVE US A LIFT?
BENSON & COMPAN
SURE! HOP ON!
YOU MEAN-- HOP OFF!
MARCH!-- DOUBLE QUICK!
GOOD WOIK, BOSS!
GRAB HIS CAP, STONE! YOU'LL DRIVE THE TRUCK!
WID PLEASURE, BOSS!
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH ME?
"DEAD MEN DON'T TAKE THE WITNESS STAND!" -- AN OLD MOTTO OF MINE--HA!

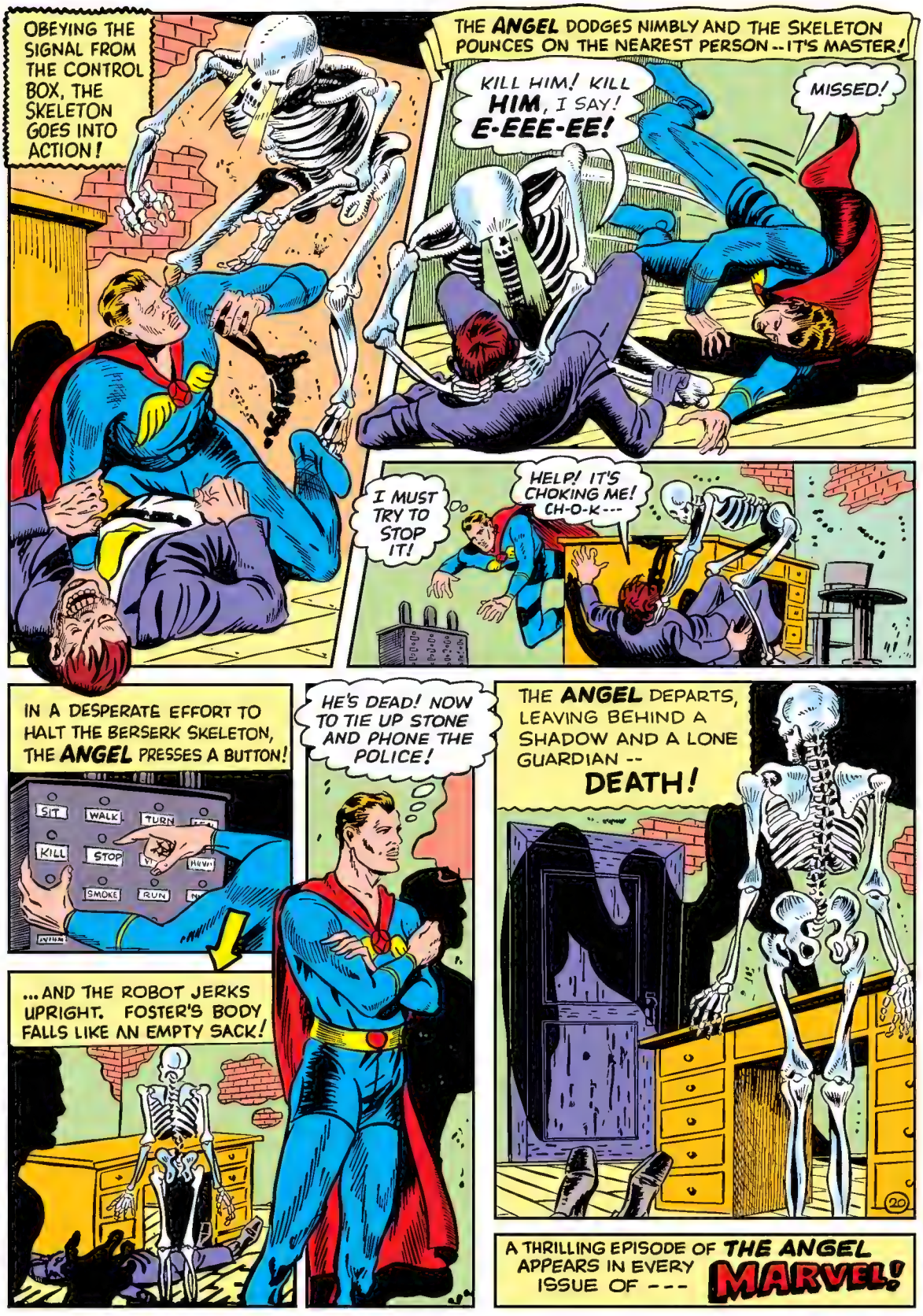
HERE'S DER SKELETON, BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO WID IT?
THROW IT IN THE DITCH AND SUBSTITUTE THE OTHER BOX!
WITH CARE
BENSON & COMPANY BIOLOGICAL SUPPLIES
S'LONG! WAIT TILL PLATT SEES OUR SKELETON! HAW! HAW!
CURB THAT CRUDE HUMOR OF YOURS AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT! I WANT NO SLIPS!
AS FOSTER'S STOOGE MAKES THE DELIVERY, KEEN EYES WATCH HIM -- THE KEEN EYES OF THE ANGEL! ...
... SKELETON FROM BENSON & CO.
BRING IT IN! DR. PLATT'S EXPECTING YOU!
TAKE IT OUT OF THE BOX AND PUT IT IN THAT GLASS CABINET!
OKAY, DOC!
BUY YOURSELF A CIGAR!
T'ANKS!
DIS IS DE FOIST TIME A GUY EVER PAID ME FER BUMPIN' HIM!
LATER
RATHER TALL! BUT PUT TOGETHER BY AN EXPERT-- HO HUM ...
GUESS I'D BETTER CATCH SOME SLEEP. GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF ME!
15


AS THE LIGHT GOES OUT, PLATT GASPS!
WHAT TH---?
ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE GASP!... TWO RAYS OF LIGHT LEAP FROM THE SKELETON'S EYE-SOCKETS! --AND A BONY HAND MOVES!
IT'S OPENING! THE CABINET! NO! IT CAN'T BE! THIS IS A DREAM! A NIGHTMARE!
NO, DOCTOR -- THIS IS NO NIGHTMARE! THE SOUND YOU HEAR IS THE RATTLE OF IT'S BONES!
PETRIFIED, UNABLE TO SPEAK, PLATT, THE SKEPTIC, WATCHES LIKE A MAN OF STONE --AS DEATH COMES CLOSER--CLOSER--CLOSER!
SUDDENLY THE WINDOW CRASHES AND ANOTHER STRANGE FIGURE ENTERS.....
HERE'S WHERE DEATH TAKES IT ON THE CHIN!
DEATH STRIKES! AND IN HIS EYES STRANGE FIRES GLOW!
EEE-EEE!
THE ANGEL POUNCES ON ONE OF THE BONY HANDS--
IT-- IT'S GOT A GRIP LIKE STEEL!

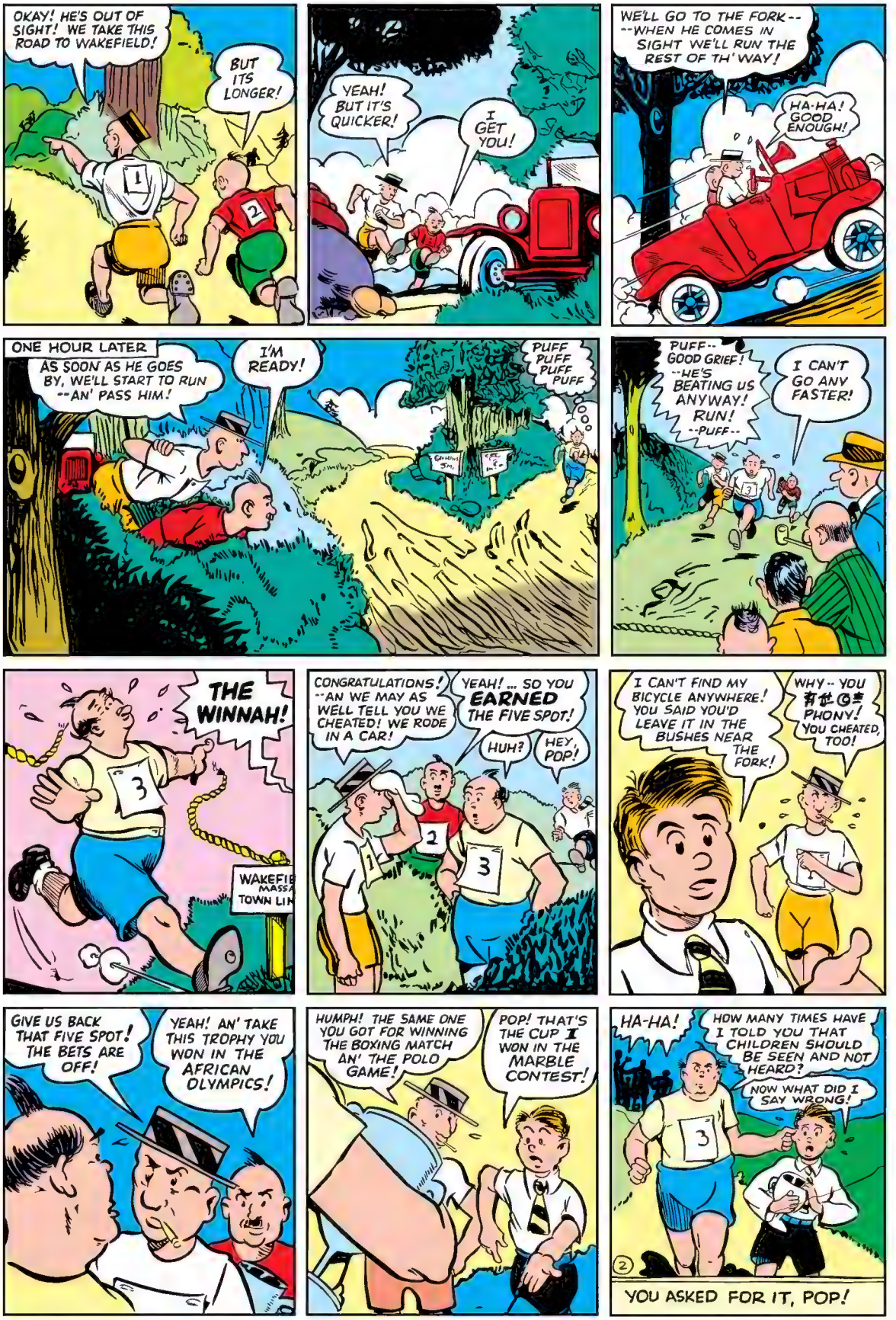
BUT THE ANGEL BREAKS THE FEARFUL GRIP..... WITH A FAINT CRY, PLATT COLLAPSES...
NOW, BONEY-PART, HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR WATERLOO!
BAM!
WOW! MY FIST! THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!
SUDDENLY, THE SKELETON WHIRLS TOWARD THE BROKEN WINDOW!
SHY, EH? WAIT A MINUTE!
I'LL BOUNCE THIS MEDICAL BOOK RIGHT ON YOUR IVORY DOME!
GOT A BETTER IDEA! INSTEAD OF KNOCKING OLD SKULL-DUDGERY FOR A LOOP, I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO HIS MASTER!
Ooo
THE ANGEL TRAILS THE SKELETON...
WE WON'T GET HOME UNTIL...
HOPE HE DOESN'T RUN INTO AN AUTO, OR HE'LL WIND UP IN A GLUE FACTORY!
--HO--OME TILL MO-O-O-RNING-- WE WON'T-- --(GULP)
HERE'S WHERE I TAKE THE PLEDGE!
17

THE STRANGE TRAIL LEADS TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...
IT'S HEADING FOR THAT MANSION. LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE ROAD--FOR ONE OF US!
IT'S CLIMBING IN, ALL RIGHT! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK FIRST BEFORE I ENTER!
THERE'S LIGHT IN THE THIRD FLOOR!
HI-YA, BONEY, OLD KID!
I CATCH! A ROBOT --OPERATED BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO! THE GLOW IN HIS EYES IS CAUSED BY RADIO TUBES!
SIT
WALK
KILL
JUMP
DON'T CALL HIM BONEY, STONE. HE MIGHT BE OFFENDED! AFTER ALL, HIS REAL NAME IS DR. BELL! HA-HA!
HAVE A CHAIR, DOC, AND ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS! CIGARETTE?
BOY, HE CAN DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK!
I DON'T LIKE TALKERS, STONE! THAT'S WHY I PREFER DEAD MEN TO DO MY DIRTY WORK!

BUT...
HERE'S ONE DEAD MAN WHO WON'T DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!
THE ANGEL! I THOUGHT HE WAS CREMATED!
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
YEOW!
THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO BE DEAD FOR KEEPS!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
FOSTER PICKS HIMSELF UP AND SPEEDS TOWARD HIS DESK!
I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!
FRANTICALLY, FOSTER CRIES A HOARSE COMMAND TO HIS ROBOT!
SENDING AN S.O.S. TO BONEY, EH?
KILL! KILL! KILL!
SIT
WALK
TURN
STOP
KILL
19


OBEYING THE SIGNAL FROM THE CONTROL BOX, THE SKELETON GOES INTO ACTION!
THE ANGEL DODGES NIMBLY AND THE SKELETON POUNCES ON THE NEAREST PERSON--IT'S MASTER!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM, I SAY! E-EEE-EE!
MISSED!
I MUST TRY TO STOP IT!
HELP! IT'S CHOKING ME! CH-O-K---
IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO HALT THE BERSERK SKELETON, THE ANGEL PRESSES A BUTTON!
SIT
WALK
TURN
KILL
STOP
SMOKE
RUN
HE'S DEAD! NOW TO TIE UP STONE AND PHONE THE POLICE!
...AND THE ROBOT JERKS UPRIGHT. FOSTER'S BODY FALLS LIKE AN EMPTY SACK!
THE ANGEL DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND A SHADOW AND A LONE GUARDIAN -- DEATH!
20
A THRILLING EPISODE OF THE ANGEL APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF --- MARVEL!

POP'S WOPPERS
By ART GATES
YOU MEAN YOU USED TO BE A GREAT DISTANCE RUNNER, O'KEEFE?...
YES, SIR! I WAS KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS FLASH O'KEEFE!
HERE IS A CUP I WON IN EGYPT WHEN I COMPETED IN THE AFRICAN OLYMPICS!
HUH?
THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE, YOU WON THAT CUP IN A GOLF MATCH!
YOU TOLD ME IT WAS FOR BOXING!
YEAH!--AND ANOTHER TIME IT WAS FOR PLAYING PIANO!
HA-HA!
HUMPH--SO YOU RIDICULE ME!
WELL--I'LL BET THIS CUP AGAINST FIVE BUCKS I CAN BEAT BOTH OF YOU IN A RACE!
I'LL TAKE THAT BET!
ME, TOO!
HUMPH!--THAT BOLONEY ARTIST COULDN'T RUN UP A FLAG!
MAYBE HE CAN'T, BUT I'VE AN IDEA, --JUST IN CASE!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON AT 2 P.M...
THE FIRST ONE TO REACH WAKEFIELD FIVE MILES DOWN THE ROAD WINS--ON YOUR MARKS!..
..GET SET!...
...GO!
THEY'RE OFF!
POP!
I'VE GOT TO GET AHEAD FAST!
LET HIM GET AHEAD, MIKE! --IT'S PART OF MY SCHEME!


OKAY! HE'S OUT OF SIGHT! WE TAKE THIS ROAD TO WAKEFIELD!
BUT ITS LONGER!
YEAH! BUT IT'S QUICKER!
I GET YOU!
WE'LL GO TO THE FORK-- --WHEN HE COMES IN SIGHT WE'LL RUN THE REST OF TH' WAY!
HA-HA! GOOD ENOUGH!
ONE HOUR LATER
AS SOON AS HE GOES BY, WE'LL START TO RUN --AN' PASS HIM!
I'M READY!
PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF
PUFF-- GOOD GRIEF! --HE'S BEATING US ANYWAY! RUN! --PUFF--
I CAN'T GO ANY FASTER!
THE WINNAH!
CONGRATULATIONS! --AN WE MAY AS WELL TELL YOU WE CHEATED! WE RODE IN A CAR!
YEAH! ... SO YOU EARNED THE FIVE SPOT!
HUH?
HEY, POP!
I CAN'T FIND MY BICYCLE ANYWHERE! YOU SAID YOU'D LEAVE IT IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE FORK!
WHY-- YOU 有世◎± PHONY! YOU CHEATED, TOO!
GIVE US BACK THAT FIVE SPOT! THE BETS ARE OFF!
YEAH! AN' TAKE THIS TROPHY YOU WON IN THE AFRICAN OLYMPICS!
HUMPH! THE SAME ONE YOU GOT FOR WINNING THE BOXING MATCH AN' THE POLO GAME!
POP! THAT'S THE CUP I WON IN THE MARBLE CONTEST!
HA-HA!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD?
NOW WHAT DID I SAY WRONG!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, POP!

Tops! in

THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

EVERY MONTH

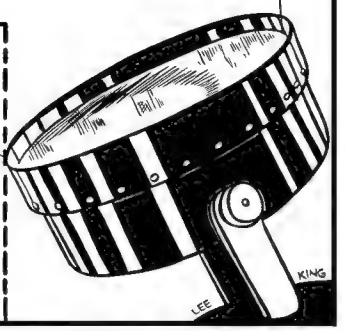
HEY, KIDS!

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: **CAPTAIN AMERICA**, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

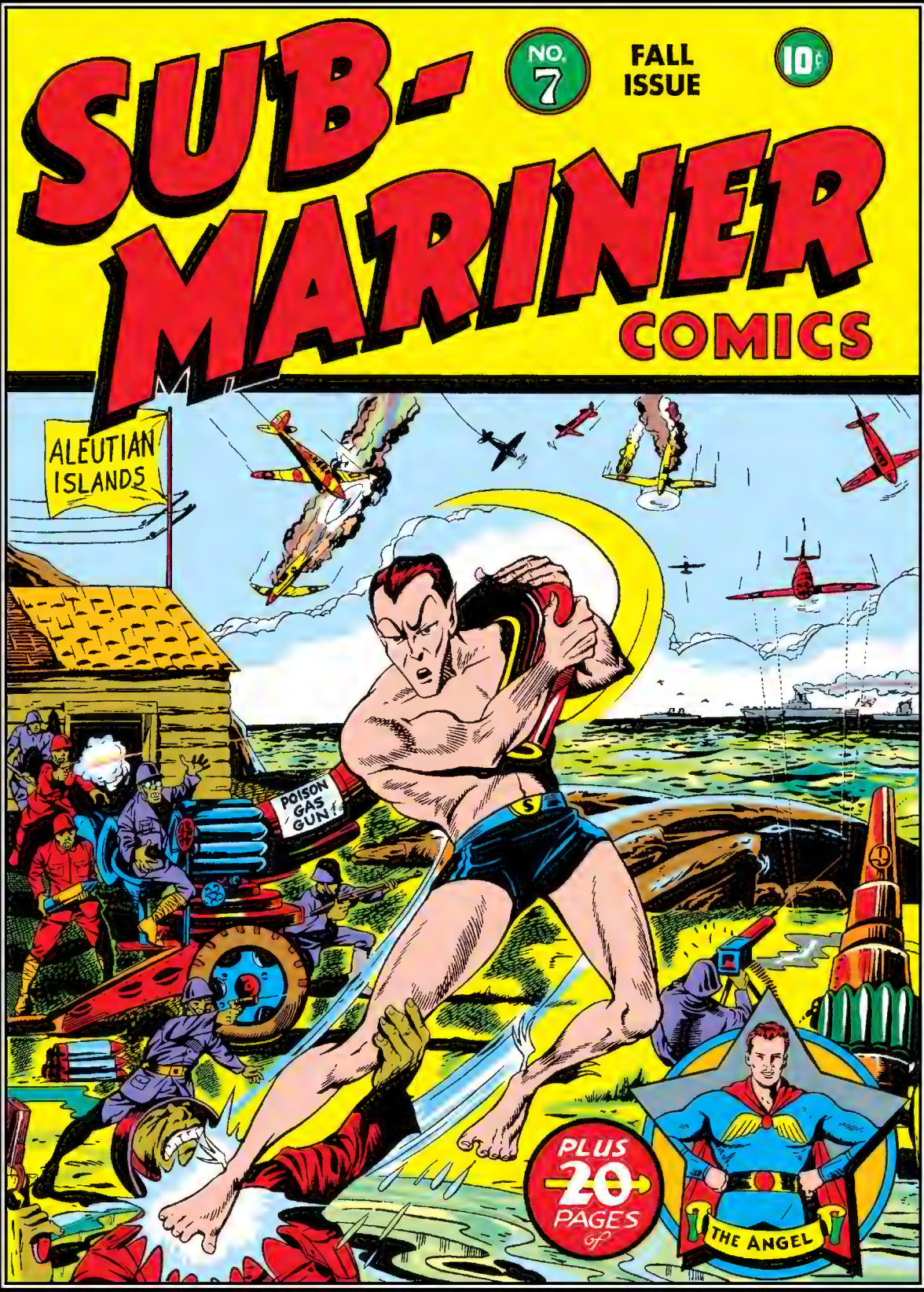
NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY AND STATE_____



AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
©T.
YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED KRAZY KOMICS! NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST. FOR....
TERRY TOONS
COMICS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEE


SUB-MARINER COMICS
NO. 7
FALL ISSUE
10¢
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
POISON GAS GUN!
PLUS 20 PAGES of
THE ANGEL

TWO SMASHING SUCCESSES!
PRESENTING... HORROR in HOLLYWOOD
OUR SIX YOUNG DAREDEVIL FAVORITES ARE HERE AGAIN IN ANOTHER THRILLER-CRAMMED ADVENTURE! FOLLOW THEM THROUGH 64 PAGES OF CRASHING ACTION AND MYSTERY AMIDST THE GLAMOUR THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, AS THEY BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM THE INSANE MENACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FOE OF ALL TIME ---
NOW ON SALE!
HA! HA! THOSE BRATS WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE! THE OWL WILL SEE TO THAT!
THE OWL!
FORWARD, FELLAS -- OUR NEXT DATE IS WITH THE OWL!
BUCKY and TORO in YOUNG ALLIES
No 5
10¢
FALL ISSUE
HORROR IN HOLLYWOOD
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
THE BEST YET!
HEROES ALL!! OUT OF THE PAGES OF THIS GREAT MAGAZINE THEY COME... FIGHTING WITH TERRIBLE, AVENGING FISTS ALL THOSE WHO THREATEN THE RIGHTS OF FREEDOM... STRUGGLING ENDLESSLY TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY AND END THE GREEDY AND POWER-THIRSTY CAREERS OF THE FIENDS AND MONSTERS OF EVIL WHO DARE OPPOSE THE POWERFUL EFFORTS OF AMERICAS GREATEST HEROES.....
HERE THEY ARE.... ALL THE CHARACTERS WHOSE ADVENTURES YOU FOLLOW BREATHLESSLY IN OUR OTHER MAGAZINES, COMBINED TO MAKE ANOTHER SMASHING, THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF THE NEW FALL ALL WINNERS! · CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY · · HUMAN TORCH AND TORO · · SUB-MARINER · · DESTROYER · · BLACK AVENGER ·
GET YOUR COPY TODAY!
ALL WINNERS
FALL ISSUE
No 6
10¢
THE HUMAN TORCH CAPTAIN AMERICA THE SUB MARINER
★ FOR VICTORY ★
ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
NOW ON SALE!

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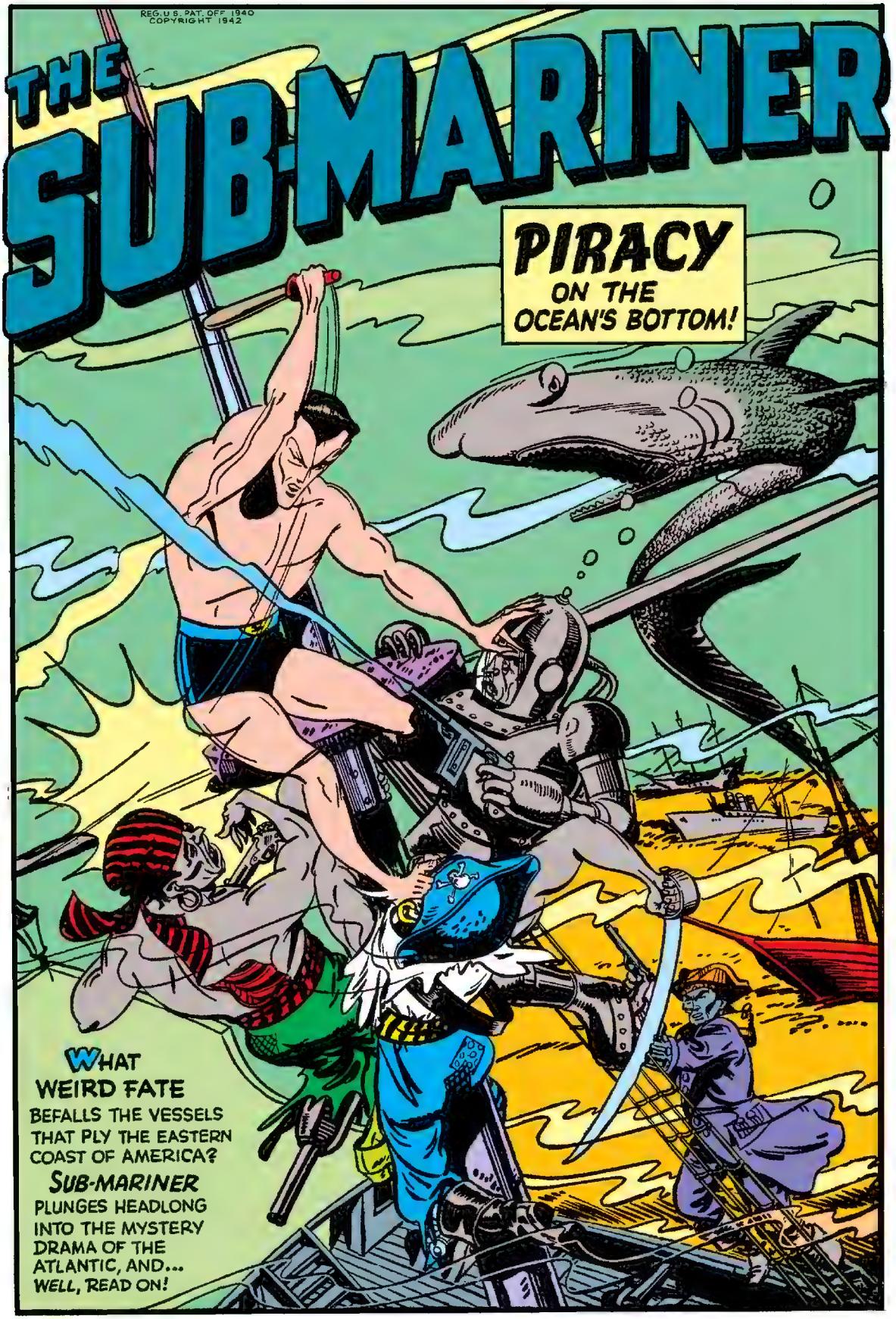
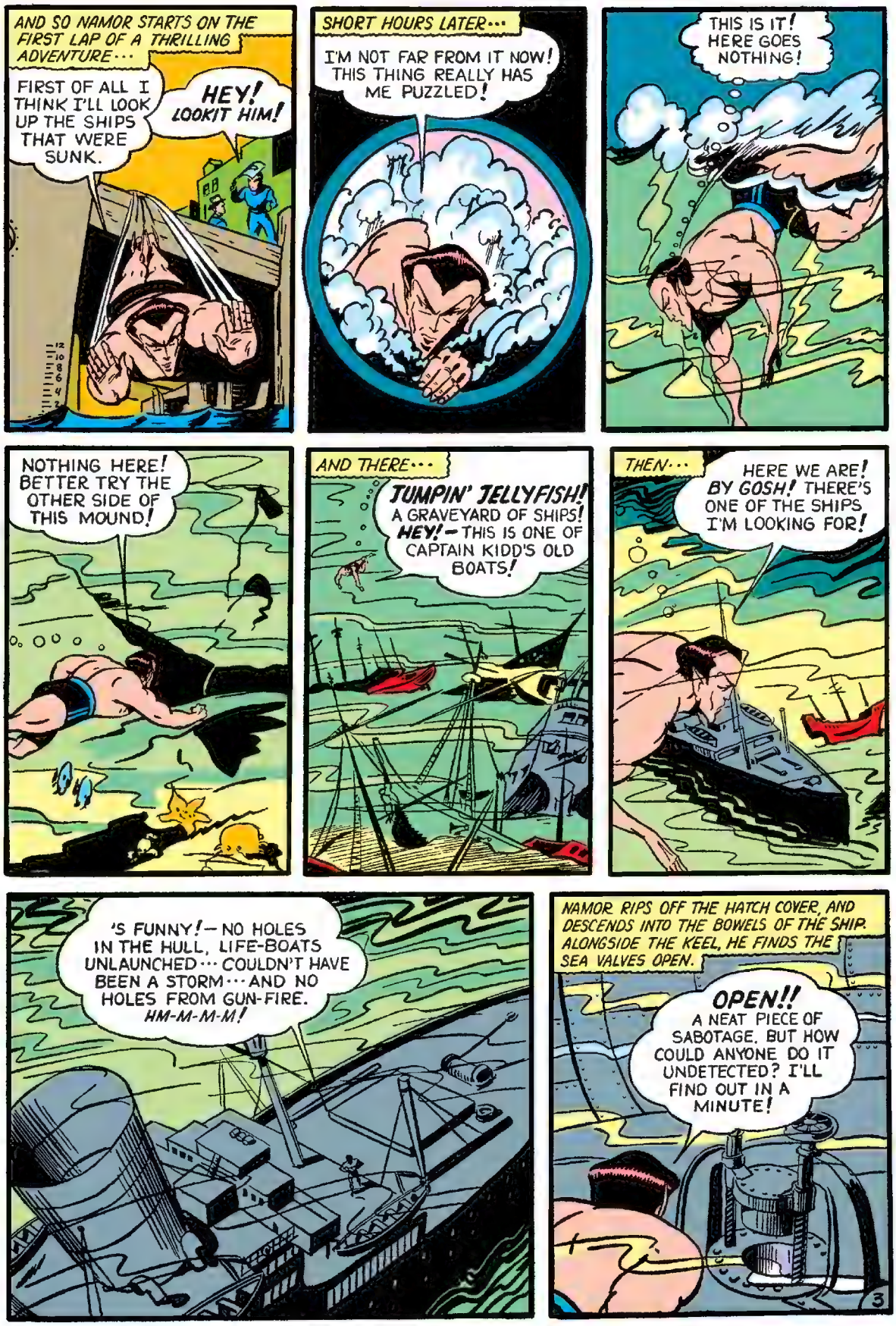
THE SUB-MARINER

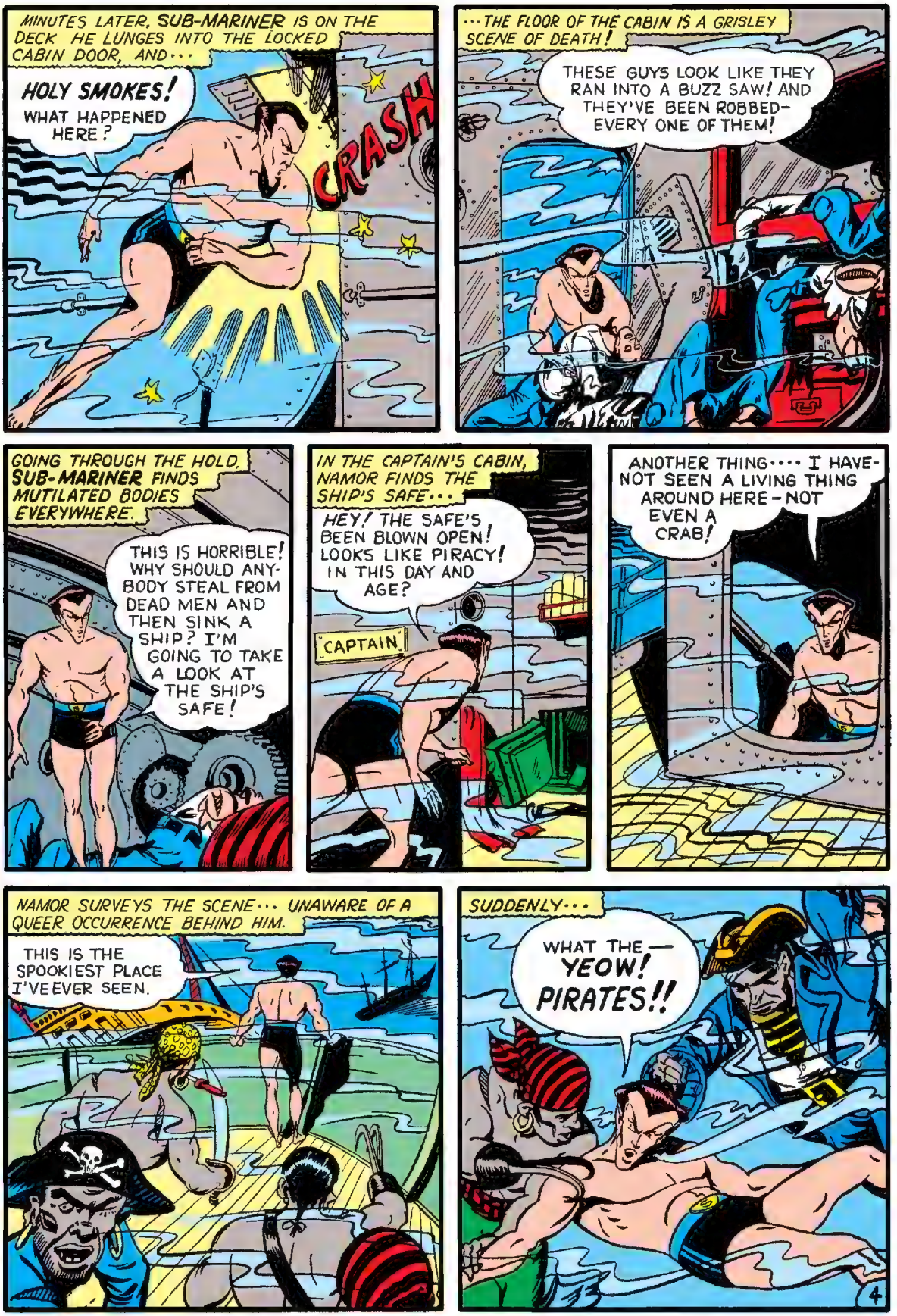
PIRACY ON THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM!

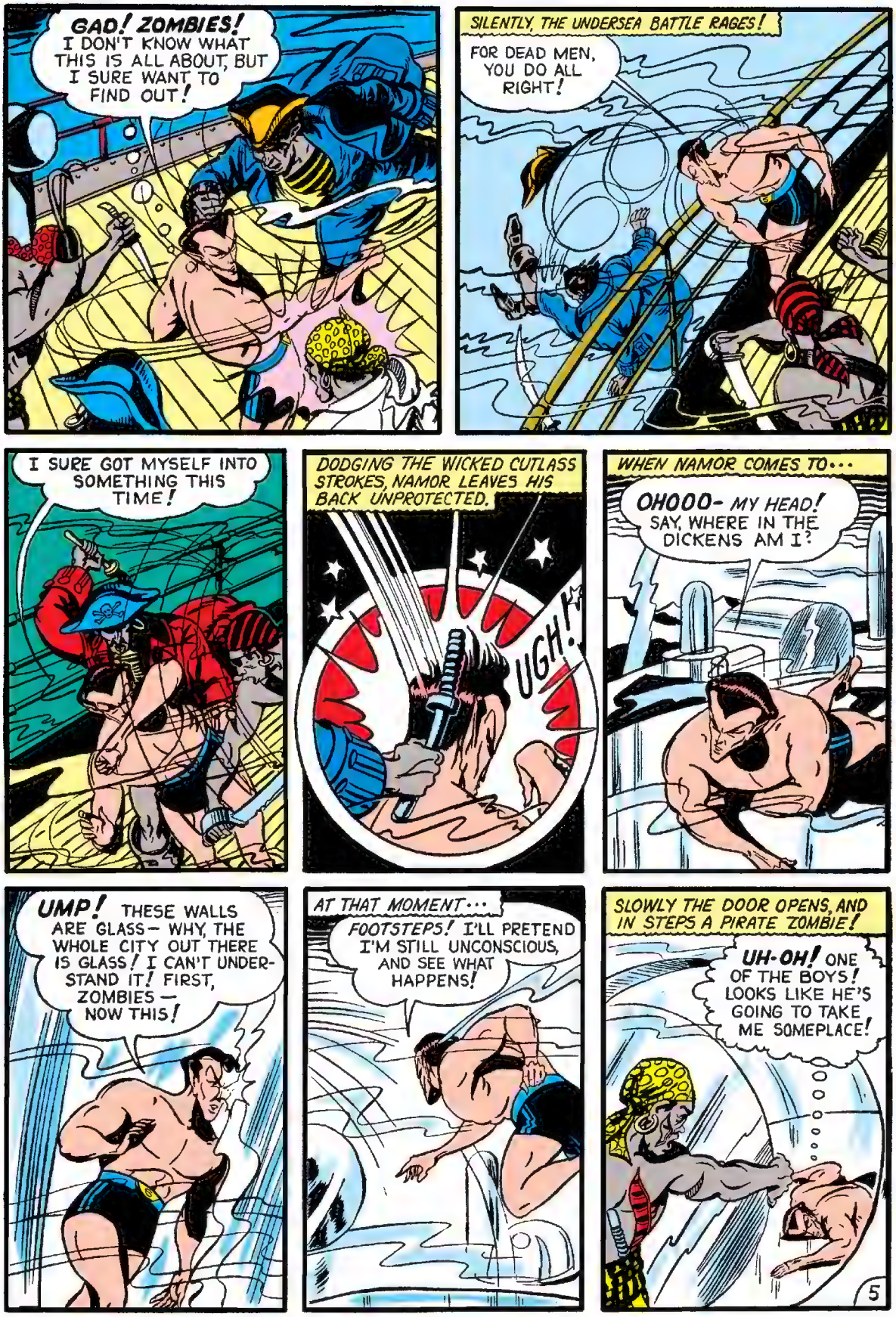


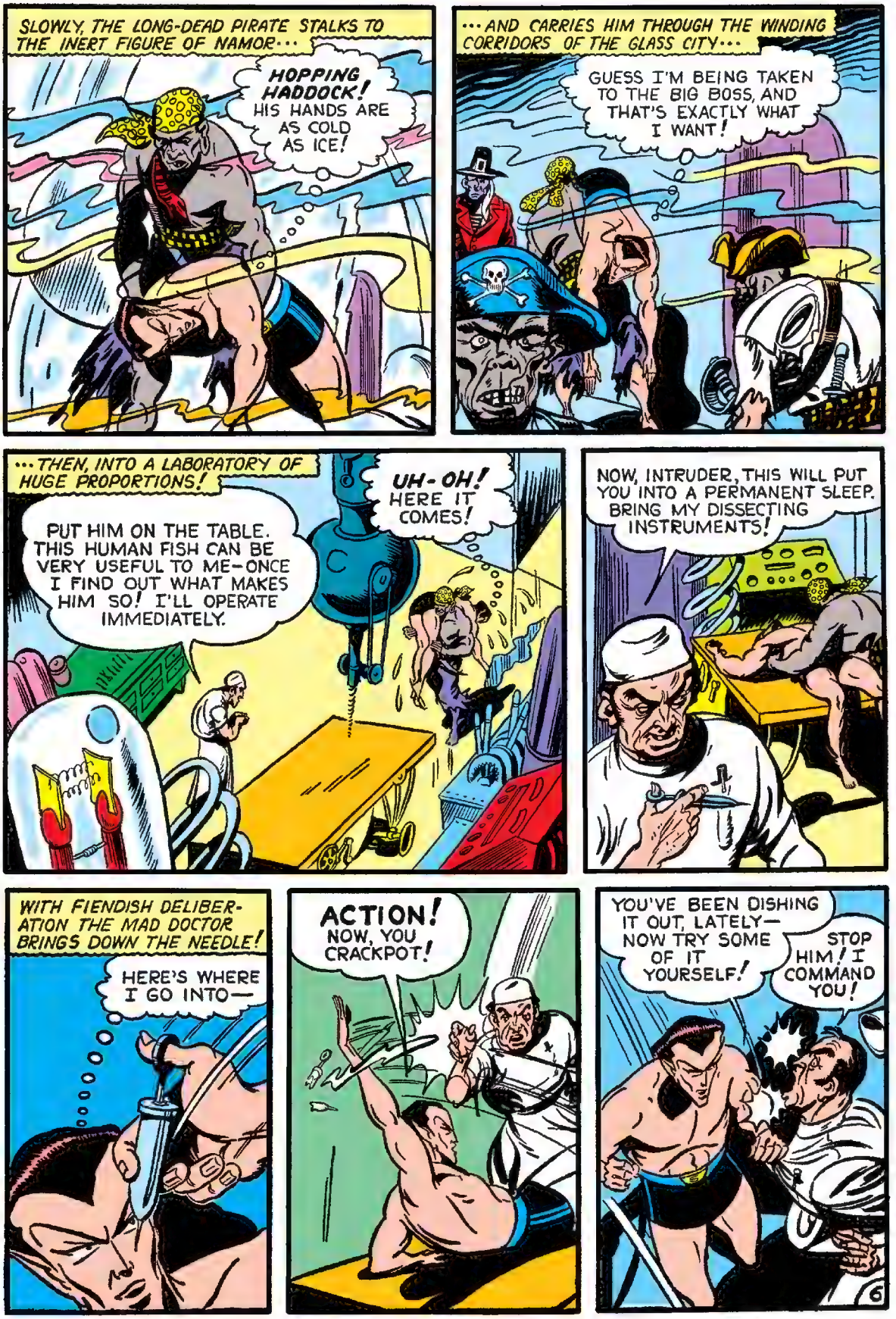
WHAT WEIRD FATE BEFALLS THE VESSELS THAT PLY THE EASTERN COAST OF AMERICA? SUB-MARINER PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO THE MYSTERY DRAMA OF THE ATLANTIC, AND... WELL, READ ON!

SOMEWHERE ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD, IN A TOWN ROARING WITH THE NOISE OF SHIPS BEING BUILT—
EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER SHIP DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A TRACE!
THEN, FROM THE SHADOWS OF A BUILDING STEPS A FAMILIAR FIGURE···
HERE, BOY, I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE!
OKAY, MISTER! BIG DOINGS, EH?
SIZZLING SHRIMPS! THIS MAKES THE FIFTH SUNK. WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
EXTRA
MEANWHILE, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, THE MEN OF THE GOVERNMENT ARE WONDERING THE SAME THING!
CHIEF, WE CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT! NO WRECKAGE OF ANY KIND WAS FOUND, AND OUR MEN ARE SURE THERE ARE NO SUBS OPERATING IN THAT REGION! WE'RE STUCK!
LIKE BLAZES WE ARE! SUB-MARINER'S THE MAN TO UNTANGLE THIS MESS GET HIM AT ONCE! HURRY!
BUT, CHIEF, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE – YESSIR. WE'LL DO IT!
QUICKLY THE MESSAGE GOES OUT ON THE GRAPEVINE– AND REACHES THE EARS OF SUB-MARINER.
THE NEXT DAY···
THIS IS A SPOT WHERE WE LOSE THE SHIPS IT'S STRANGE, BUT ALL OF THEM WERE CARRYING GOLD IN THE SHIP'S SAFE, BUT— WELL, WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO DO MY BEST, ANYWAY!
OCEAN
SCALE OF MILES
2

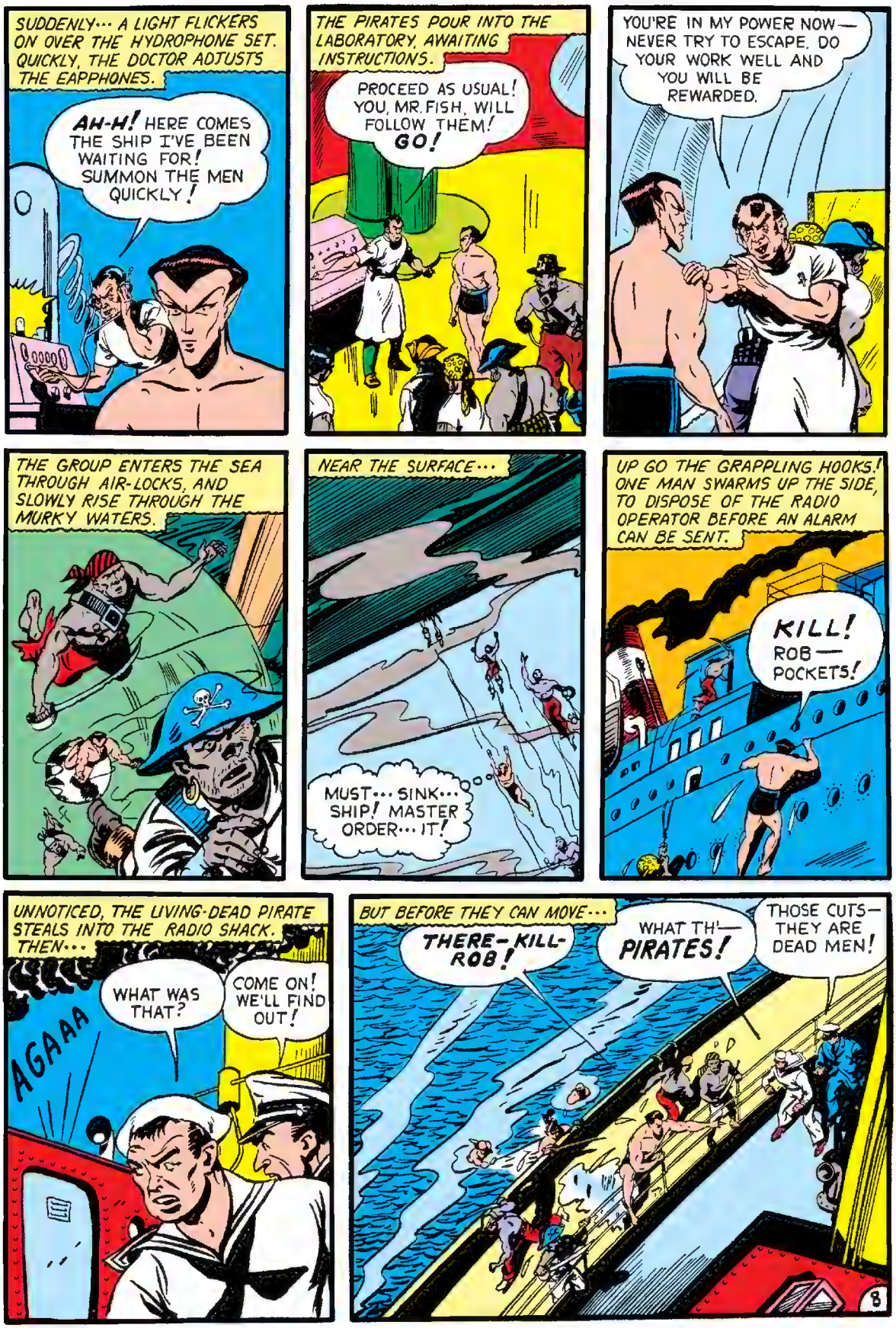

AND SO NAMOR STARTS ON THE FIRST LAP OF A THRILLING ADVENTURE···
FIRST OF ALL I THINK I'LL LOOK UP THE SHIPS THAT WERE SUNK.
HEY! LOOKIT HIM!
SHORT HOURS LATER···
I'M NOT FAR FROM IT NOW! THIS THING REALLY HAS ME PUZZLED!
THIS IS IT! HERE GOES NOTHING!
NOTHING HERE! BETTER TRY THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS MOUND!
AND THERE···
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! A GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS! HEY! — THIS IS ONE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S OLD BOATS!
THEN···
HERE WE ARE! BY GOSH! THERE'S ONE OF THE SHIPS I'M LOOKING FOR!
'S FUNNY! — NO HOLES IN THE HULL, LIFE-BOATS UNLAUNCHED··· COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A STORM··· AND NO HOLES FROM GUN-FIRE. HM-M-M-M!
NAMOR RIPS OFF THE HATCH COVER, AND DESCENDS INTO THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP. ALONGSIDE THE KEEL, HE FINDS THE SEA VALVES OPEN.
OPEN!! A NEAT PIECE OF SABOTAGE. BUT HOW COULD ANYONE DO IT UNDETECTED? I'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE!
3


MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER IS ON THE DECK HE LUNGES INTO THE LOCKED CABIN DOOR, AND···
HOLY SMOKES! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
CRASH
···THE FLOOR OF THE CABIN IS A GRISLEY SCENE OF DEATH!
THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE THEY RAN INTO A BUZZ SAW! AND THEY'VE BEEN ROBBED— EVERY ONE OF THEM!
GOING THROUGH THE HOLD, SUB-MARINER FINDS MUTILATED BODIES EVERYWHERE.
THIS IS HORRIBLE! WHY SHOULD ANYBODY STEAL FROM DEAD MEN AND THEN SINK A SHIP? I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE SHIP'S SAFE!
IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, NAMOR FINDS THE SHIP'S SAFE···
HEY! THE SAFE'S BEEN BLOWN OPEN! LOOKS LIKE PIRACY! IN THIS DAY AND AGE?
CAPTAIN.
ANOTHER THING···· I HAVE-NOT SEEN A LIVING THING AROUND HERE—NOT EVEN A CRAB!
NAMOR SURVEYS THE SCENE··· UNAWARE OF A QUEER OCCURRENCE BEHIND HIM.
THIS IS THE SPOOKIEST PLACE I'VE EVER SEEN.
SUDDENLY···
WHAT THE— YEOW! PIRATES!!
4

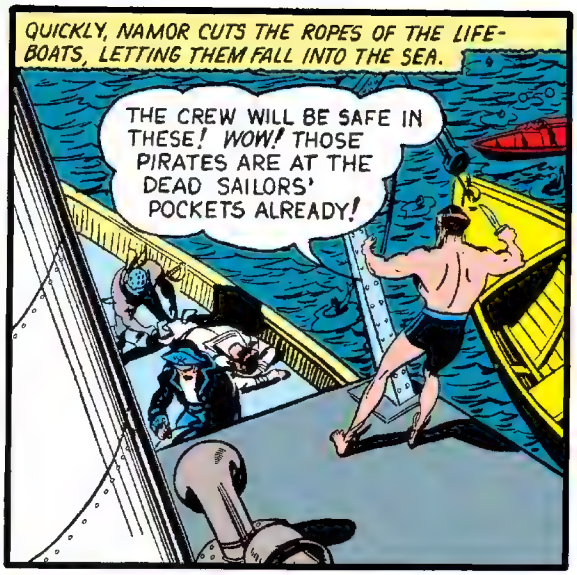

GAD! ZOMBIES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT I SURE WANT TO FIND OUT!
SILENTLY, THE UNDERSEA BATTLE RAGES!
FOR DEAD MEN, YOU DO ALL RIGHT!
I SURE GOT MYSELF INTO SOMETHING THIS TIME!
DODGING THE WICKED CUTLASS STROKES, NAMOR LEAVES HIS BACK UNPROTECTED.
UGH!
WHEN NAMOR COMES TO...
OHOOO- MY HEAD! SAY, WHERE IN THE DICKENS AM I?
UMP! THESE WALLS ARE GLASS— WHY, THE WHOLE CITY OUT THERE IS GLASS! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! FIRST, ZOMBIES— NOW THIS!
AT THAT MOMENT...
FOOTSTEPS! I'LL PRETEND I'M STILL UNCONSCIOUS, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS, AND IN STEPS A PIRATE ZOMBIE!
UH-OH! ONE OF THE BOYS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO TAKE ME SOMEPLACE!
5

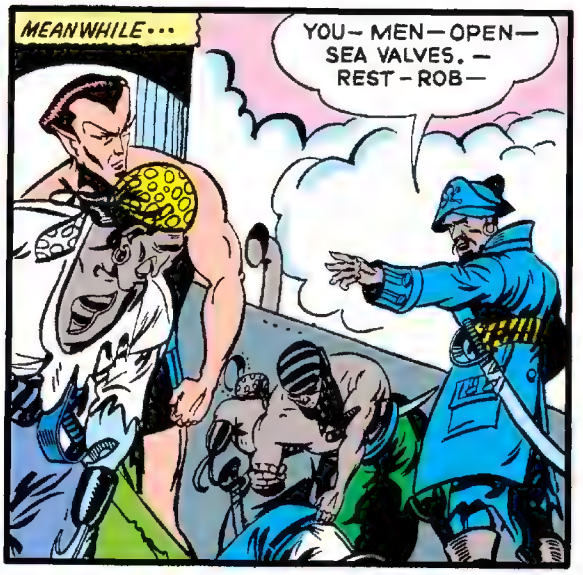

SLOWLY, THE LONG-DEAD PIRATE STALKS TO THE INERT FIGURE OF NAMOR···
HOPPING HADDOCK! HIS HANDS ARE AS COLD AS ICE!
···AND CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE WINDING CORRIDORS OF THE GLASS CITY···
GUESS I'M BEING TAKEN TO THE BIG BOSS, AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!
···THEN, INTO A LABORATORY OF HUGE PROPORTIONS!
PUT HIM ON THE TABLE. THIS HUMAN FISH CAN BE VERY USEFUL TO ME—ONCE I FIND OUT WHAT MAKES HIM SO! I'LL OPERATE IMMEDIATELY.
UH-OH! HERE IT COMES!
NOW, INTRUDER, THIS WILL PUT YOU INTO A PERMANENT SLEEP. BRING MY DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS!
WITH FIENDISH DELIBERATION THE MAD DOCTOR BRINGS DOWN THE NEEDLE!
HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO—
ACTION! NOW, YOU CRACKPOT!
YOU'VE BEEN DISHING IT OUT, LATELY— NOW TRY SOME OF IT YOURSELF!
STOP HIM! I COMMAND YOU!
6

NAMOR'S MIGHTY HANDS GRAB THE DOCTOR···
DON'T! LET ME GO!
I WILL— IN A SECOND!
THEN···
SEE, I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISE!
THIS TIME I WILL REALLY GET YOU!
WHAT— DROP THAT!
THE DOCTOR SQUEEZES THE PEN— OUT SPURTS A JET OF GAS, ENVELOPING NAMOR, PARALYZING HIS MUSCLES.
HA! SIMPLE, BUT EFFECTIVE!
(COUGH) CAN'T BREATHE! (COUGH)
DRUGGED! BODY···WON'T RESPOND!···MY·MIND··· IS··· CLOUDING!
EXCELLENT! ABSOLUTELY POWERLESS! HOWEVER, YOU CAN HEAR ME, WHEREVER YOU ARE. SINCE YOU CAME LOOKING FOR A STORY, I'LL TELL YOU MINE!
YEARS AGO I SEARCHED FOR PIRATE TREASURE AND FOUND THIS AREA. A NATURAL UNDER-SEA VOLCANO PRESERVED THE BODIES OF THE PIRATES AND KEPT THE FISH AWAY. BEING A DOCTOR, I UTILIZED A RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCE FROM THE VOLCANO, AND RESTORED THE BODIES OF THE PIRATES TO ACTIVITY.
···IT IS THESE MEN WHO RISE FROM THE SEA TO OVERPOWER SHIPS AND SINK THEM! I LOOT THE SAFES, WHILE THEY SATISFY THEMSELVES WITH THE VICTIM'S PERSONAL TRINKETS. WITH THEIR AID, I BUILT THIS CITY. NOW, YOU WILL JOIN US!


SUDDENLY··· A LIGHT FLICKERS ON OVER THE HYDROPHONE SET. QUICKLY, THE DOCTOR ADJUSTS THE EARPHONES.
AH-H! HERE COMES THE SHIP I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! SUMMON THE MEN QUICKLY!
THE PIRATES POUR INTO THE LABORATORY, AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS.
PROCEED AS USUAL! YOU, MR. FISH, WILL FOLLOW THEM! GO!
YOU'RE IN MY POWER NOW— NEVER TRY TO ESCAPE. DO YOUR WORK WELL AND YOU WILL BE REWARDED.
THE GROUP ENTERS THE SEA THROUGH AIR-LOCKS, AND SLOWLY RISE THROUGH THE MURKY WATERS.
NEAR THE SURFACE···
MUST··· SINK··· SHIP! MASTER ORDER··· IT!
UP GO THE GRAPPLING HOOKS! ONE MAN SWARMS UP THE SIDE, TO DISPOSE OF THE RADIO OPERATOR BEFORE AN ALARM CAN BE SENT.
KILL! ROB— POCKETS!
UNNOTICED, THE LIVING-DEAD PIRATE STEALS INTO THE RADIO SHACK. THEN···
AGAAA
WHAT WAS THAT?
COME ON! WE'LL FIND OUT!
BUT BEFORE THEY CAN MOVE···
THERE—KILL—ROB!
WHAT TH'— PIRATES!
THOSE CUTS— THEY ARE DEAD MEN!
8

HOLY SMOKES! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
YOU DEVILS!
AAAAAA!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! BULLETS WON'T STOP THEM!
GET THIS GUY!!
HOLD HIM!
THEN···
THERE! THAT DID IT!
OHOO!
WOW! WHAT A SHOT! HEY— MY MIND'S CLEAR AGAIN! THAT BLOW WIPED OUT THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG! I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING-FAST!
INA SECOND, NAMOR IS ON HIS FEET, SEARCHING FOR THE CAPTAIN. HE SEES HIM, BUT···
CAPTAIN! CALL OFF YOUR MEN!
HEY! QUIT SHOOTING!!
STAY BACK, YOU FIEND! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
CUT IT OUT! I'M SUB-MARINER- TRYING TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY. ORDER YOUR MEN TO JUMP OVER-BOARD! THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!
WHAT? SUB-MARINER! OKAY! I'LL DO IT!!!
AT ONCE THE ORDERS GO OUT, AND···
OVER THE SIDES, MEN! IT'S ORDERS — GET GOING!
9

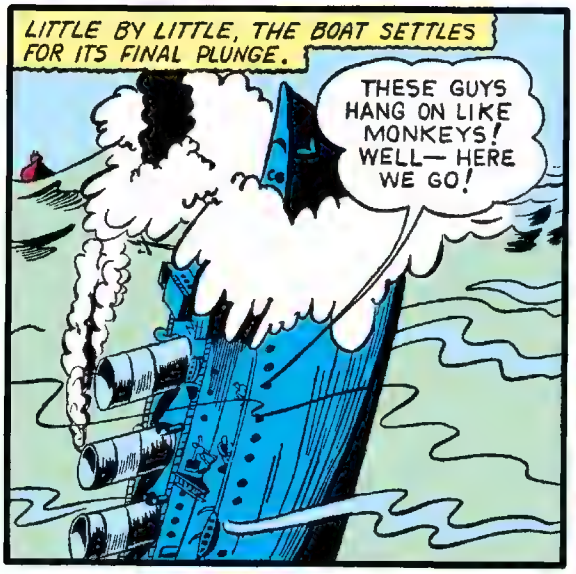

QUICKLY, NAMOR CUTS THE ROPES OF THE LIFE-BOATS, LETTING THEM FALL INTO THE SEA.
THE CREW WILL BE SAFE IN THESE! WOW! THOSE PIRATES ARE AT THE DEAD SAILORS' POCKETS ALREADY!

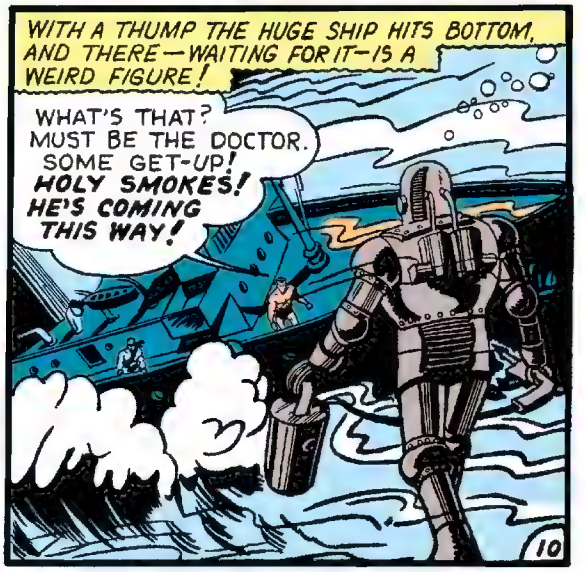

MEANWHILE...
YOU— MEN— OPEN— SEA VALVES. — REST - ROB—

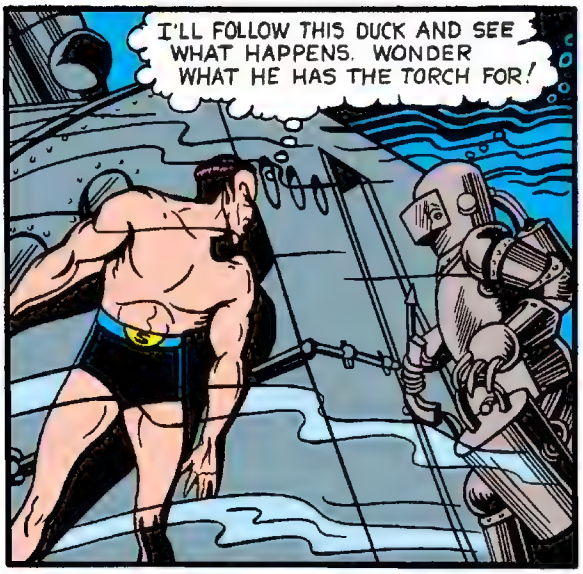
ON SILENT FEET, NAMOR FOLLOWS THE PIRATES...
I HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO SEE THIS THROUGH!

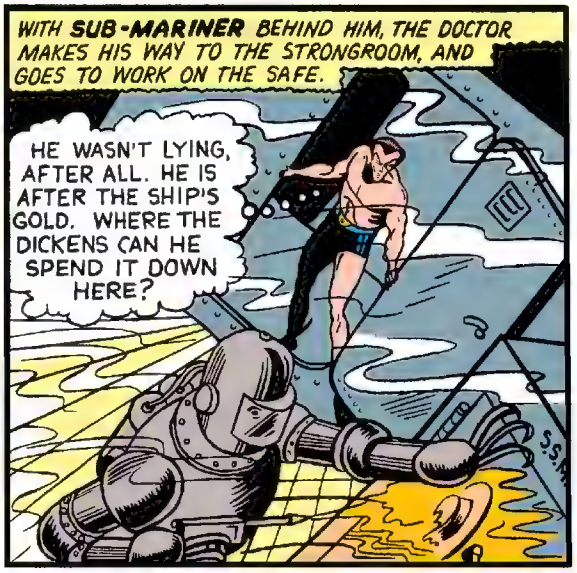
MY HUNCH WAS CORRECT— THESE BLASTED ZOMBIES SURE HAVE A SWEET SYSTEM HERE. I'D BETTER WARN THE SAILORS TO GET AWAY FROM THE BOAT.

RACING UPSTAIRS, NAMOR RUNS TO THE RAIL.
YOU MEN! GO AWAY FROM THE SHIP! THEY'RE SINKING HER!
OKAY! I HOPE YOU CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!


LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE BOAT SETTLES FOR ITS FINAL PLUNGE.
THESE GUYS HANG ON LIKE MONKEYS! WELL— HERE WE GO!

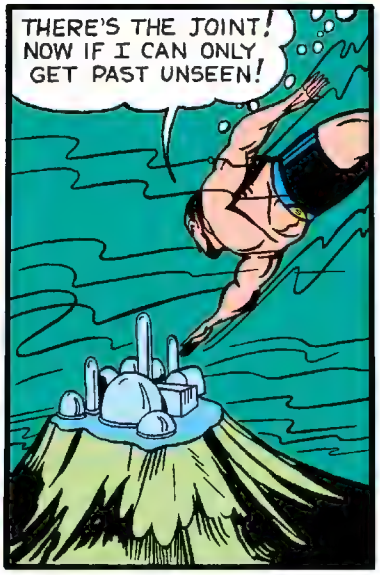

WITH A THUMP THE HUGE SHIP HITS BOTTOM, AND THERE—WAITING FOR IT—IS A WEIRD FIGURE!
WHAT'S THAT? MUST BE THE DOCTOR. SOME GET-UP!
HOLY SMOKES! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!


I'LL FOLLOW THIS DUCK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. WONDER WHAT HE HAS THE TORCH FOR!

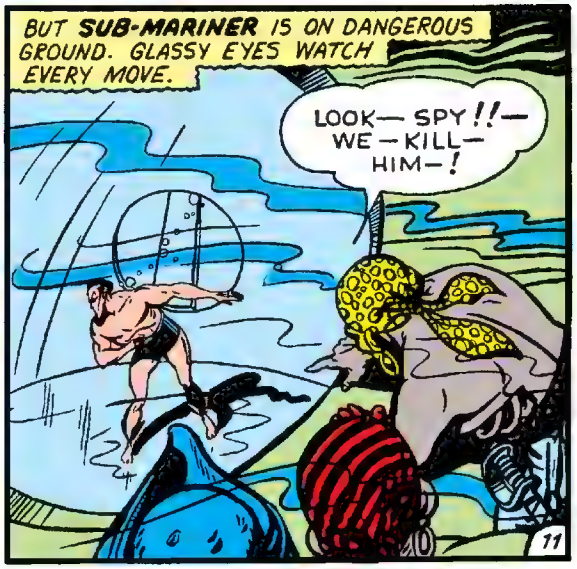

WITH SUB-MARINER BEHIND HIM, THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS WAY TO THE STRONGROOM, AND GOES TO WORK ON THE SAFE.
HE WASN'T LYING, AFTER ALL. HE IS AFTER THE SHIP'S GOLD. WHERE THE DICKENS CAN HE SPEND IT DOWN HERE?

NOW'S THE TIME TO REALLY GET TO WORK! I'LL WRECK THIS WHOLE SET-UP BEFORE HE FINDS OUT THAT I'M NOT UNDER HIS INFLUENCE!
S.S. MONTE
GOLD
GOLD
GOLD
GOLD

TAKING COVER IN THE SHADOWS, SUB-MARINER SWIMS AWAY FROM THE SHIP.
THIS WHOLE THING IS BUILT AROUND THE POWER HOUSE. THAT'S WHERE I'LL HEAD FOR!

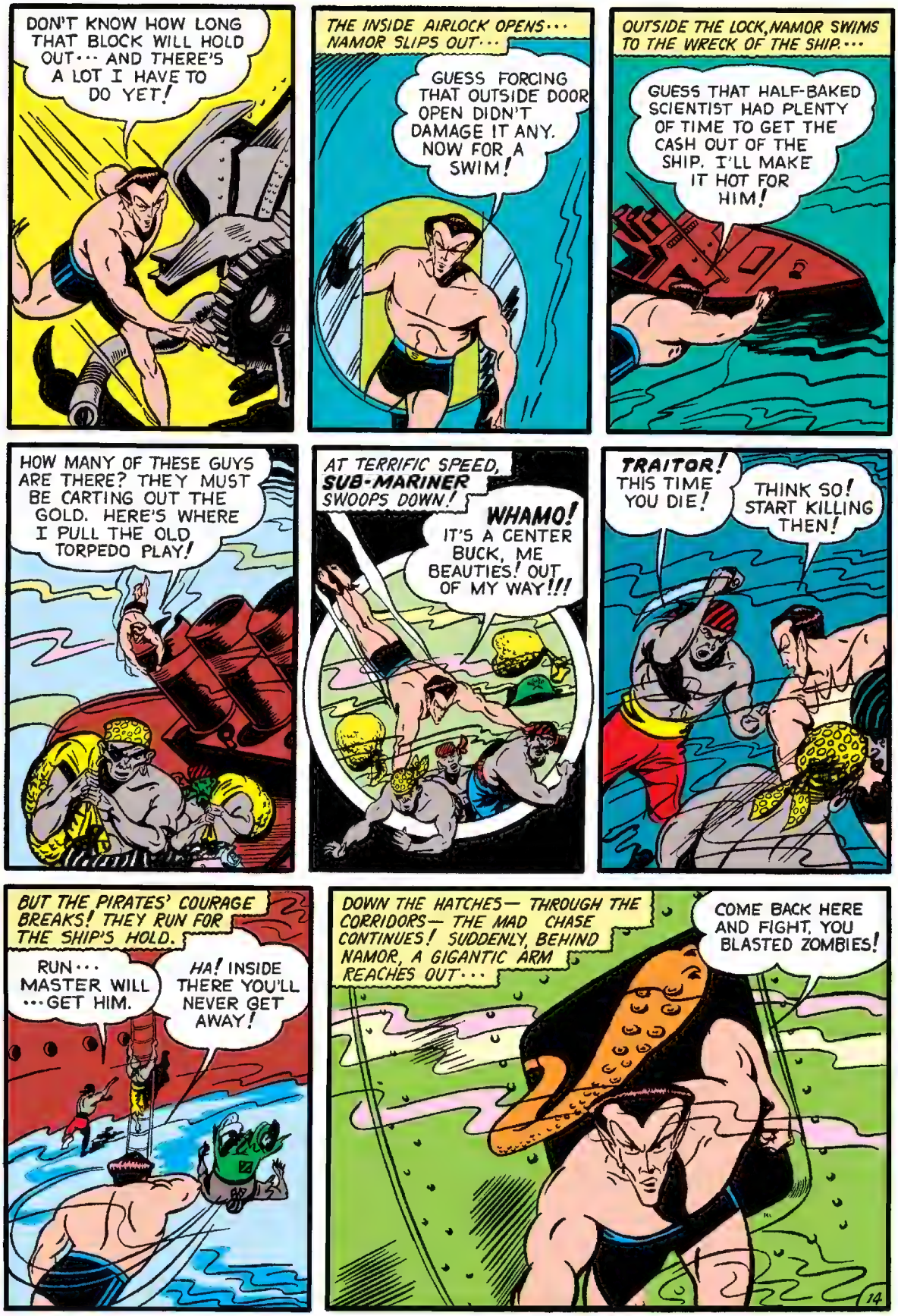

THERE'S THE JOINT! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET PAST UNSEEN!

SEEMS TO BE CLEAR! I DON'T SEE ANYBODY AROUND!

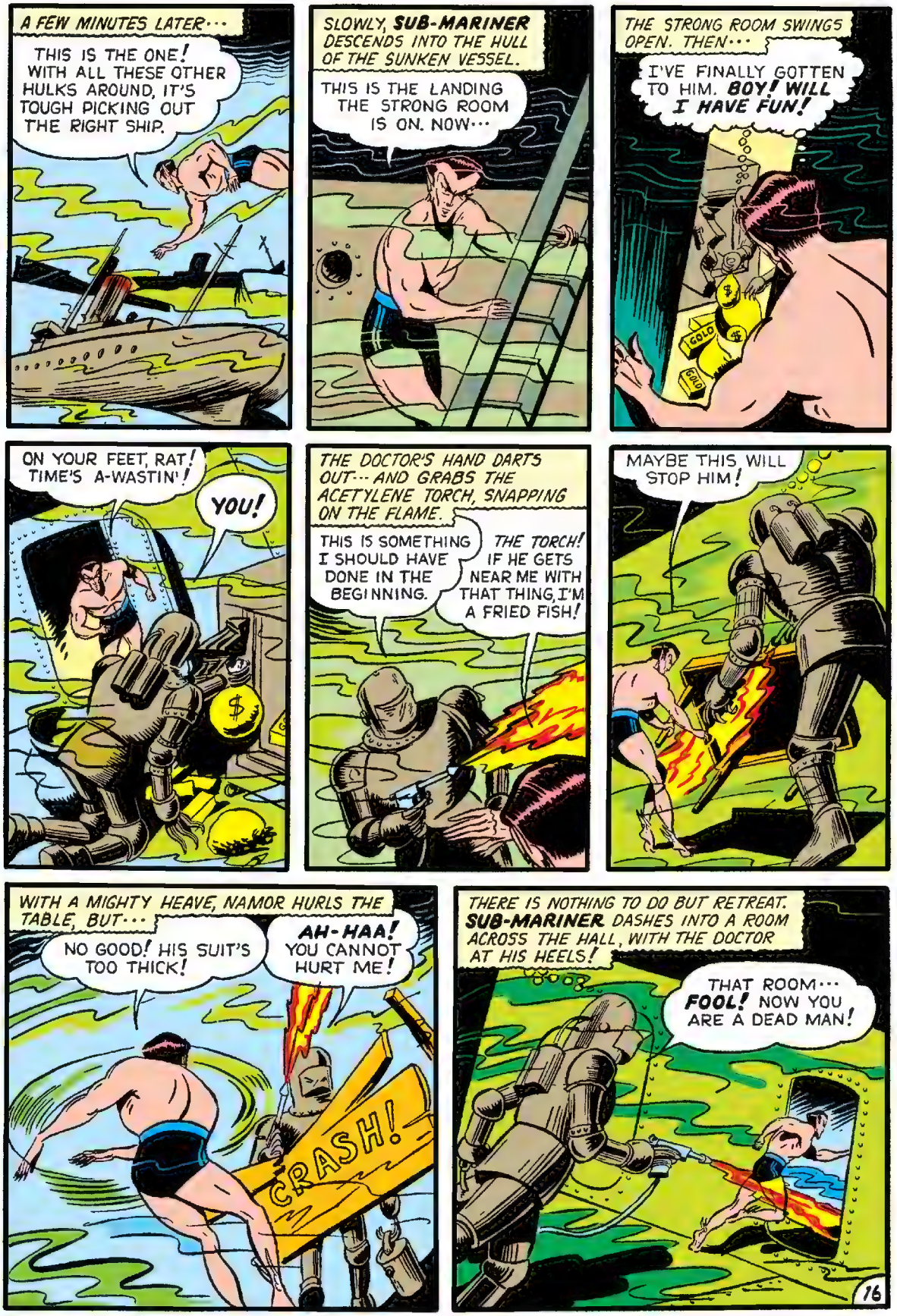

BUT SUB-MARINER IS ON DANGEROUS GROUND. GLASSY EYES WATCH EVERY MOVE.
LOOK— SPY!!— WE—KILL— HIM—!

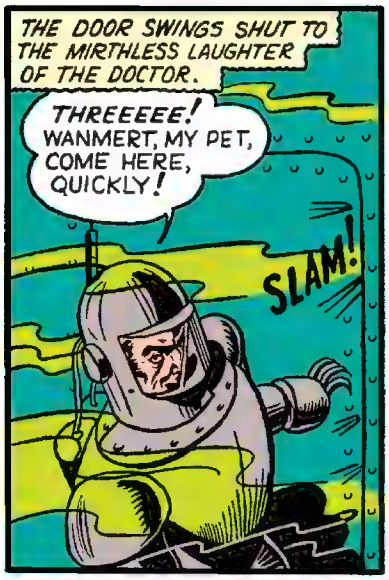
THEN··· NOISELESSLY THE PIRATES JUMP TO THE ATTACK!
HE··· MUST··· NOT··· ESCAPE!
··· BUT SUB-MARINER CATCHES THE FLASH OF A CUTLASS, AND···
WOW! TOO CLOSE! WELL, IF YOU GUYS WANT TO FIGHT···
··· I'LL JUST HAVE TO OBLIGE YOU!
I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN DEAD TOO LONG TO PUT UP A DECENT BATTLE! I'LL FINISH THIS QUICK!
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER LUNGES···· HIS HANDS DART OUT···
THAT'S THAT! NOW TO FIND SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP YOU QUIET!
CLUNK!
THIS EEL GRASS IS AS GOOD AS ANYTHING. THEY'LL NEVER BREAK IT!
THAT DOES IT! HOPE I CAN GET INTO THE POWERHOUSE NOW—WITHOUT TOO MUCH NOISE.
SWIMMING TO THE ENTRANCE LOCK, SUB-MARINER BRACES HIMSELF···
WHEW! WATER··· PRESSURE··· PRETTY STRONG··· HOPE I CAN DO IT!
12

NAMOR'S MIGHTY MUSCLES FLEX, AND···
WHAT A JOB THAT WAS! HUH! A REGULAR AIRLOCK!
SECONDS LATER, NAMOR IS ALONE IN THE POWER HOUSE.
CREEPING CATFISH! SOME JOINT! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PIT?
SO THAT'S WHERE THE POWER COMES FROM! THOSE PIPES FEED WATER TO THE VOLCANO, AND THE STEAM IS LED INTO THE TURBINE. HOW NICE! FOOEY!
NAMOR SWINGS INTO ACTION, RIPPING OUT A SECTION OF STEEL PIPE! THEN···
THIS PULLS UP MY BATTING AVERAGE FOR THIS JOB!
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO PAY DAMAGES FOR THIS! SAY— THAT MUST BE THE WATER CONTROL LEVER OF THE VOLCANO. WHAT AN IDEA I HAVE!
WATER CONTROL
IN ANOTHER MOMENT NAMOR RELEASES THE RATCHET CONTROL, THEN GRABS A BLOCK OF WOOD···
THIS'LL HOLD IT IN PLACE FOR A WHILE. HOPE MY WATERPROOF MATCHCASE IS WORKING.
WATER CONT
NORMA FLOW
HIGH
DANG
WHEN THIS BURNS THROUGH, THAT LEVER'LL DROP AND FLOOD THE VOLCANO··· AND I'D HATE TO BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS!
WATER CON
HIGH
DANGE
13

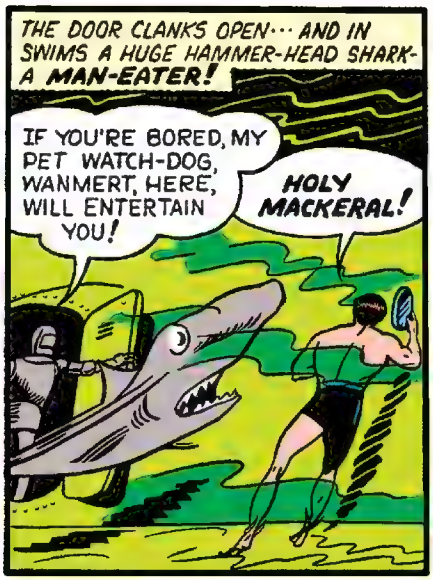

DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THAT BLOCK WILL HOLD OUT··· AND THERE'S A LOT I HAVE TO DO YET!
THE INSIDE AIRLOCK OPENS··· NAMOR SLIPS OUT···
GUESS FORCING THAT OUTSIDE DOOR OPEN DIDN'T DAMAGE IT ANY. NOW FOR A SWIM!
OUTSIDE THE LOCK, NAMOR SWIMS TO THE WRECK OF THE SHIP.···
GUESS THAT HALF-BAKED SCIENTIST HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GET THE CASH OUT OF THE SHIP. I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM!
HOW MANY OF THESE GUYS ARE THERE? THEY MUST BE CARTING OUT THE GOLD. HERE'S WHERE I PULL THE OLD TORPEDO PLAY!
AT TERRIFIC SPEED, SUB-MARINER SWOOPS DOWN!
WHAMO! IT'S A CENTER BUCK, ME BEAUTIES! OUT OF MY WAY!!!
TRAITOR! THIS TIME YOU DIE!
THINK SO! START KILLING THEN!
BUT THE PIRATES' COURAGE BREAKS! THEY RUN FOR THE SHIP'S HOLD.
RUN··· MASTER WILL ···GET HIM.
HA! INSIDE THERE YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
DOWN THE HATCHES— THROUGH THE CORRIDORS— THE MAD CHASE CONTINUES! SUDDENLY, BEHIND NAMOR, A GIGANTIC ARM REACHES OUT···
COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT, YOU BLASTED ZOMBIES!
14

THEN···
AGA-A-A! WHAT TH-!
LOOK! MASTER'S··· DEVILFISH··· GOT HIM!
TUMBLIN' TUNA! AND I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO FISH LIFE AROUND HERE!
QUICK!··· WE TELL··· DOCTOR···· THAT HE··· IS DONE FOR!
WHILE THE PIRATES SLIP OUT, NAMOR STRUGGLES DESPERATELY WITH THE GHASTLY SEA-MONSTER!
I'LL WRAP EVERY ONE OF YOUR LEGS AROUND YOUR NECK, YOU EIGHT-ARMED WORM!
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER SEES AN OPENING! ONE HAND GRABS THE MONSTER, WHILE THE OTHER GOUGES INTO THE EYE.
THIS IS DIRTY FIGHTING, BUT ANYTHING GOES!
THE PAIN IS TOO GREAT— THE VICIOUS CREATURE RELEASES NAMOR! THEN···
LEAVING SO SOON? HEY! INK····
THAT, MY SLIPPERY FRIEND, OUGHT TO KEEP YOU QUIET AWHILE!
THIS OUGHT TO BE RICH! THE DOCTOR WILL THINK I'M DEAD! JUST WAIT TILL HE SEES ME!
15

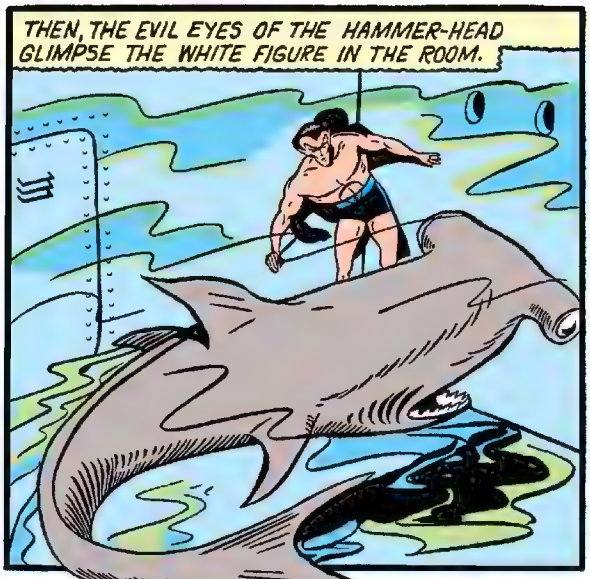

A FEW MINUTES LATER···
THIS IS THE ONE! WITH ALL THESE OTHER HULKS AROUND, IT'S TOUGH PICKING OUT THE RIGHT SHIP.
SLOWLY, SUB-MARINER DESCENDS INTO THE HULL OF THE SUNKEN VESSEL.
THIS IS THE LANDING THE STRONG ROOM IS ON. NOW···
THE STRONG ROOM SWINGS OPEN. THEN···
I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN TO HIM. BOY! WILL I HAVE FUN!
GOLD
GOLD
ON YOUR FEET, RAT! TIME'S A-WASTIN'!
YOU!
THE DOCTOR'S HAND DARTS OUT··· AND GRABS THE ACETYLENE TORCH, SNAPPING ON THE FLAME.
THIS IS SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE BEGINNING.
THE TORCH! IF HE GETS NEAR ME WITH THAT THING, I'M A FRIED FISH!
MAYBE THIS WILL STOP HIM!
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, NAMOR HURLS THE TABLE, BUT···
NO GOOD! HIS SUIT'S TOO THICK!
AH-HAA! YOU CANNOT HURT ME!
CRASH!
THERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT RETREAT. SUB-MARINER DASHES INTO A ROOM ACROSS THE HALL, WITH THE DOCTOR AT HIS HEELS!
THAT ROOM··· FOOL! NOW YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!

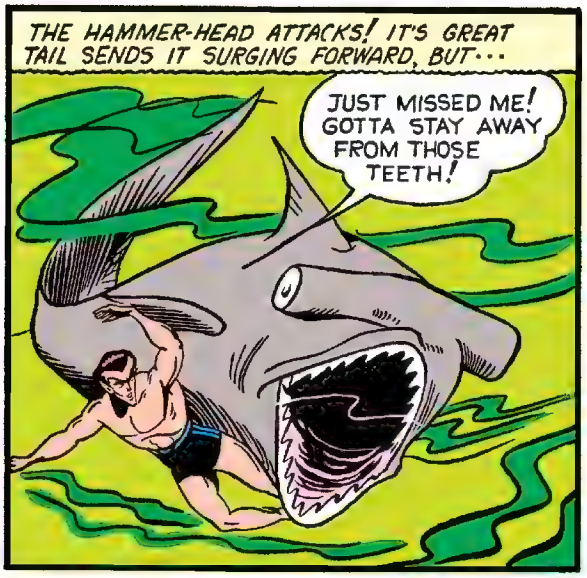

THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT TO THE MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER OF THE DOCTOR.
THREEEEE! WANMERT, MY PET, COME HERE, QUICKLY!
SLAM!

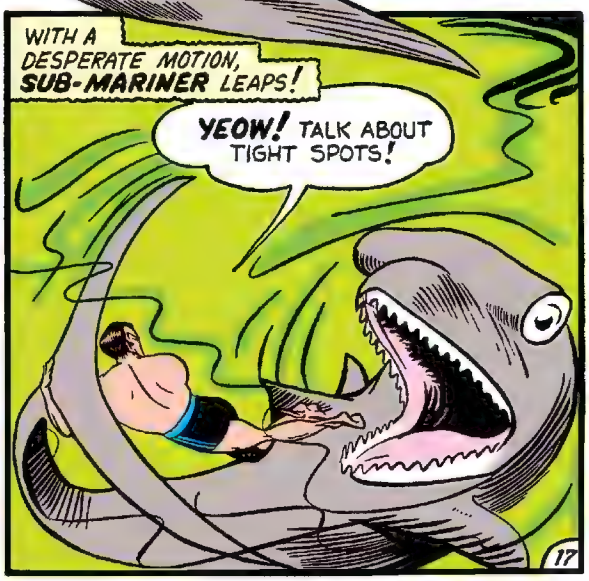
WHILE INSIDE THE ROOM···
JUST LIKE A CRAB IN A CAN— I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!

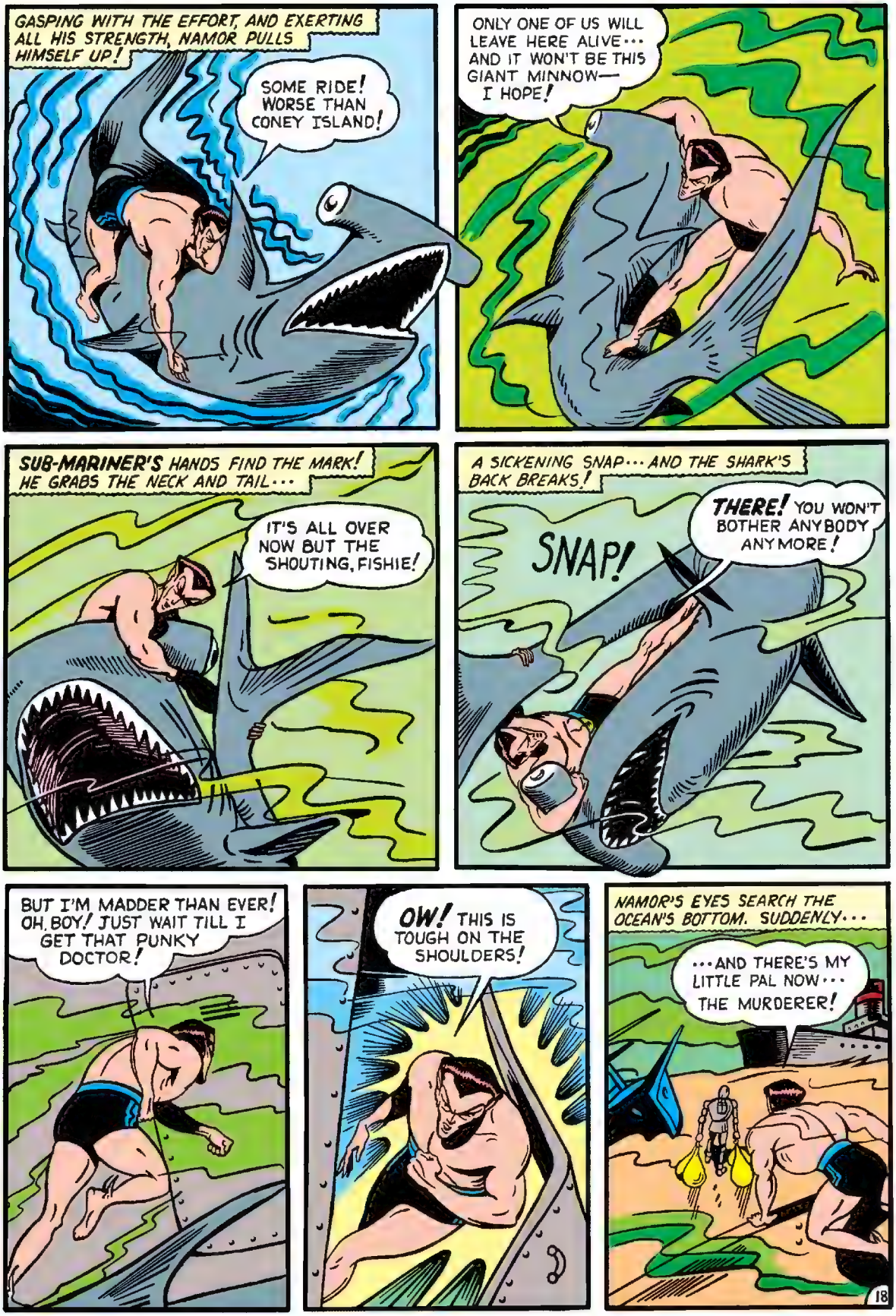

THE DOOR CLANKS OPEN··· AND IN SWIMS A HUGE HAMMER-HEAD SHARK- A MAN-EATER!
IF YOU'RE BORED, MY PET WATCH-DOG, WANMERT, HERE, WILL ENTERTAIN YOU!
HOLY MACKERAL!

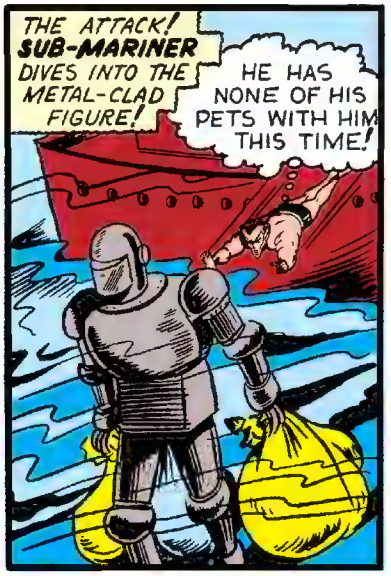
SUB-MARINER REMAINS MOTIONLESS AGAINST THE WALL.
THIS CAN'T KEEP UP LONG!! HE'S SURE TO SPOT ME!

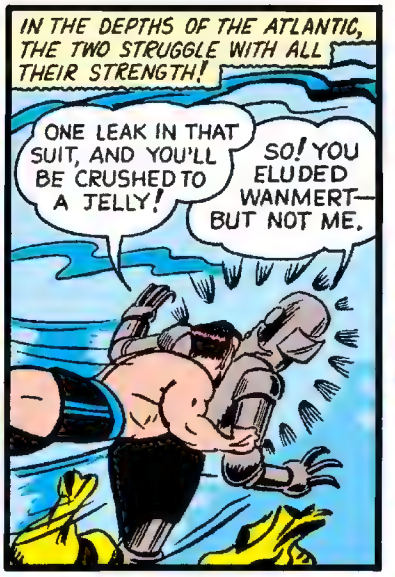

THEN, THE EVIL EYES OF THE HAMMER-HEAD GLIMPSE THE WHITE FIGURE IN THE ROOM.


THE HAMMER-HEAD ATTACKS! IT'S GREAT TAIL SENDS IT SURGING FORWARD, BUT···
JUST MISSED ME! GOTTA STAY AWAY FROM THOSE TEETH!

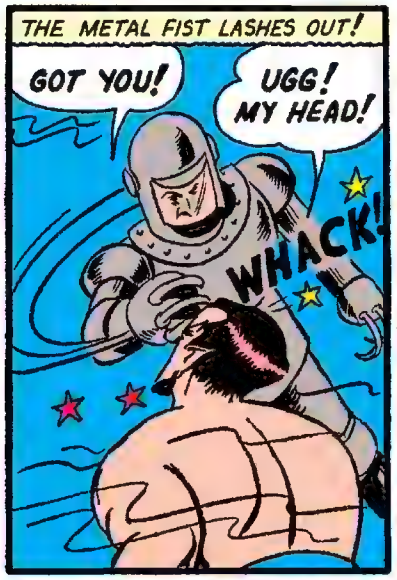

WITH A DESPERATE MOTION, SUB-MARINER LEAPS!
YEOW! TALK ABOUT TIGHT SPOTS!

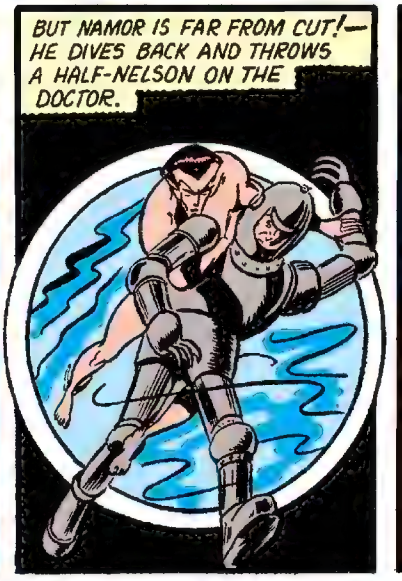

GASPING WITH THE EFFORT, AND EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, NAMOR PULLS HIMSELF UP!
SOME RIDE! WORSE THAN CONEY ISLAND!
ONLY ONE OF US WILL LEAVE HERE ALIVE··· AND IT WON'T BE THIS GIANT MINNOW— I HOPE!
SUB-MARINER'S HANDS FIND THE MARK! HE GRABS THE NECK AND TAIL···
IT'S ALL OVER NOW BUT THE SHOUTING, FISHIE!
A SICKENING SNAP··· AND THE SHARK'S BACK BREAKS!
SNAP!
THERE! YOU WON'T BOTHER ANYBODY ANYMORE!
BUT I'M MADDER THAN EVER! OH, BOY! JUST WAIT TILL I GET THAT PUNKY DOCTOR!
OW! THIS IS TOUGH ON THE SHOULDERS!
NAMOR'S EYES SEARCH THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM. SUDDENLY···
···AND THERE'S MY LITTLE PAL NOW··· THE MURDERER!
18

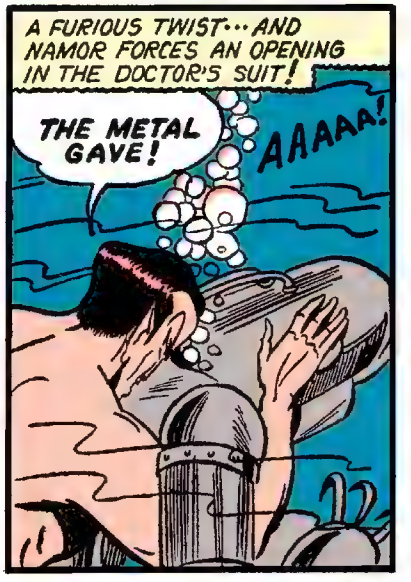

THE ATTACK! SUB-MARINER DIVES INTO THE METAL-CLAD FIGURE!
HE HAS NONE OF HIS PETS WITH HIM THIS TIME!

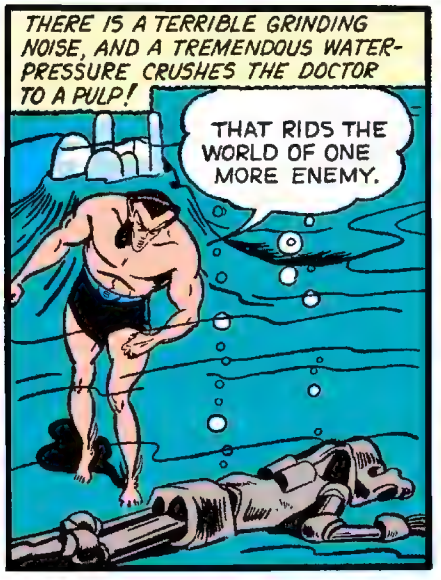

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE ATLANTIC, THE TWO STRUGGLE WITH ALL THEIR STRENGTH!
ONE LEAK IN THAT SUIT, AND YOU'LL BE CRUSHED TO A JELLY!
SO! YOU ELUDED WANMERT— BUT NOT ME.

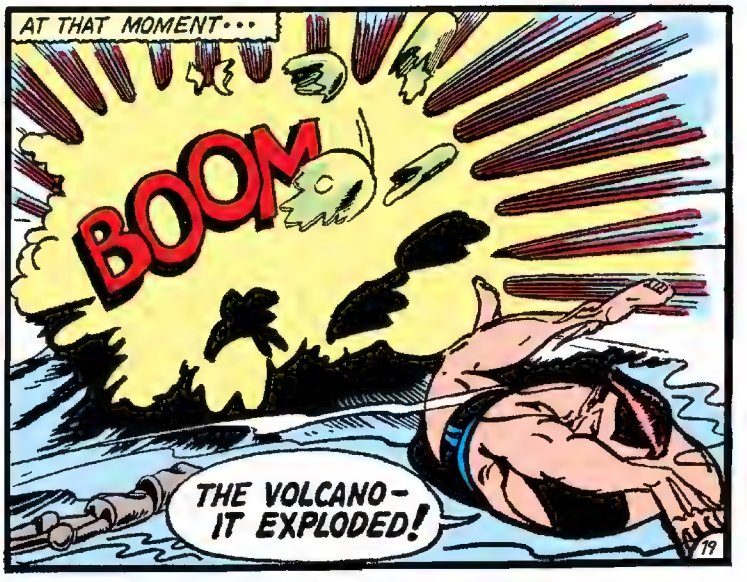
THE SANDS SWIRL WITH THE FURY OF THE BATTLE.
THAT SUIT OF ARMOR MAKES HIM A TOUGH BABY, ALL RIGHT.

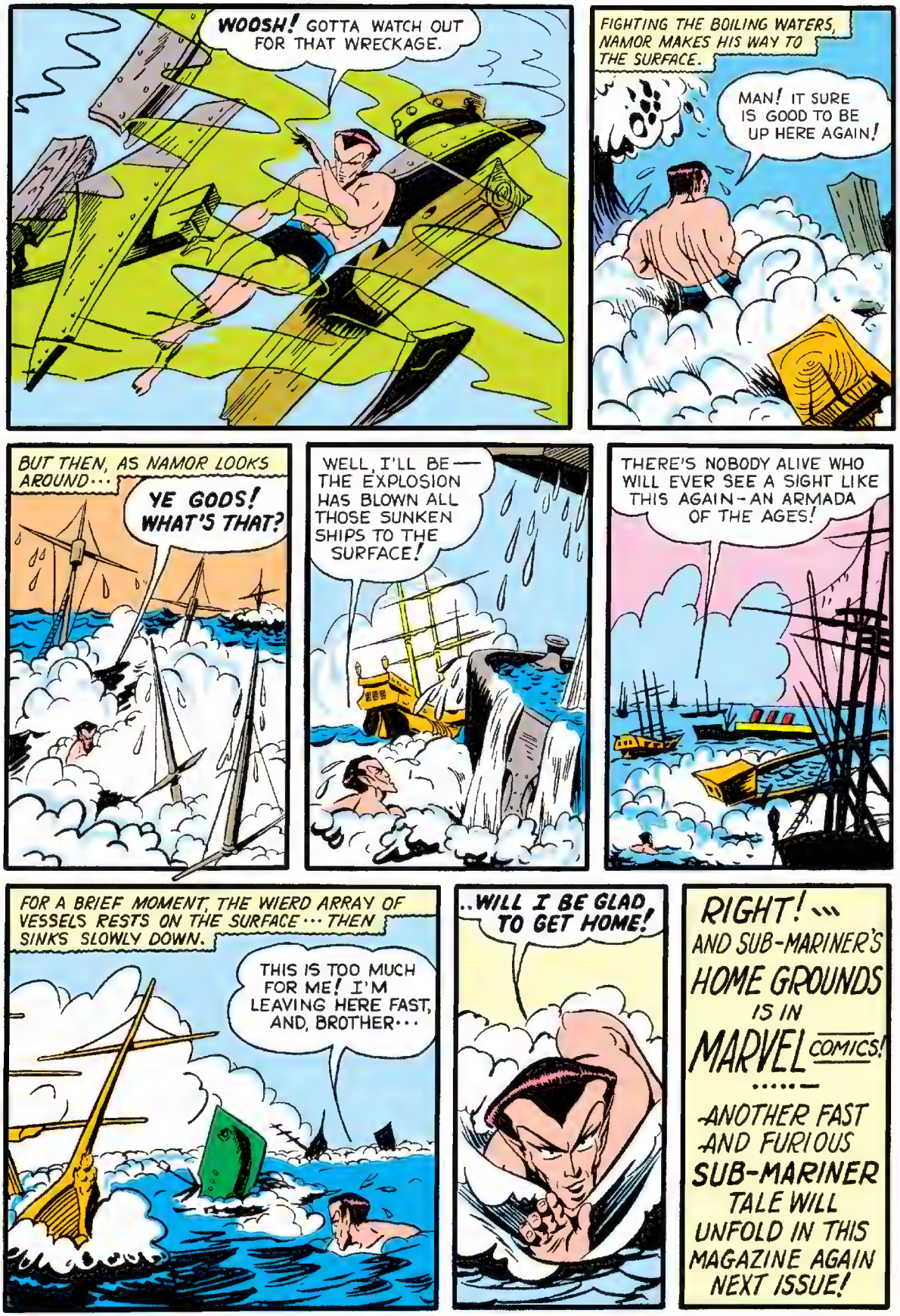

THE METAL FIST LASHES OUT!
GOT YOU!
UGG! MY HEAD!
WHACK!


BUT NAMOR IS FAR FROM CUT!— HE DIVES BACK AND THROWS A HALF-NELSON ON THE DOCTOR.


A FURIOUS TWIST··· AND NAMOR FORCES AN OPENING IN THE DOCTOR'S SUIT!
THE METAL GAVE!
AAAAA!


THERE IS A TERRIBLE GRINDING NOISE, AND A TREMENDOUS WATER-PRESSURE CRUSHES THE DOCTOR TO A PULP!
THAT RIDS THE WORLD OF ONE MORE ENEMY.


AT THAT MOMENT···
BOOM
THE VOLCANO— IT EXPLODED!


WOOSH! GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR THAT WRECKAGE.
FIGHTING THE BOILING WATERS, NAMOR MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE.
MAN! IT SURE IS GOOD TO BE UP HERE AGAIN!
BUT THEN, AS NAMOR LOOKS AROUND···
YE GODS! WHAT'S THAT?
WELL, I'LL BE— THE EXPLOSION HAS BLOWN ALL THOSE SUNKEN SHIPS TO THE SURFACE!
THERE'S NOBODY ALIVE WHO WILL EVER SEE A SIGHT LIKE THIS AGAIN-AN ARMADA OF THE AGES!
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THE WIERD ARRAY OF VESSELS RESTS ON THE SURFACE··· THEN SINKS SLOWLY DOWN.
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'M LEAVING HERE FAST, AND, BROTHER···
..WILL I BE GLAD TO GET HOME!
RIGHT! ··· AND SUB-MARINER'S HOME GROUNDS IS IN MARVEL COMICS!
-ANOTHER FAST AND FURIOUS SUB-MARINER TALE WILL UNFOLD IN THIS MAGAZINE AGAIN NEXT ISSUE!

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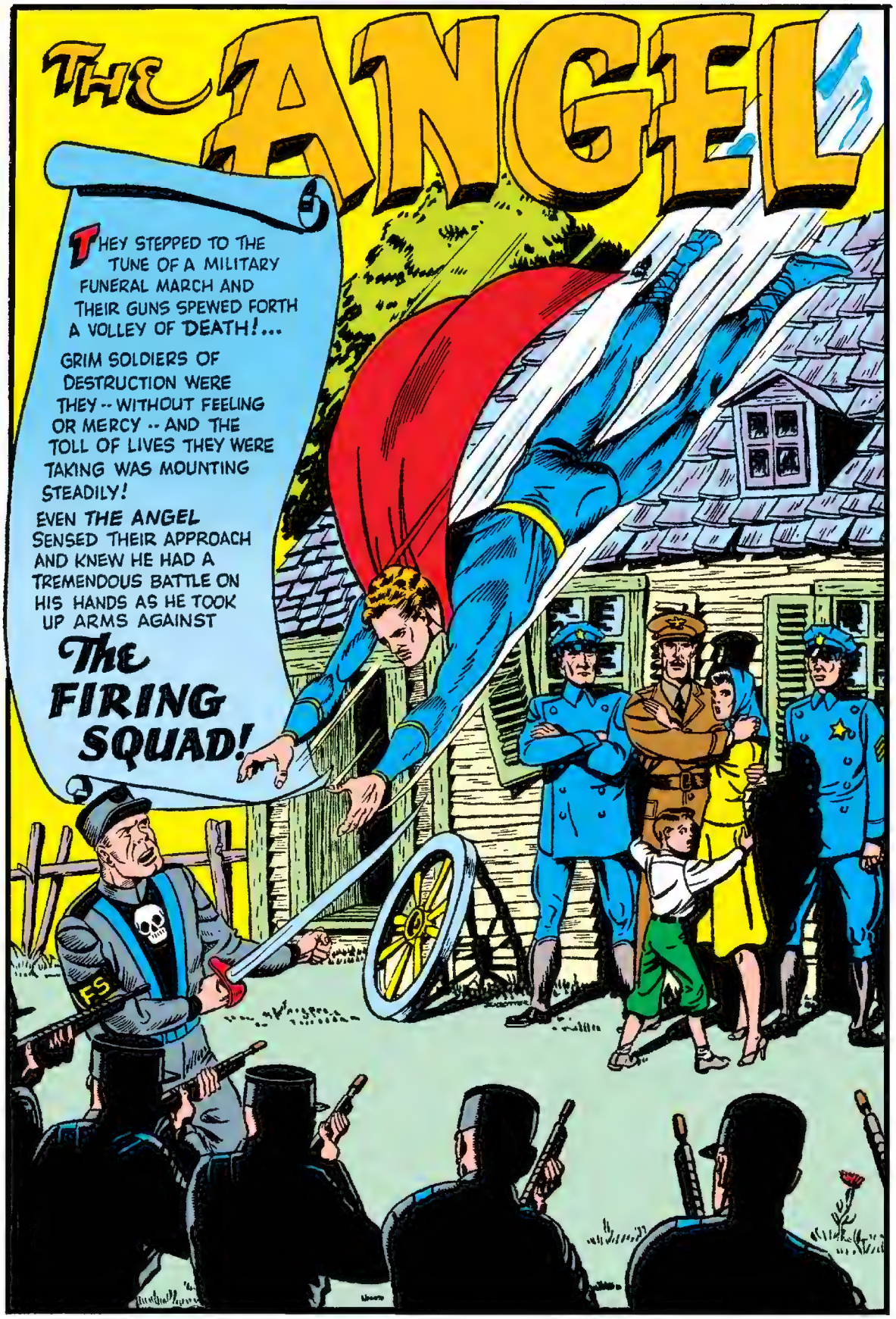
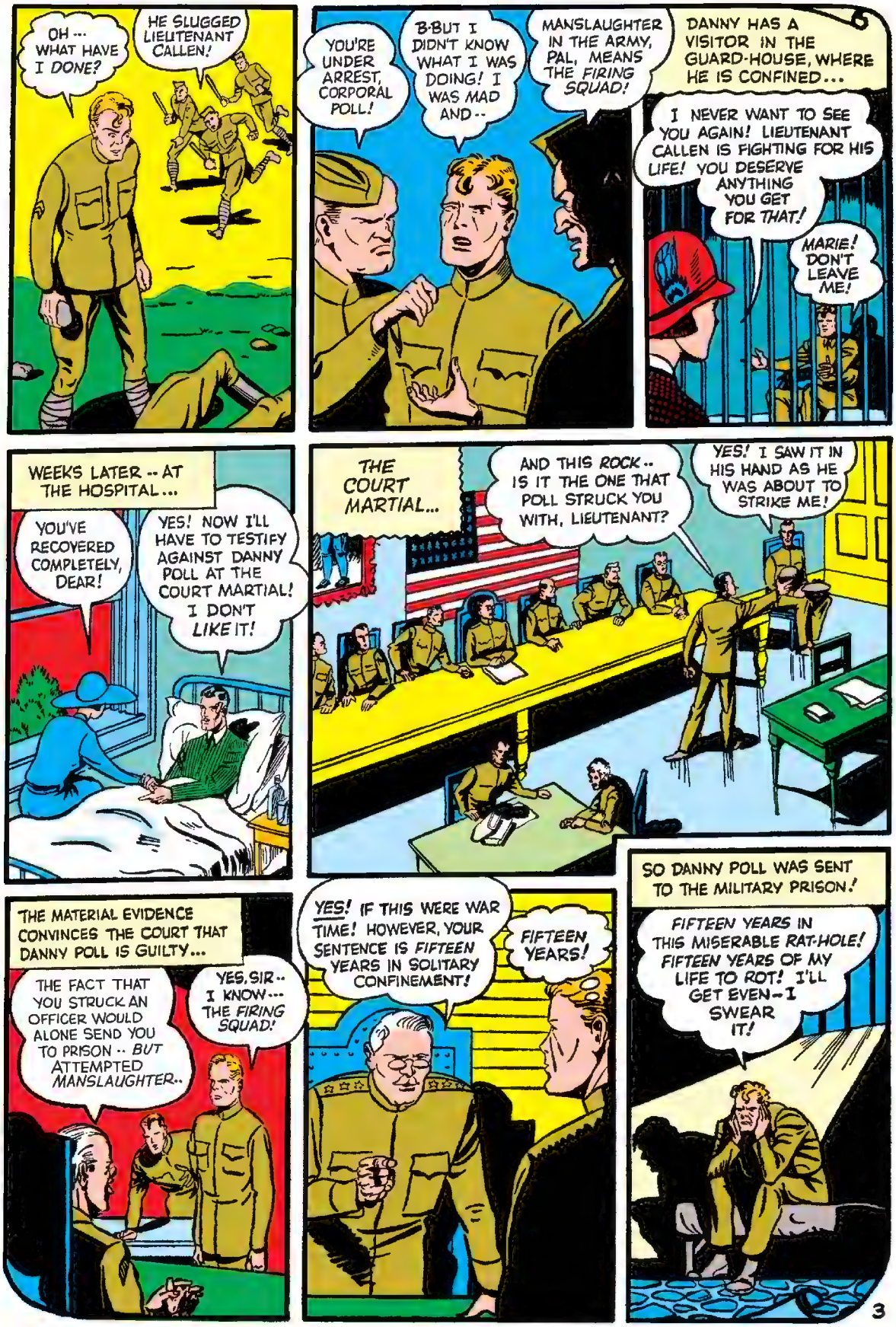

THE ANGEL
THEY STEPPED TO THE TUNE OF A MILITARY FUNERAL MARCH AND THEIR GUNS SPEWED FORTH A VOLLEY OF DEATH!...
GRIM SOLDIERS OF DESTRUCTION WERE THEY -- WITHOUT FEELING OR MERCY -- AND THE TOLL OF LIVES THEY WERE TAKING WAS MOUNTING STEADILY!
EVEN THE ANGEL SENSED THEIR APPROACH AND KNEW HE HAD A TREMENDOUS BATTLE ON HIS HANDS AS HE TOOK UP ARMS AGAINST
The FIRING SQUAD!
FS

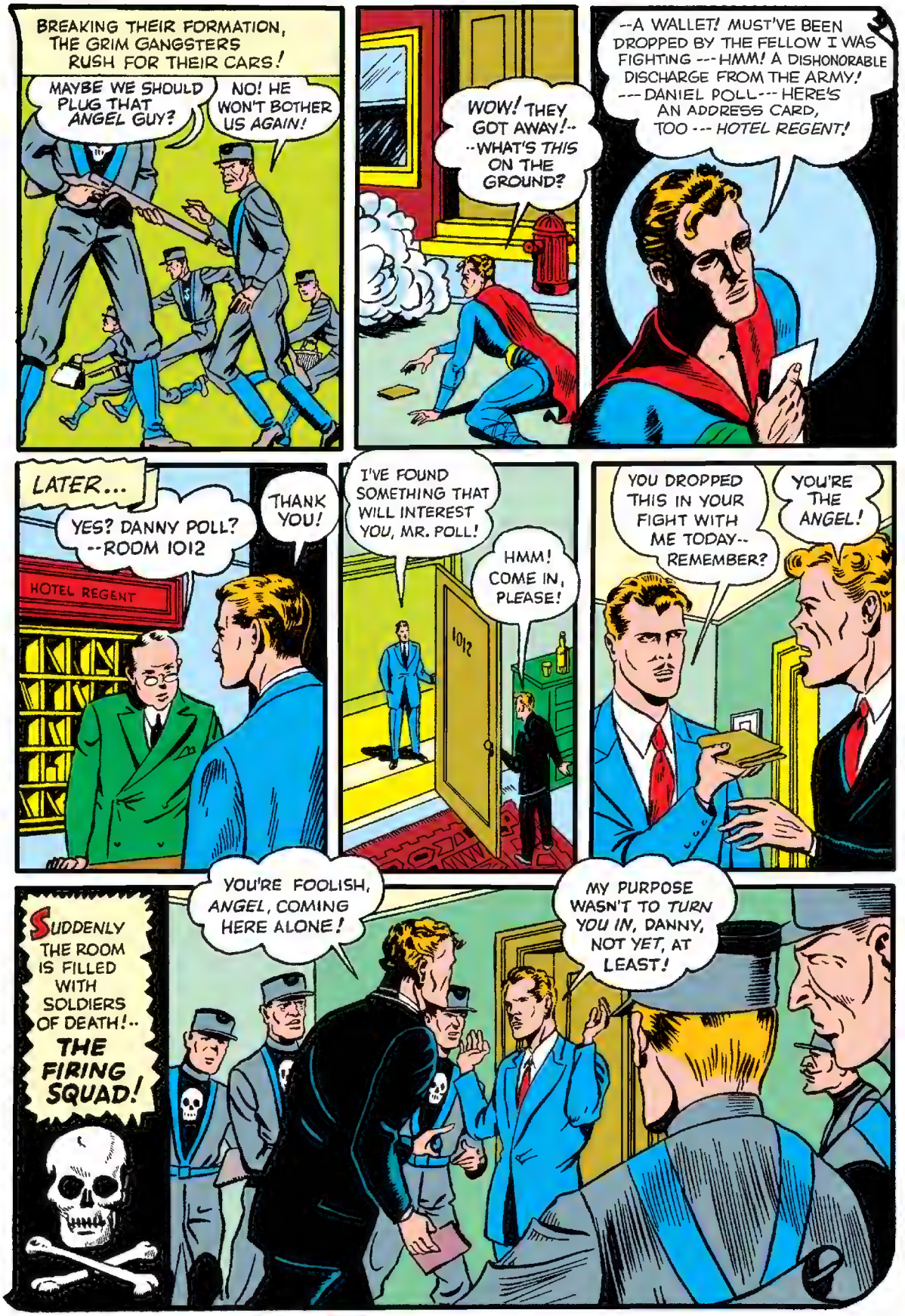
IN HIS SECLUDED STUDY, THE ANGEL HAS JUST FINISHED TYPING OUT A CASE RECORD...
THERE! --IT'S COMPLETED!
, and so Danny Poll's fantastic career came to an end-- a JUST-- MISERABLE END!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR THE STORY OF DANNY POLL? THEN SUPPOSE WE ROLL BACK THE CURTAIN OF TIME SIXTEEN YEARS!
AT THAT TIME, DANNY WAS A CORPORAL IN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY, AND ONE DAY...
THERE'S LIEUTENANT CALLEN -- THAT PHONEY!
LISTEN, CALLEN! I TOLD YOU TO LAY OFF OF MARIE! SHE'S ENGAGED TO ME -- AND BESIDES ...
CORROPAL POLL! WATCH HOW YOU ADDRESS AN OFFICER! REMEMBER YOU ARE IN THE ARMY!
DAN BECOMES FURIOUS AND LUNGES FOR THE LIEUTENANT, BUT...
WHY, YOU-- OWW!
SOCK!
YOU'VE BEEN BEGGING FOR THIS, CORPORAL POLL!
THE RAT! I'LL BREAK HIS HEAD!
WITH BLIND ANGER, DANNY SWINGS THE HEAVY ROCK IN HIS HAND ...
SO-- I'M A PUNK, EH?
UGH!


OH ... WHAT HAVE I DONE?
HE SLUGGED LIEUTENANT CALLEN!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CORPORAL POLL!
B-BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING! I WAS MAD AND--
MANSLAUGHTER IN THE ARMY, PAL, MEANS THE FIRING SQUAD!
DANNY HAS A VISITOR IN THE GUARD-HOUSE, WHERE HE IS CONFINED...
I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! LIEUTENANT CALLEN IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE! YOU DESERVE ANYTHING YOU GET FOR THAT!
MARIE! DON'T LEAVE ME!
WEEKS LATER -- AT THE HOSPITAL...
YOU'VE RECOVERED COMPLETELY, DEAR!
YES! NOW I'LL HAVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST DANNY POLL AT THE COURT MARTIAL! I DON'T LIKE IT!
THE COURT MARTIAL...
AND THIS ROCK.. IS IT THE ONE THAT POLL STRUCK YOU WITH, LIEUTENANT?
YES! I SAW IT IN HIS HAND AS HE WAS ABOUT TO STRIKE ME!
THE MATERIAL EVIDENCE CONVINCES THE COURT THAT DANNY POLL IS GUILTY...
THE FACT THAT YOU STRUCK AN OFFICER WOULD ALONE SEND YOU TO PRISON .. BUT ATTEMPTED MANSLAUGHTER..
YES, SIR.. I KNOW... THE FIRING SQUAD!
YES! IF THIS WERE WAR TIME! HOWEVER, YOUR SENTENCE IS FIFTEEN YEARS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!
FIFTEEN YEARS!
SO DANNY POLL WAS SENT TO THE MILITARY PRISON!
FIFTEEN YEARS IN THIS MISERABLE RAT-HOLE! FIFTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE TO ROT! I'LL GET EVEN--I SWEAR IT!

TIME PASSES ... FIFTEEN YEARS LATER ...
TWO DAYS TO GO AND I LEAVE THIS BUG-HOUSE! HAH! THEN ..
SO LONG, CHUM! BE GOOD!
FREE! FREE! WITH A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY! HMM! ... FIRING SQUAD! WHY DOESN'T THAT THOUGHT EVER LEAVE ME?
DAYS LATER... IN A LARGE CITY...
MAZDOLA SAVINGS BANK
THINGS CERTAINLY HAVE CHANGED IN FIFTEEN YEARS! SAY! --- WHAT'S ALL THAT SHOOTING?
RAT!-TAT!-TAT!-
A ROBBERY! THOSE MEN -- GUNS!.. THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED! .. MEN AND GUNS!
SCRAM INTO THE CAR BEFORE THE COPS GIT HERE!
DROPPING HIS LUGGAGE, DANNY POLL LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE FLEEING GANGSTERS' CAR...
THEY THINK THEY ARE TOUGH! JUST WAIT'LL THEY HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER THEM!
THE CAR HALTS IN FRONT OF A FARMHOUSE ...
ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGS! GET THE SWAG INSIDE! WE'LL BE SAFE HERE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
1942
THEY'RE ALL INSIDE! CARELESS OF THEM TO LEAVE THIS NOISEMAKER HERE ---

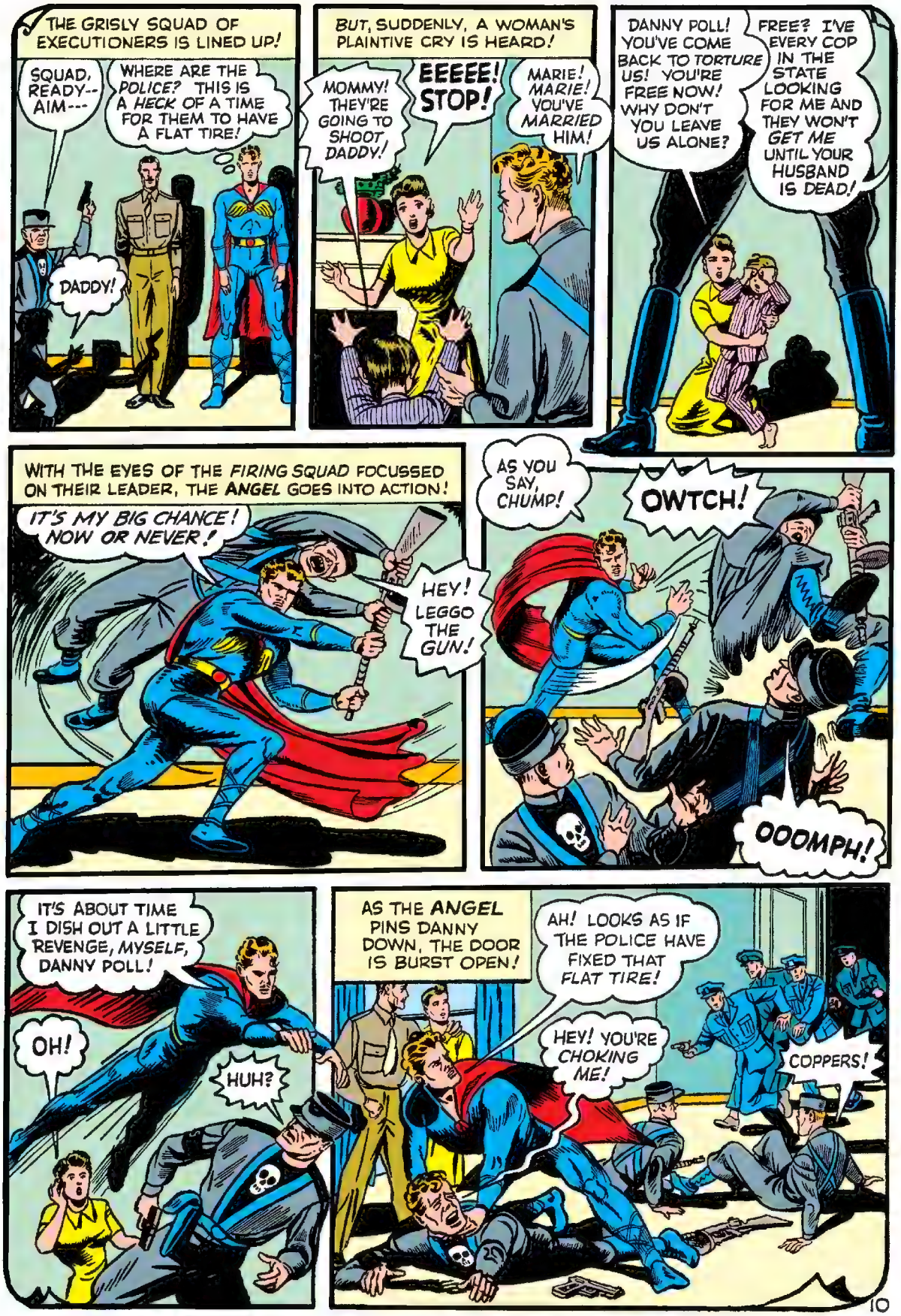
INSIDE...
DON'T GET ITCHY FINGERS! FIFTY PERCENT OF THIS KUSH IS MINE! YOU BOYS'LL DIVVY THE REST! -- ANY COMPLAINTS?
NAW, RED! BUT WE DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK AND --
SUDDENLY!...
-- YOUR BOSS GETS THE GRAVY! RIGHT?
AGHRR!
YEAH -- HUH? ...
RATATATAT!
THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT WITH DANNY POLL AS YOUR BOSS! FIRST, THIS MONEY --- DIVIDE IT EVENLY AMONG YOU! ANY OBJECTIONS?
OBJECTIONS?-- CRIPES --NO!
WE'RE WITH YOU, PAL!
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU MUGS IS, YOU'RE NOT ORGANIZED, LIKE THE ARMY! IF YOU'LL FALL IN WITH ME, I'LL MAKE YOU A REAL MILITARY MOB! THE SPLIT IS EVEN-STEVEN ALL AROUND! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
START DRILLIN' US, MAJOR!
DANNY SETS UP A RIGID MILITARY PROGRAM WITH DAILY DRILLS AND PRECISION GANGSTER MANEUVERS.
HUP, HUP, HUP... ONE, TWO... ABOUT, FACE! SINGLE LINE, MARCH!
CHEE! DISS IS DE NUTS!
WEEKS LATER, AND THE FIRING SQUAD IS READY TO PROCEED WITH ITS BLACK CAMPAIGN!
COPPERS -- WATCH OUT!
FIRE!
BANG!
THAT AFTERNOON...
SAVINGS BANK
SQUAD, FALL IN! MAKE IT SNAPPY! THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE'N FIVE MINUTES!
RIGHT, GENERAL!

SIX UNIFORMED GANGSTERS, LED BY A GRIM-FACED LEADER, MARCH INTO THE BANK...
WHAT IN ERIN! --LOOKS LIKE A MILITARY STICK-UP!
AIR RAID RULES
AS THE TELLERS FINGER REACHES FOR THE ALARM...
SQUAD, FIRE!
AGHRR--
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS
ANYONE ELSE TRYING TO SEND AN ALARM WILL RECEIVE THE SAME!
THE FIRING SQUAD MARCHES OUT IN MILITARY ORDER, WITH TWO MEN COVERING THE RETREAT!
TO THE CARS!
CHEE! DIS WOIKS TO A "T"!
SUDDENLY A DARK, SIGNIFICANT SHADOW FALLS AT THEIR FEET-- THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
YIPES! THE ANGEL!
STEADY, MEN!
SQUAD, FIRE!
AND I THOUGHT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS WERE FANTASTIC!
DIDN'T COUNT ON ME, EH?
U-HHH!
OWW-W!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, ANGEL! THESE BRASS KNUCKLES WILL COVER UP MY ERROR!


BREAKING THEIR FORMATION, THE GRIM GANGSTERS RUSH FOR THEIR CARS!
MAYBE WE SHOULD PLUG THAT ANGEL GUY?
NO! HE WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!
WOW! THEY GOT AWAY!-- --WHAT'S THIS ON THE GROUND?
--A WALLET! MUST'VE BEEN DROPPED BY THE FELLOW I WAS FIGHTING --- HMM! A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY! --- DANIEL POLL--- HERE'S AN ADDRESS CARD, TOO --- HOTEL REGENT!
LATER...
YES? DANNY POLL? --ROOM 1012
THANK YOU!
HOTEL REGENT
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING THAT WILL INTEREST YOU, MR. POLL!
HMM! COME IN, PLEASE!
1012
YOU DROPPED THIS IN YOUR FIGHT WITH ME TODAY-- REMEMBER?
YOU'RE THE ANGEL!
SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH SOLDIERS OF DEATH!-- THE FIRING SQUAD!
YOU'RE FOOLISH, ANGEL, COMING HERE ALONE!
MY PURPOSE WASN'T TO TURN YOU IN, DANNY, NOT YET, AT LEAST!

FOR BEING SUCH A NICE GUY AND NOT CALLING THE COPS, I'M GOING TO LET YOU GO! -- OUT THE WINDOW!
HOW CONSIDERATE OF YOU!
SEIZING THE ANGEL, THE FIRING SQUAD HEAVES HIM OUT OF THE WINDOW TEN FLOORS ABOVE THE PAVEMENT!
ONE --- TWO --- THREE! OUT!
NICE TIMING, BOYS! NOW LET'S GET TOGETHER --I HAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB OF ALL TO COMPLETE!
BUT THE ANGEL'S FINGERS HAVE FOUND A LIFE-SAVING EDGE -- A PAINTER'S SCAFFOLD!
LOOKS MIGHTY HARD DOWN THERE! BETTER BOOST MYSELF UP OR THE WHITE WINGS'LL HAVE A MESSY JOB TO DO!
HMM! I COULD HOIST MYSELF UP ON THIS SCAFFOLD!
THIS IS A KIDNAP JOB, -- MAJOR CALLEN'S SON! MAJOR CALLEN INHERITED A FORTUNE WHEN HIS FATHER DIED. YOU'RE GOING TO GET MOST OF THE HERITAGE -- AND I SHALL GET REVENGE!
KIDNAPPING -- REVENGE -- I DON'T GET IT!
THE ANGEL HOISTS HIMSELF TO THE ROOF AND ---
I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, SO I'M GOING TO WARN MAJOR CULLEN AS THE ANGEL!
IN HIS STUDY AT HIS HOME, MAJOR CALLEN SUDDENLY LOOKS UP! ...
THAT SHADOW! THE ANGEL!
YES, MAJOR CALLEN! THE ANGEL ON URGENT BUSINESS!

MAJOR CALLEN--DO YOU KNOW DANNY POLL?
Y-YES! IS HE ALIVE? HE WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR ATTACKING ME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!
OH! NO WONDER HE'S OUT FOR REVENGE! HE'S GOING TO KIDNAP YOUR SON! --IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
H-HE CAN'T! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
YES, CHIEF HANNIGAN! YOU'D BETTER SEND THEM OVER AT ONCE!
WHAT'S THAT?
NO FUNNY MOVES! FOOLED YOU, ANGEL! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD MILITARY PROCEDURE TO ATTACK BEFORE THE TIME PLANNED! EH, MAJOR?
DANNY POLL--Y-YOU?
THIS GUY'S A MILITARY GENIUS!
YOU REMEMBER ME, MAJOR! FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON ARE MARKED ON MY FACE! --FIFTEEN YEARS WHICH YOU ARE GOING TO PAY FOR--IN BLOOD!
DAN--
HERE'S THE KID, DANNY!
HMM! LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU, MAJOR!
N-NO! DANNY! DON'T HURT MY BOY!
BE REASONABLE!
REASONABLE? --YOU SQUIRMING SNAKE! WERE YOU REASONABLE AT THE TRIAL? DON'T WORRY! --I'M NO KID KILLER! GET AGAINST THE WALL YOURSELF! --YOU TOO, ANGEL! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVER LIVED AFTER THAT DROP FROM THE WINDOW, BUT I'M GOING TO DRAW THE FINAL CURTAIN ON YOU TWO NOW -- FOR GOOD!

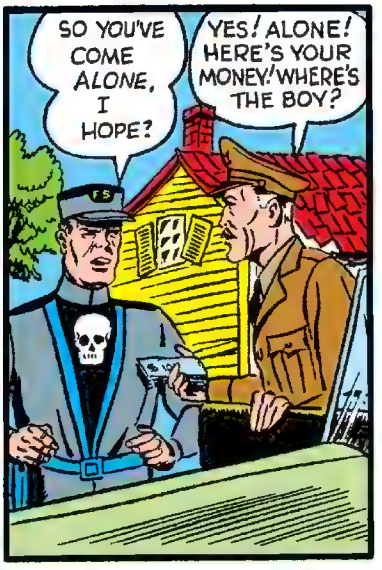

THE GRISLY SQUAD OF EXECUTIONERS IS LINED UP!
SQUAD, READY--AIM---
WHERE ARE THE POLICE? THIS IS A HECK OF A TIME FOR THEM TO HAVE A FLAT TIRE!
DADDY!
BUT, SUDDENLY, A WOMAN'S PLAINTIVE CRY IS HEARD!
MOMMY! THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT DADDY!
EEEEE! STOP!
MARIE! MARIE! YOU'VE MARRIED HIM!
DANNY POLL! YOU'VE COME BACK TO TORTURE US! YOU'RE FREE NOW! WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE US ALONE?
FREE? I'VE EVERY COP IN THE STATE LOOKING FOR ME AND THEY WON'T GET ME UNTIL YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD!
WITH THE EYES OF THE FIRING SQUAD FOCUSSED ON THEIR LEADER, THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION!
IT'S MY BIG CHANCE! NOW OR NEVER!
HEY! LEGGO THE GUN!
AS YOU SAY, CHUMP!
OWTCH!
OOOMPH!
IT'S ABOUT TIME I DISH OUT A LITTLE REVENGE, MYSELF, DANNY POLL!
OH!
HUH?
AS THE ANGEL PINS DANNY DOWN, THE DOOR IS BURST OPEN!
AH! LOOKS AS IF THE POLICE HAVE FIXED THAT FLAT TIRE!
HEY! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!
COPPERS!

TRY SOME WARM SOUP, COPPERS!
UHH!
RATATATA
RATATATATA
UGHRR!
THE FIRING SQUAD RUNS FOR THE DOOR!
LET'S BEAT IT!
YEAH! WE'LL GET DANNY OUT OF THIS LATER!
THEY GOT AWAY! MURDERED TWO OF OUR MEN!
WELL, HERE'S THE LEADER! TAKE HIM!
YOU BUTCHERER! YOU'LL BURN FOR THIS!
I MISSED THE FIRING SQUAD ONCE, REMEMBER?
LATER ... IN JAIL ...
NO! I DON'T WANT TO SEE MRS. CULLEN! TELL HER TO GO AWAY!
OKAY, PAL! KEEP YOUR STRIPES ON!
THE TRIAL OPENS WITH THE STATE CALLING ITS FIRST WITNESS ...
MAJOR CULLEN TO THE STAND, PLEASE!
OH, JOHN!
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR, DEAR!
THEN ...
FIND OUT WHAT THAT COMMOTION IS OUTSIDE THE COURT AND QUIET IT DOWN!
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
BUT THE "COMMOTION" GETS LOUDER! AND MACHINE-GUNS BEGIN TO RATTLE AS THE COURT-ROOM DOOR OPENS!
THE FIRING SQUAD!
AGHR!
WE'RE COMIN', BOSS! DESE COPPERS AIN'T GONNA STOP US!
RATATA --
RATATATATAT --

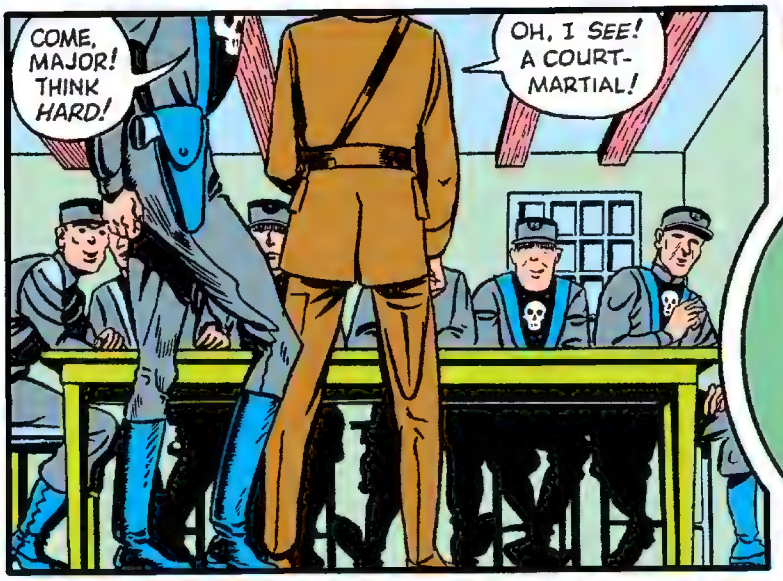
HERE Y'ARE, DANNY! USE THIS RATTLE!
THANKS, BEN!
C'MON, SONNY! YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE YOUR FOLKS FOR A WHILE!
DANNY! STOP!
NO! NO! I WANT MY MOMMY!
QUICKLY, THE ANGEL LEAPS FOR DANNY!
WHY DON'T YOU STOP... YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!
AND WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?
HAVE SOME TEETH EXTRACTED FOR NOTHING!
WOW!
THE FIRING SQUAD BOLTS FOR THE DOOR!
SOUP 'EM UP, BOYS!
YEAH! HA! SOUP 'EM UP WITH HOT LEAD!
RATATATATA
RATATAT
RATATA
THERE'S OUR CHARIOTS, CHIEF! WE KIN USE THE OLD COUNTRY-HOUSE HIDE-OUT!
LOOKS LIKE THE TRAINING I GAVE YOU MUGS DIDN'T GO TO WASTE!
LATE AGAIN! OWWW! MY JAW!

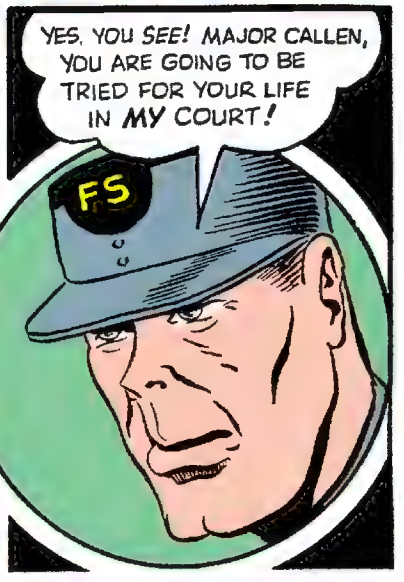
THE NEXT DAY, AT MAJOR CALLEN'S HOME...
IT'S A NOTE FROM DANNY-- SLIPPED IN OUR MAILBOX!
I'D BETTER CALL THE ANGEL!
THE ANGEL ARRIVES!
HMM!!! IF YOU WANT YOUR SON, HAVE $20,000. READY. INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW!
THEY SHOULD HAVE SHOT DANNY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!
WHAT SHALL WE DO?
IT'S UP TO YOU, MAJOR CALLEN!
I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE! I KNOW HE WANTS MY LIFE! --IT'S MY SON-- OR ME!
OH, JOHN! IT'S SURE DEATH!
THE MAJOR IS RIGHT! HE MUST RISK IT AND GO! EVERYTHING SHOULD TURN OUT ALL RIGHT! WE'LL WAIT FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!
LATER... ANOTHER NOTE!
"YOU WILL COME ALONE AND TURN IN AT THE FIRST FARM-HOUSE PAST THE WILLOW ROAD INTERSECTION ON THE MERRITT HIGHWAY. DO NOT CALL THE POLICE, OR ----- THE FIRING SQUAD."
MERRITT HIGHWAY, EH?
WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE, ANGEL!
I NEVER DREAMED DANNY WOULD GO TO THIS EXTREME TO GET BACK AT ME!
HE'S A DANGEROUSLY CLEVER MAN BUT, LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, HE'LL DESTROY HIMSELF!
THERE'S THE FARM-HOUSE! I'D BETTER GET OUT NOW -- YOU GO UP ALONE! --COURAGE, NOW!
I ONLY HOPE THAT DANNY WILL KEEP HIS WORD!

THERE ARE THOSE INFERNAL CUT-THROATS! DANNY'D BE LOST WITHOUT THEM!


SO YOU'VE COME ALONE, I HOPE?
YES! ALONE! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! WHERE'S THE BOY?

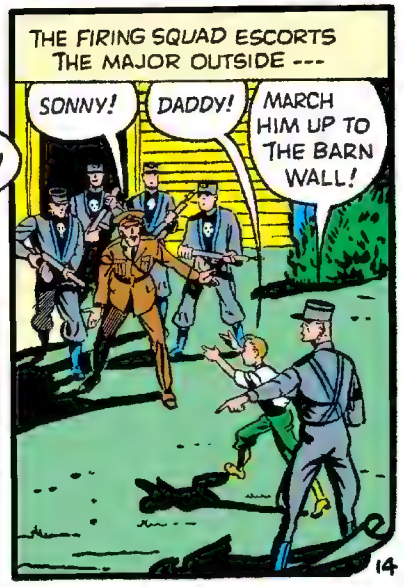
THE BOY'S ALL RIGHT! FIRST WE HAVE SOME URGENT AND OFFICIAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO --- DOES THIS ROOM LOOK FAMILIAR?
ER-- NO! --- WHY?


COME, MAJOR! THINK HARD!
OH, I SEE! A COURT-MARTIAL!


YES, YOU SEE! MAJOR CALLEN, YOU ARE GOING TO BE TRIED FOR YOUR LIFE IN MY COURT!
FS

THE MACABRE COURT-MARTIAL PROCEEDS...
THERE'S NO NEED OF TELLING THE JUDGES THE FACTS OF THIS CASE! THEY KNOW THEM! ALL I WANT IS A VERDICT!
VERDICT? THERE HAS BEEN NO TRIAL YET!

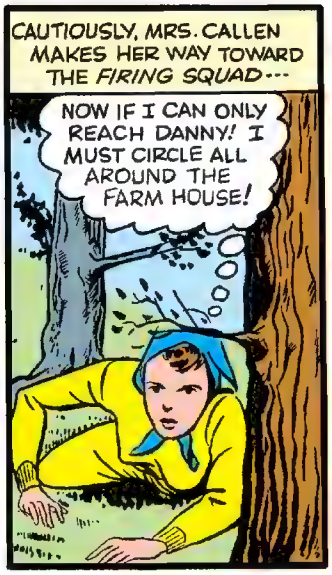
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT -- GUILTY!
AND THE PENALTY, MAJOR, IS-- DEATH!
THAT'S ABSURD!


THE FIRING SQUAD ESCORTS THE MAJOR OUTSIDE ---
SONNY!
DADDY!
MARCH HIM UP TO THE BARN WALL!

READY... AIM...
?
BUT, BEFORE THE FINAL COMMAND CAN BE ISSUED...
HOLD YOUR FIRE, DODOS! --- I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO FLAME ABOUT!
THE ANGEL!
GIVE ME THAT DEATH-RATTLER, CASANOVA!
HEY!
SUDDENLY A HAIL OF SLUGS HURTLES THE MACHINE-GUN OUT OF THE ANGEL'S GRIP!
OW-W! THAT HURTS!
DROP IT, ANGEL, AND STAND STILL!
AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A SECOND EDITION OF THE MISSING LINK!
UP WITH EM, ANGEL!
CRACK!
IT'S IMPOLITE TO TALK BEHIND ONE'S BACK!
UGH!

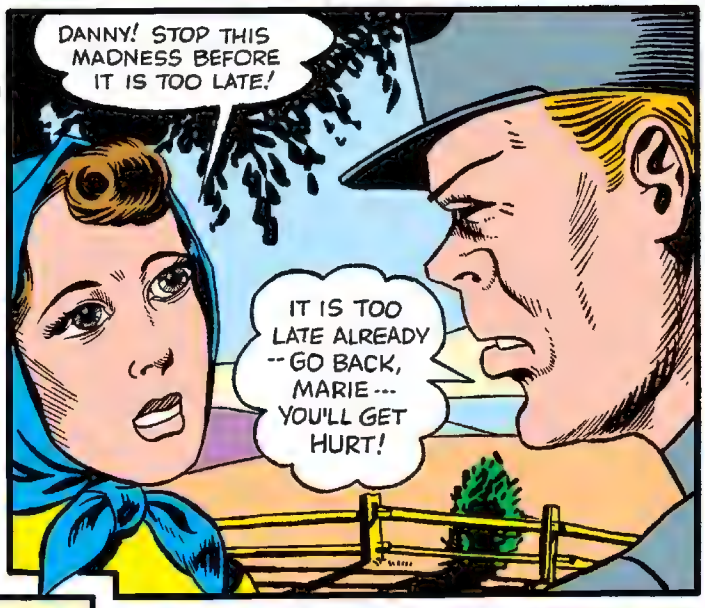
YOU'VE INTERFERED ONCE TOO OFTEN, ANGEL! -- I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR HEAD OFF WITH SLUGS FROM THIS GUN!
YOU THINK OF THE MOST GORY SUBJECTS!
SUDDENLY THE ANGEL'S FEET LASH UP...
HERE'S ONE I OWE YOU! -- MORE TO COME!
OW!
THUD!
AS DANNY GROPES FOR HIS GUN ...
OWHOOOOO!
A SIREN! POLICE!
THREE CARLOADS OF POLICE ARRIVE ...
WATCH OUT! THOSE BOZOS ARE EQUIPPED WITH TOMMY GUNS!
WE HAVE 'EM, TOO!
THIS'LL PUT YOU OUT O' THE WAY, ANGEL!
THAT'S IT, BEN! GIVE THOSE COPS A HOT RECEPTION!
BEFORE THE POLICE CAN TAKE COVER, A WITHERING STREAM OF BULLETS RAINS UPON THEM!
OH!
FIND COVER! KEEP SHOOTIN'!
DON'T SHOW YOUR HEADS, AND PLUG EVERY BLUE-COAT WHO SHOWS HIS RED NOSE!
RIGHT, DANNY! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN NOW!

MEANWHILE ...
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CALLED UP, MRS. CALLEN -- WE'LL HAVE THESE GUNMEN IN JAIL BEFORE THE NIGHT IS UP! WATCH IT!
I--I MUST STOP DANNY!

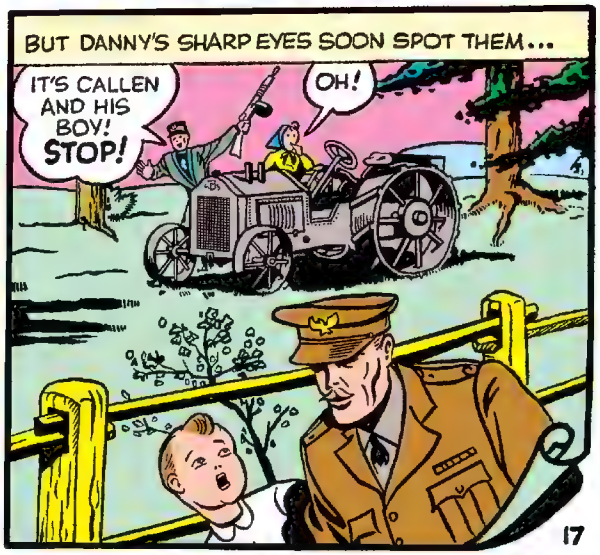

CAUTIOUSLY, MRS. CALLEN MAKES HER WAY TOWARD THE FIRING SQUAD ---
NOW IF I CAN ONLY REACH DANNY! I MUST CIRCLE ALL AROUND THE FARM HOUSE!

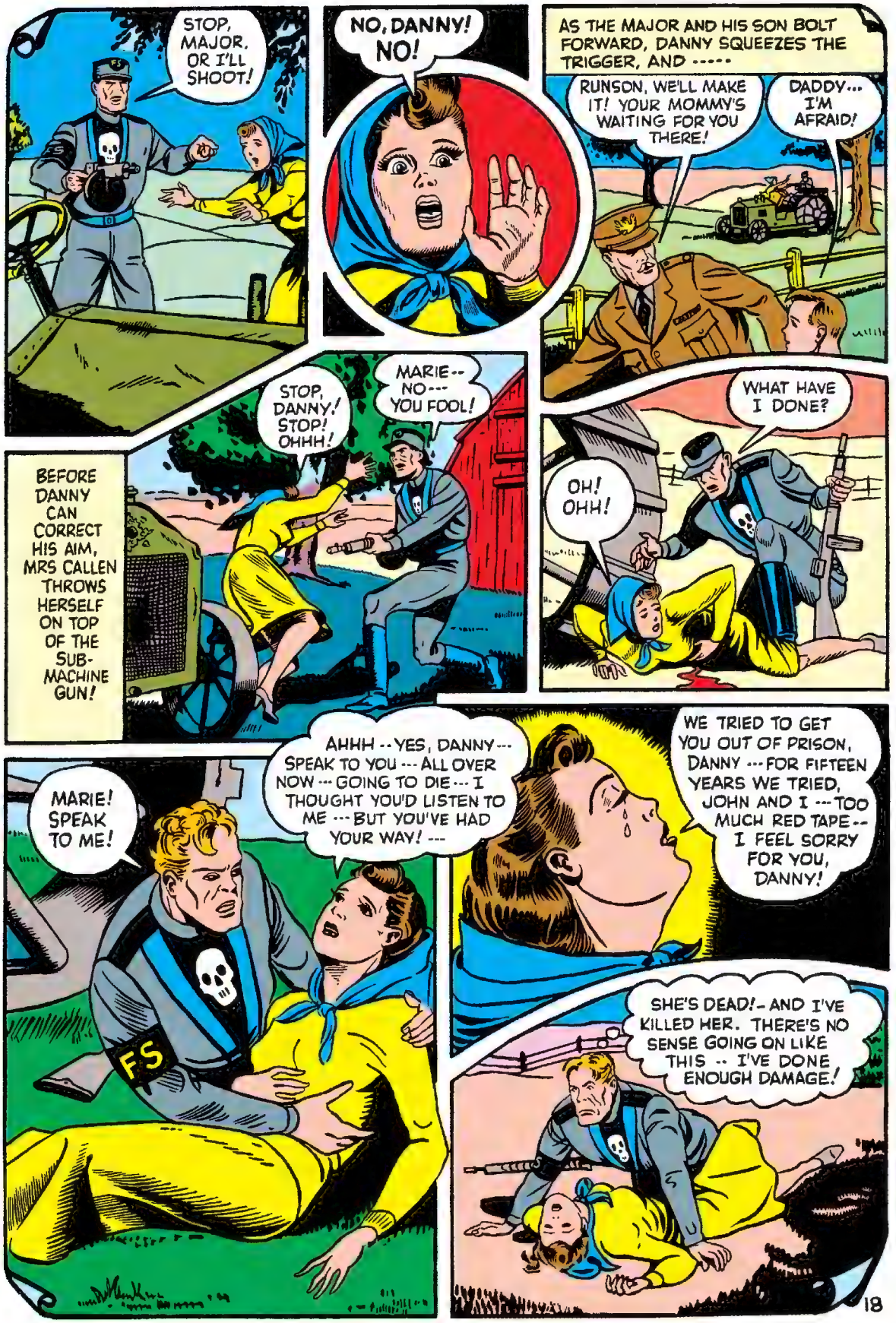
BEHIND THE FIRING LINE ...
THERE HE IS-- DANNY!
RATATATA

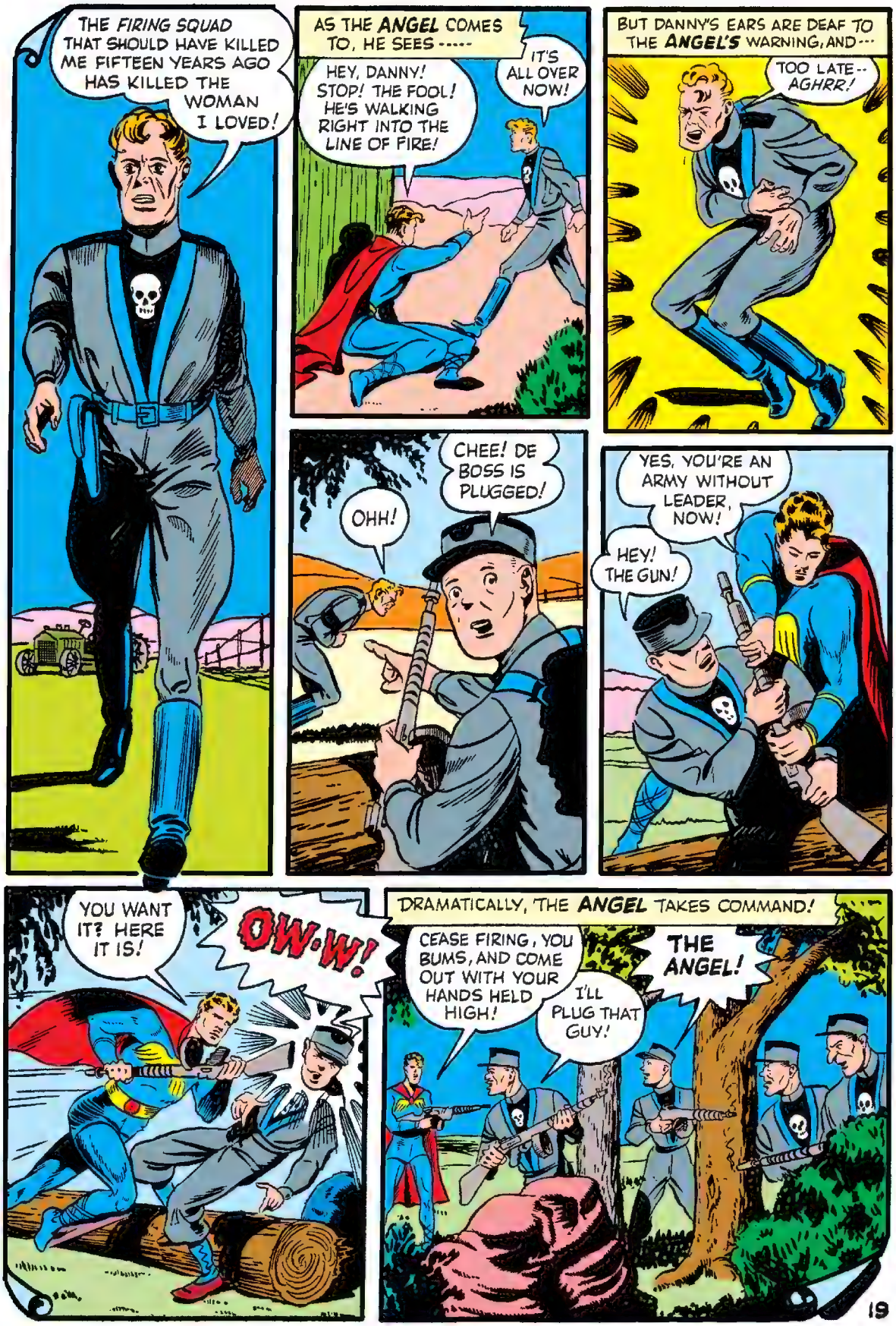
MARIE, YOU FOOL! --GET BACK!- YOU'LL BE KILLED!
NO, DANNY--- I MUST TALK WITH YOU!

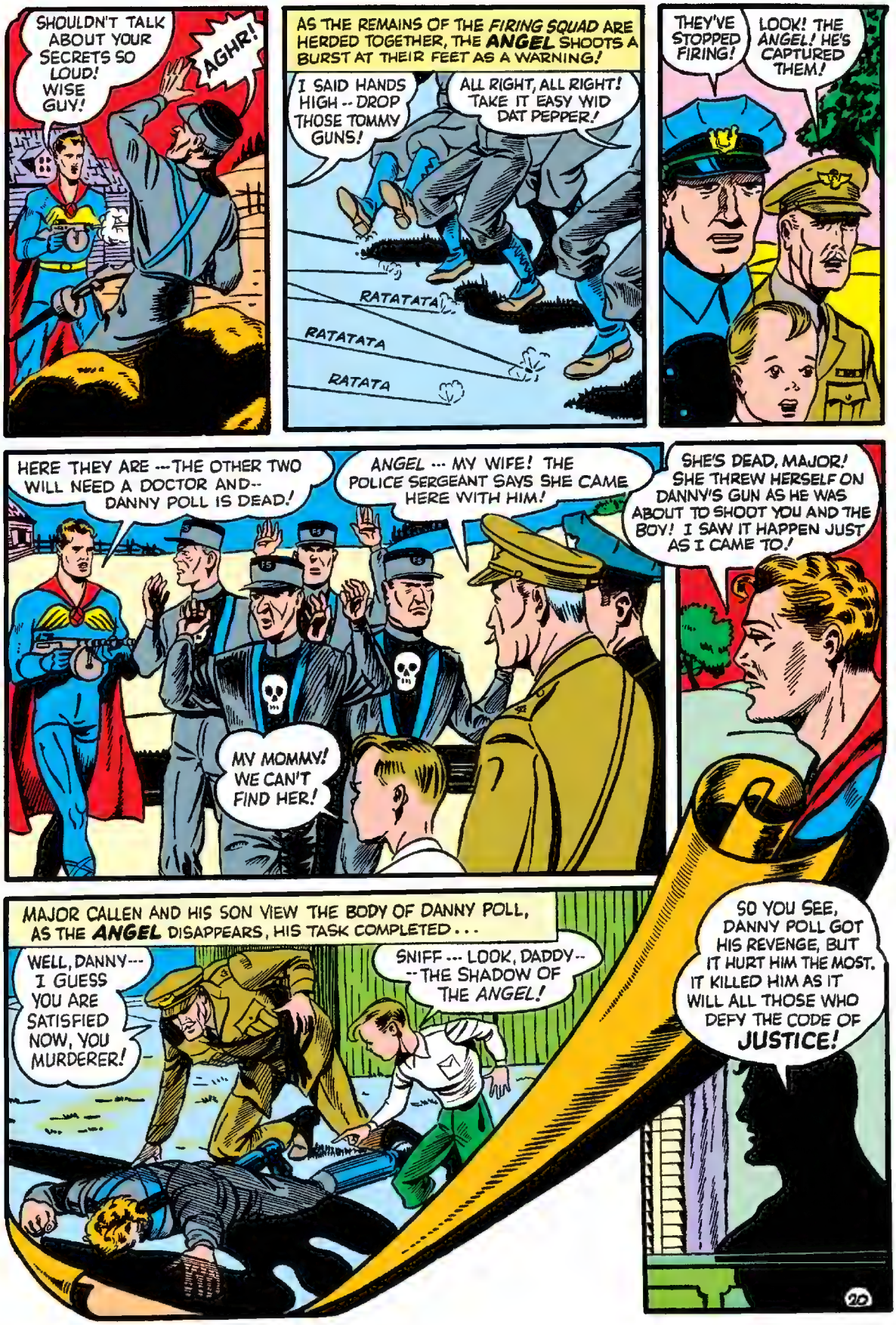

DANNY! STOP THIS MADNESS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
IT IS TOO LATE ALREADY --GO BACK, MARIE--- YOU'LL GET HURT!

MEANWHILE, MAJOR CALLEN SEEKS TO FIND A HAVEN FOR HIMSELF AND HIS SON ...
DADDY, WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT EACH OTHER?
IT'S A LONG STORY, SON --- WE MUST REACH THE POLICE LINES!


BUT DANNY'S SHARP EYES SOON SPOT THEM...
IT'S CALLEN AND HIS BOY! STOP!
OH!


STOP, MAJOR, OR I'LL SHOOT!
NO, DANNY! NO!
AS THE MAJOR AND HIS SON BOLT FORWARD, DANNY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, AND -----
RUNSON, WE'LL MAKE IT! YOUR MOMMY'S WAITING FOR YOU THERE!
DADDY... I'M AFRAID!
STOP, DANNY! STOP! OHHH!
MARIE-- NO--- YOU FOOL!
BEFORE DANNY CAN CORRECT HIS AIM, MRS CALLEN THROWS HERSELF ON TOP OF THE SUB-MACHINE GUN!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
OH! OHH!
MARIE! SPEAK TO ME!
AHHH -- YES, DANNY--- SPEAK TO YOU --- ALL OVER NOW --- GOING TO DIE --- I THOUGHT YOU'D LISTEN TO ME --- BUT YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY! ---
WE TRIED TO GET YOU OUT OF PRISON, DANNY --- FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WE TRIED, JOHN AND I --- TOO MUCH RED TAPE -- I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, DANNY!
SHE'S DEAD! - AND I'VE KILLED HER. THERE'S NO SENSE GOING ON LIKE THIS -- I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!
FS


THE FIRING SQUAD THAT SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO HAS KILLED THE WOMAN I LOVED!
AS THE ANGEL COMES TO, HE SEES -----
HEY, DANNY! STOP! THE FOOL! HE'S WALKING RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW!
BUT DANNY'S EARS ARE DEAF TO THE ANGEL'S WARNING, AND---
TOO LATE-- AGHRR!
CHEE! DE BOSS IS PLUGGED!
OHH!
YES, YOU'RE AN ARMY WITHOUT LEADER, NOW!
HEY! THE GUN!
YOU WANT IT? HERE IT IS!
OW-W!
DRAMATICALLY, THE ANGEL TAKES COMMAND!
CEASE FIRING, YOU BUMS, AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HELD HIGH!
I'LL PLUG THAT GUY!
THE ANGEL!


SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT YOUR SECRETS SO LOUD! WISE GUY!
AGHR!
AS THE REMAINS OF THE FIRING SQUAD ARE HERDED TOGETHER, THE ANGEL SHOOTS A BURST AT THEIR FEET AS A WARNING!
I SAID HANDS HIGH -- DROP THOSE TOMMY GUNS!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! TAKE IT EASY WID DAT PEPPER!
RATATATA
RATATATA
RATATA
THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING!
LOOK! THE ANGEL! HE'S CAPTURED THEM!
HERE THEY ARE --- THE OTHER TWO WILL NEED A DOCTOR AND-- DANNY POLL IS DEAD!
ANGEL --- MY WIFE! THE POLICE SERGEANT SAYS SHE CAME HERE WITH HIM!
SHE'S DEAD, MAJOR! SHE THREW HERSELF ON DANNY'S GUN AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU AND THE BOY! I SAW IT HAPPEN JUST AS I CAME TO!
MY MOMMY! WE CAN'T FIND HER!
MAJOR CALLEN AND HIS SON VIEW THE BODY OF DANNY POLL, AS THE ANGEL DISAPPEARS, HIS TASK COMPLETED . . .
WELL, DANNY--- I GUESS YOU ARE SATISFIED NOW, YOU MURDERER!
SNIFF --- LOOK, DADDY-- --THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
SO YOU SEE, DANNY POLL GOT HIS REVENGE, BUT IT HURT HIM THE MOST. IT KILLED HIM AS IT WILL ALL THOSE WHO DEFY THE CODE OF JUSTICE!

MERCY FLIGHT

By J. D. TRIEM

FAR DOWN THE VALLEY Phil could see lengthening shadows slip away over the hills in the wake of the setting sun. It was time for Jim to get here. Phil grinned as he realized that Jim would probably be tinkering with his model airplane until the last minute, would probably even lug one up here with him!

Phil heard footsteps and turned, expecting to see Jim, but the grin of welcome froze as he saw, instead, the two men watching him, one with a revolver. "Stand still!" the man with the gun ordered. "Or you'll be finished!"

"There's nothing of any value here." Phil kept his body ready. "This is a look-out station—"

"Save your breath, mister. If there's anything we want we'll find it and help ourselves!" He glanced aside at his companion. "Carl, you take a look around while I keep an eye on our nibs here."

It was suddenly very hot in the little building. Phil felt sweat upon his face, more running down the small of his back.

Carl came back. "There's a car out under the trees," he announced triumphantly. "Just what we need. If we can find some grub here . ."

They grew suddenly silent as the sound of whistling came through the open window, with the drowsy evening hum of insects outside. Phil's muscles gathered, for he knew that whistle, knew that Jimmy was here at last to relieve him. Jimmy and his model airplanes! He'd probably even have one with him . . .

The two men slunk into corners. "You try anything smart," Mike warned, "and it'll be curtains, understand?"

Phil knew it wouldn't be a safe gamble. He'd pay with his life for any warning he might yell out to Jim.

Jim stepped into the room, his cheerful grin smoothed all over his face. "Got my latest model outside!" he cried. "And boy, is it a pip. This one carries plenty of fuel. I can set it down almost where I want it. Remember the test flight I made last night? It landed right in old Zeke Conner's place! Was he surprised. Says he's going to buy a tin-hat . . ." Jim hesitated and his smile changed to a bewildered frown. He asked, "Hey! You feel all right? You look kind of green around the gills—" He stopped as the two men moved out of their hiding places.

Mike grinned triumphantly over broken, stained teeth. "Funny we didn't hear a plane," he observed. "It'll come in handy, though!"

Jim's healthy young face paled. "It's a model, that's all. Haven't you ever . . . Say, what's going on here, anyway!"

Mike said, "Wait till I tie this other bird, Carl. Then we'll have a look at this plane. If this guy's trying to put anything over on us . . . turn around you!" he ordered, addressing Phil. "And no funny stuff!"

PHIL TURNED obediently, helplessly, knowing he didn't stand a chance. One false move...

Something struck with crushing force and blackness smashed into his face and he stumbled, pitched to the floor in a heap.

His head ached fiercely as he struggled back to consciousness. His hands were bound and he staggered to his feet, listening as voices reached him, Jim's voice explaining, "I told you it was nothing but a model. Don't blame me if it's not what you thought!"

The sharp sound of a vicious blow rang out. Phil's muscles knotted and he fought the ropes binding his hands. He could hear them scuffling. He hurried to the window and peered out, saw that Carl and Mike both were working on Jim mercilessly, pounding him between them. Jim was game, was fighting a brave battle but the odds were too great for any man. It was sickening and Phil felt his body shaking and turned away, unable to stand the sight of Jim's defeat.

He heard bodies hit the ground, heard Jim's involuntary cry of pain. Someone laughed and again there was the sudden sickening sound of a blow. Then for a little while there was just the lazy buzz of a wasp under the eaves.

Phil flung himself against the window. "Jim!" he almost screamed. "You dirty murderers. Jim... Jim . . ." He could see them lugging the inert body away into the woods.

Presently they came back to the shack. "Shut up," Mike warned as they went past the window. "Any more noise out of you and you'll get a dose of sleeping medicine!"

Phil's mind was whirling blindly, crazily. He'd known these men were desperate, but he realized that if he'd put up a battle when he'd had a chance, when there'd been he *and* Jim—

"He didn't do you any harm!" Phil raged. "You left him out there in the brush dead, or bleeding to death—"

Mike opened the door of the shed and stood there menacingly. "If you don't dry up you'll wish you had, see?" He waited then stepped back and slammed and locked the door. He said, "C'mon, Carl. Let's eat. We've got a lot of ground to cover. There's nice new munition factory we've gotta visit. Boy, what a surprise we're going to give a lot of people at

the same time. Cracking up back there didn't help any. We'll have some explaining to do as it is!"

They started a fire in the little range. Phil could hear the flames, smell the wood smoke, coffee brewing. He mastered himself, found a nail-head sticking out of the wall. He backed up and started to tear at the rope strands carefully, doggedly. These men were bent upon destruction. Nothing would stop them, not even murder!

He saw them going out with the lantern. It was dark. They were carrying out the few supplies Jim and Phil had kept here in the look-out, were piling them into Phil's car. As soon as they had everything they'd get going.

The ropes gave suddenly and Phil hurried to the window. Mike and Carl were over at the car. Phil stumbled out the window onto hands and knees, leaped up and darted around the corner of the shack.

The stars were bright and the wind rustled in the high grass. Phil raced across to the woods. They'd carried Jim away, over here somewhere—

Jim was lying on his back. He tried to get to his feet as Phil knelt. "Jim!" Phil whispered. "It's me, Phil. Take it easy. Rest—"

"Everything's—all right," Jim babbled. "We — we've got 'em licked . . . okay, Phil . . . I—I see you—I sent for help—"

"You're delirious. Out of your head. Be quiet now. Be quiet!" Phil knelt, swiftly ripping his shirt up, bandaging the gashes on Jim's face and throat as best he could in the dark.

After that Phil turned back, anger raging at white-hot heat inside him. Jim was delirious, out of his head. He'd been hurt badly and needed a doctor.

PHIL CIRCLED through the woods, came up near where the car stood, where Mike and Carl were now standing, piling stuff into the car, getting ready to beat it. They probably had everything from the shack they could use and now they'd drive down into the valley and escape . . .

Phil slid closer. His body was tense, hard, ready. He was close enough to hear Mike say, "Let's go. We've got a lot of traveling ahead of us . . . if we slip up on this job after losing the plane and ourselves, it'll be curtains!"

Phil ter sed himself, flung himself upon them. He heard Mike curse. He landed on Mike, flung his arm around his neck, twisted his body around, drove savagely at the dim, evil face.

Carl moved in. He snatched up a heavy limb from the ground and struck with it. Phil whirled aside just in time. Mike tugged his gun out and Phil caught it and twisted the gun hand savagely and Mike yelped sharply with pain, dropped the weapon into the weeds. They were thrashing about, twisting, rolling. Carl hovered close, circling cautiously just out of reach of the thrashing feet. Phil twisted free, swung back and drove his fist into Mike's rising face, sending it back against the side of the car with crushing force. Mike crumpled and lay still.

Carl went floundering away through the grass and Phil hurled himself forward. Carl whirled unexpectedly. "Blast you!" he cursed, panting. "Blast you . . . take this . . ." He swung the heavy limb as Phil leaped in, oblivious of anything except revenge for Jim, lying off there in the woods, delirious, bleeding—

Carl whirled the club up high as Phil stumbled in the weeds. Phil saw the club coming down and twisted his body aside in an effort to evade the blow. It was glancing but it drove him to his knees. "There!" Carl screamed. "There! You asked for it . . . wise guy—"

Pain swept over Phil as again the club fell. He went down onto his face, blindly—

Mike's voice intercepted. "Take it easy! Yank 'em back into the shack. We'll roast him good and proper. Almost broke my jaw. Outright killing's too good for him. Roast the both of them—"

Phil struggled, but it was useless because they picked him up and lugged him back to the shack. There, they bound his hands and feet. He heard them smashing chairs, the table, kicking over the range which fell with a crash. Phil knew what was coming. He fought the ropes holding him, spurred on by the crackle of flames and smoke pungent in his nostrils—

SUDDENLY there were many voices and the crash of a shot. Someone screamed and a figure burst through the flaming door like a phantom out of Hades. Phil felt himself dragged outside, heard the hiss of flames as water was thrown over them. Outside, in the light of many lanterns, he saw men grouped about Mike where he lay in the weeds, his evil face twisted grotesquely while Carl crouched close by. Jim . . .

"Jim's badly hurt!" Phil cried. "He needs a doctor—"

"I'm all right," Jim said as they helped him into the firelight. "You thought I was delirious. I couldn't stop you—"

"That talk about sending for help—"

Zeke Conners pushed eagerly forward. "Sure did send for help. That airplane of his . . . I never saw anything like it. Came swooping out of the sky just like the real thing, with a note and all. Special delivery, hey?" Zeke cackled enthusiastically.

Jim nodded somberly. "When they left me alone I managed to send the plane. I was groggy but not as bad as they thought. It *had* to be a special delivery, Zeke. Boy it took a good plane to make that flight!" Jim added proudly. . . . "*My* plane!"

THE END

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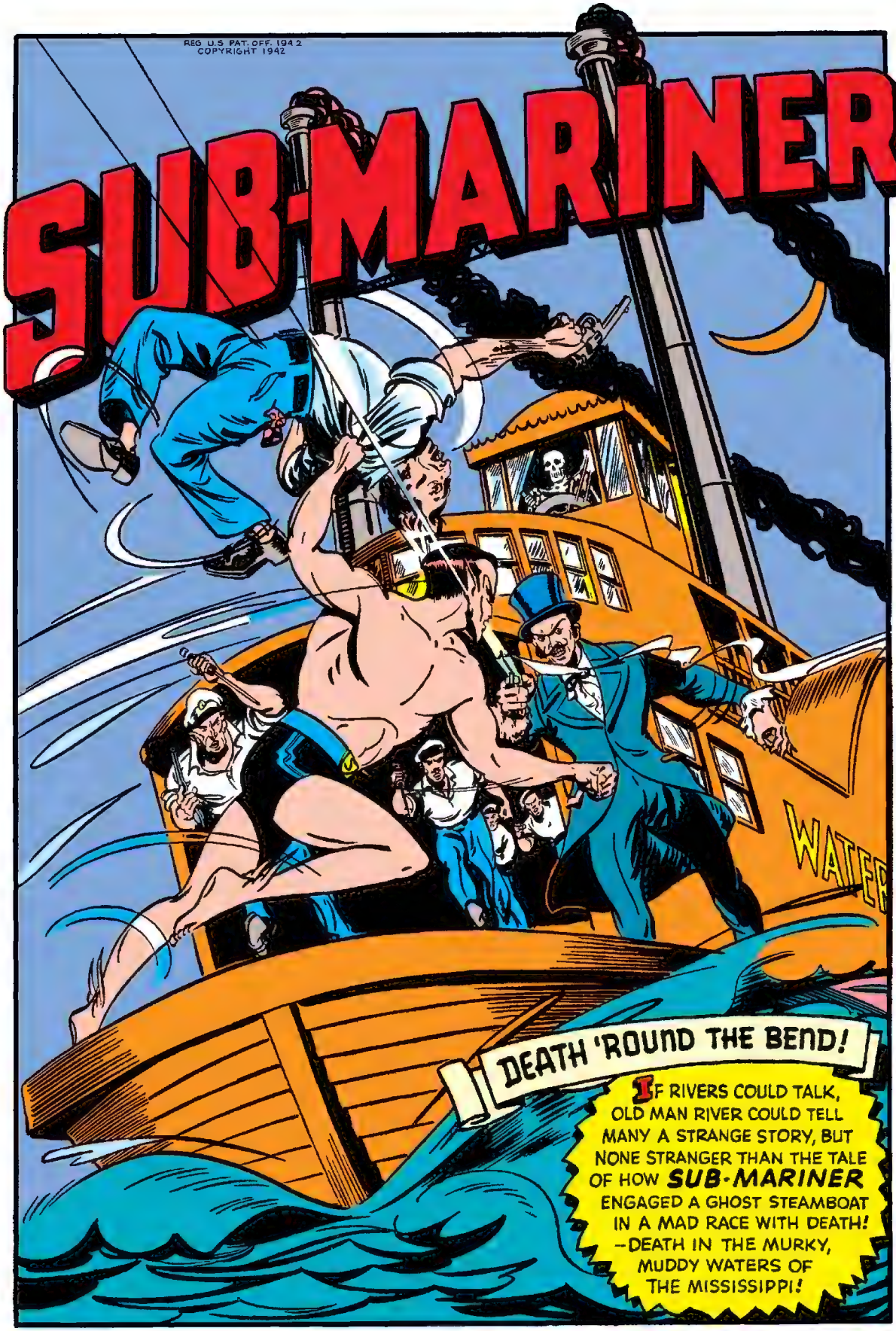
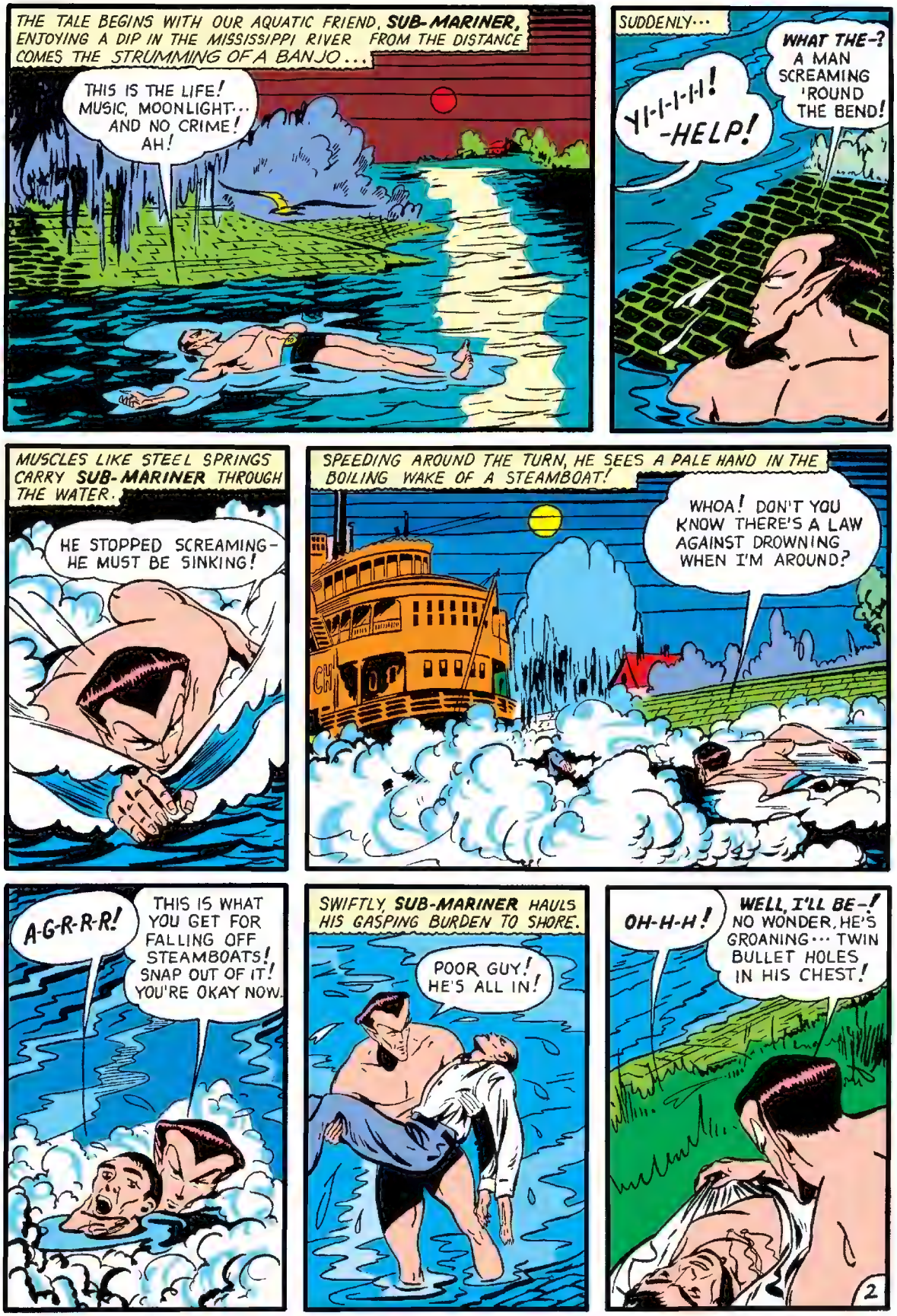
SUB-MARINER

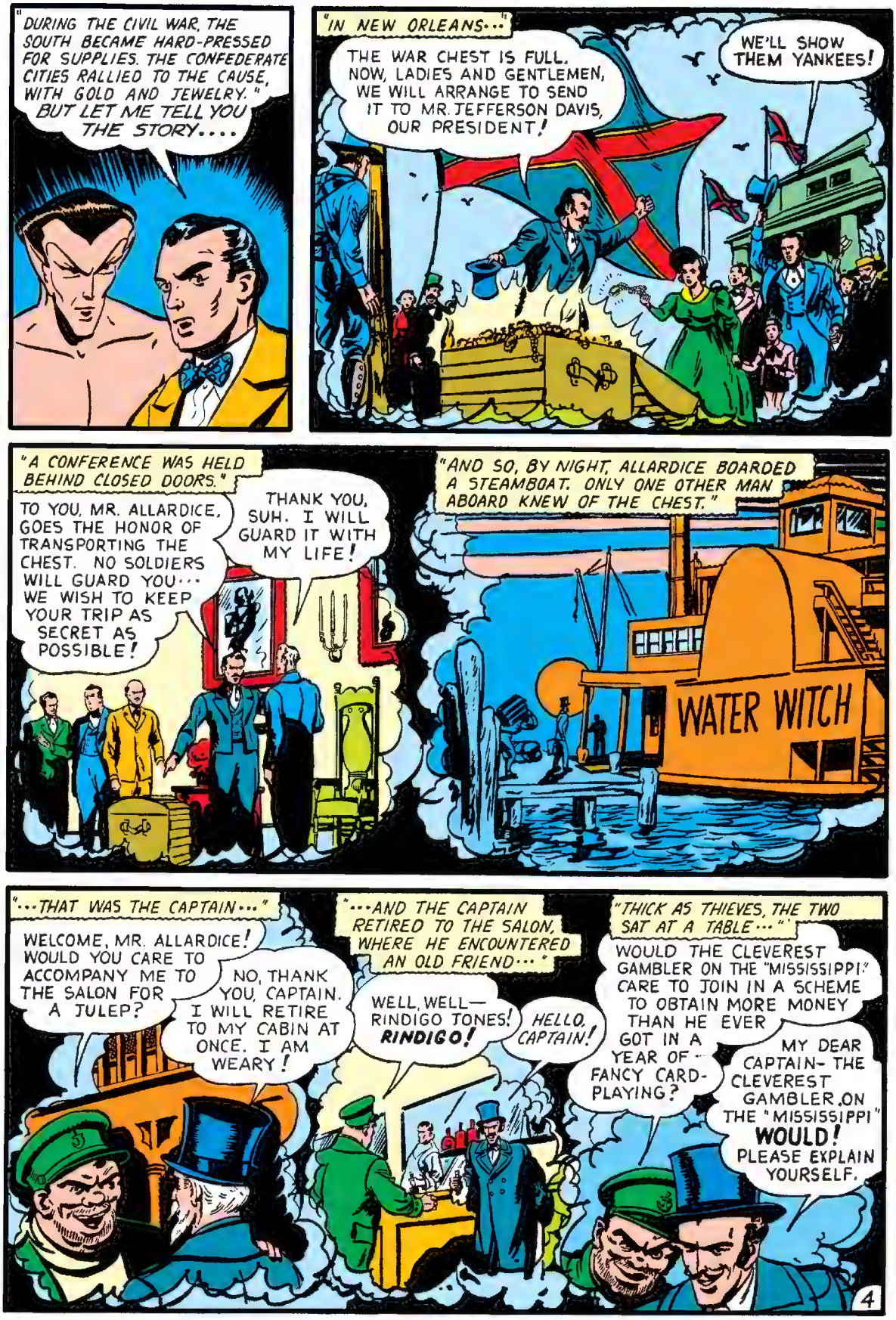


DEATH 'ROUND THE BEND!

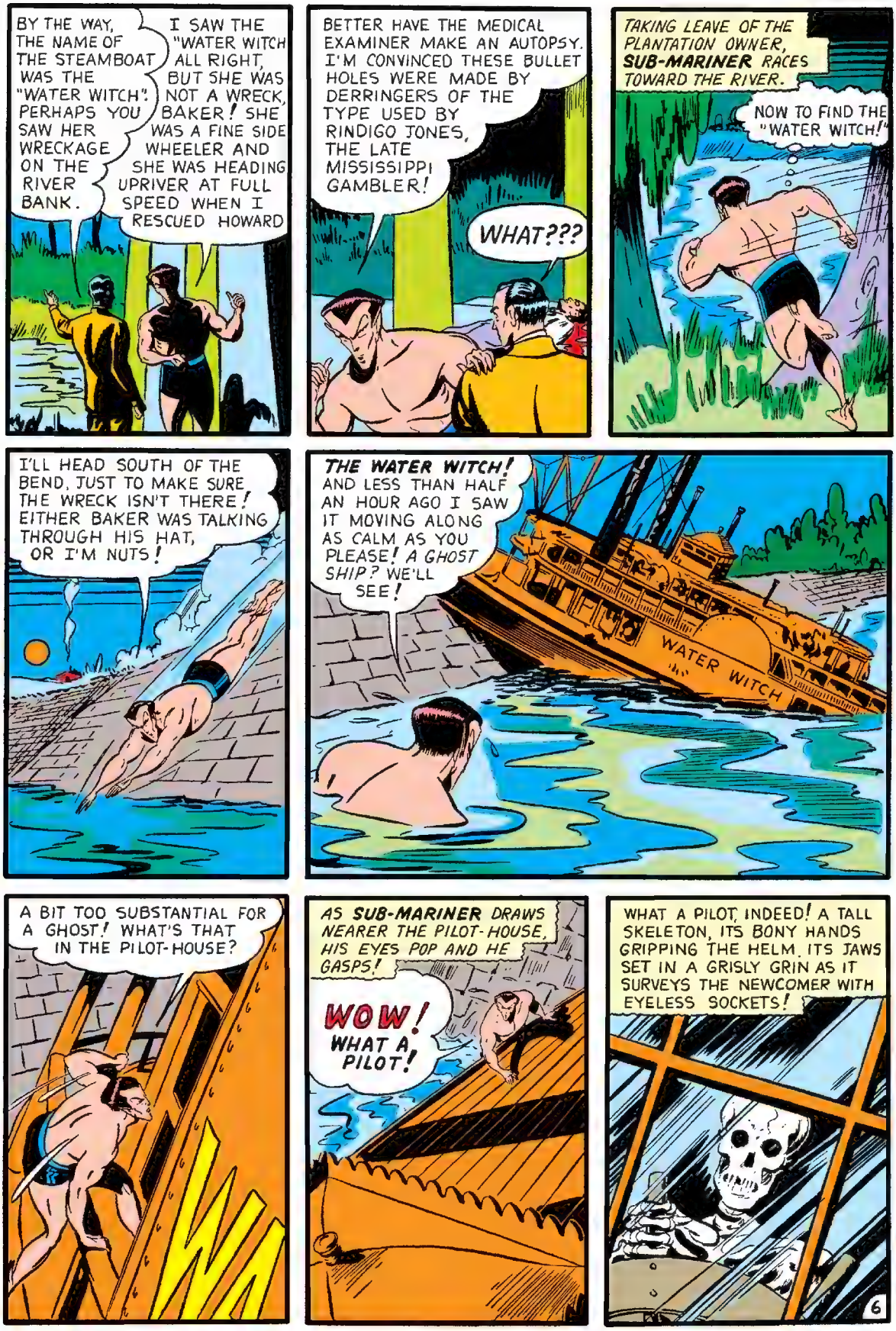
IF RIVERS COULD TALK, OLD MAN RIVER COULD TELL MANY A STRANGE STORY, BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THE TALE OF HOW **SUB-MARINER** ENGAGED A GHOST STEAMBOAT IN A MAD RACE WITH DEATH! –DEATH IN THE MURKY, MUDDY WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

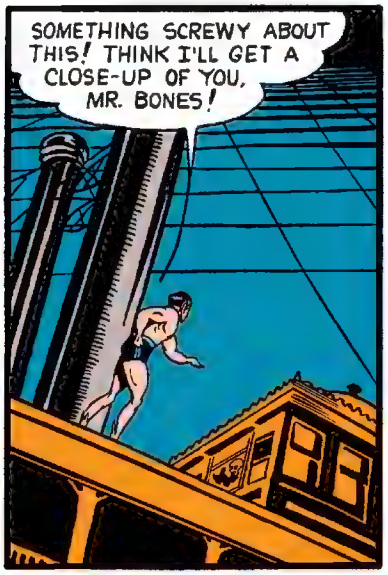

THE TALE BEGINS WITH OUR AQUATIC FRIEND, SUB-MARINER, ENJOYING A DIP IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM THE DISTANCE COMES THE STRUMMING OF A BANJO...
THIS IS THE LIFE! MUSIC, MOONLIGHT... AND NO CRIME! AH!
SUDDENLY...
YI-I-I-I-I! -HELP!
WHAT THE-? A MAN SCREAMING 'ROUND THE BEND!
MUSCLES LIKE STEEL SPRINGS CARRY SUB-MARINER THROUGH THE WATER.
HE STOPPED SCREAMING- HE MUST BE SINKING!
SPEEDING AROUND THE TURN, HE SEES A PALE HAND IN THE BOILING WAKE OF A STEAMBOAT!
WHOA! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A LAW AGAINST DROWNING WHEN I'M AROUND?
A-G-R-R-R!
THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR FALLING OFF STEAMBOATS! SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU'RE OKAY NOW.
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER HAULS HIS GASPING BURDEN TO SHORE.
POOR GUY! HE'S ALL IN!
OH-H-H!
WELL, I'LL BE-! NO WONDER, HE'S GROANING... TWIN BULLET HOLES IN HIS CHEST!
2

WHO SHOT YOU?
THE GHOST! THE GHOST OF RINDIGO JONES! AI-E-E-E!
DEAD! I'D BETTER DROP IN ON SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS AND FIND OUT WHO HE IS. THEN, MAYBE, I'LL FIND OUT WHY HE WAS PLUGGED!
CARRYING THE DEAD MAN, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES THROUGH THE SWAMP AND WOOD.
AH!...LIGHTS! LOOKS LIKE A PLANTATION.
WHAT'S UP?
I FISHED THIS MAN OUT OF THE RIVER... BUT SOMEONE SHOT HIM BEFORE I GOT THERE. CAN YOU IDENTIFY HIM?
BILL HOWARD! I- I WARNED HIM NOT TO GO ON THAT BLASTED GHOST SHIP!
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DOWNRIVER, JUST SOUTH OF THE BEND, THERE'S AN OLD WRECKED STEAMBOAT, HALF SUBMERGED. THE NATIVES AROUND HERE SAY IT'S HAUNTED. THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A CURSE ON IT!
BUT BILL— HE WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS. HE SAID THE STORY WAS BUNK. I BET HIM HE WOULDN'T DARE BOARD THE BOAT!
THAT'S ONE BET HE WON'T COLLECT! WHERE DOES THE CURSE COME IN?
IT- IT'S A STRANGE YARN. THE RIVER'S FULL OF STORIES LIKE IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW.
AND SO, IN A HALTING VOICE, AND WITH A SHADOW OF FEAR ACROSS HIS FACE, THE PLANTATION OWNER BEGINS THE SPINE-CHILLING STORY OF THE WRECKED BOAT.
3


"DURING THE CIVIL WAR, THE SOUTH BECAME HARD-PRESSED FOR SUPPLIES. THE CONFEDERATE CITIES RALLIED TO THE CAUSE, WITH GOLD AND JEWELRY." BUT LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY....
"IN NEW ORLEANS..."
THE WAR CHEST IS FULL. NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL ARRANGE TO SEND IT TO MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, OUR PRESIDENT!
WE'LL SHOW THEM YANKEES!
"A CONFERENCE WAS HELD BEHIND CLOSED DOORS."
TO YOU, MR. ALLARDICE, GOES THE HONOR OF TRANSPORTING THE CHEST. NO SOLDIERS WILL GUARD YOU... WE WISH TO KEEP YOUR TRIP AS SECRET AS POSSIBLE!
THANK YOU, SUH. I WILL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE!
"AND SO, BY NIGHT, ALLARDICE BOARDED A STEAMBOAT. ONLY ONE OTHER MAN ABOARD KNEW OF THE CHEST."
WATER WITCH
"...THAT WAS THE CAPTAIN..."
WELCOME, MR. ALLARDICE! WOULD YOU CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE SALON FOR A JULEP?
NO, THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. I WILL RETIRE TO MY CABIN AT ONCE. I AM WEARY!
"...AND THE CAPTAIN RETIRED TO THE SALON, WHERE HE ENCOUNTERED AN OLD FRIEND..."
WELL, WELL— RINDIGO TONES! RINDIGO!
HELLO, CAPTAIN!
"THICK AS THIEVES, THE TWO SAT AT A TABLE..."
WOULD THE CLEVEREST GAMBLER ON THE "MISSISSIPPI" CARE TO JOIN IN A SCHEME TO OBTAIN MORE MONEY THAN HE EVER GOT IN A YEAR OF FANCY CARD-PLAYING?
MY DEAR CAPTAIN- THE CLEVEREST GAMBLER ON THE "MISSISSIPPI" WOULD! PLEASE EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
4

"AND SO, RINDIGO JONES, WHO LOVED MONEY MORE THAN HIS NATIVE SOUTH BEGAN TO EXECUTE THE PLAN HATCHED WITH THE CAPTAIN, WITH THE AID OF TWO CUT-THROATS AND A PASS KEY SUPPLIED BY THE CAPTAIN···"
"··· HE ENTERED ALLARDICE'S CABIN, TO FIND THE CHEST'S GUARDIAN AWAKE AND ARMED!"
GOOD EVENING— AND ADIEU!
AGH-RR!
HERE'S THE SWAG, RINDIGO!
WITH MY DYING BREATH, I CURSE YOU! MAY YOUR ROTTEN SOUL HAUNT THE RIVER FOREVER, NEVER FINDING REST- NEVER FINDING THE GOLD YOU LOVE!
A CURSE! HOW QUAINT!
"AFTER PAYING THE CAPTAIN HIS SHARE OF THE LOOT, RINDIGO AND HIS COMPANIONS LOWERED A BOAT···"
WE CAN LIVE LIKE KINGS WITH THIS. DEVIL WITH THE WAR!
I'M AFRAID, RINDIGO. A DYING MAN'S CURSE—
ROT! KEEP ROWING AND SHUT UP!
"SUDDENLY A STORM CAME UP THE STEAMBOAT FOUNDERED. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS!"
WHAT HAPPENED TO RINDIGO? NO ONE KNOWS. BUT THE LEGEND IS THAT HIS SOUL RETURNED TO HAUNT THE RIVER!
5


BY THE WAY, THE NAME OF THE STEAMBOAT WAS THE "WATER WITCH". PERHAPS YOU SAW HER WRECKAGE ON THE RIVER BANK.
I SAW THE "WATER WITCH" ALL RIGHT, BUT SHE WAS NOT A WRECK, BAKER! SHE WAS A FINE SIDE WHEELER AND SHE WAS HEADING UPRIVER AT FULL SPEED WHEN I RESCUED HOWARD
BETTER HAVE THE MEDICAL EXAMINER MAKE AN AUTOPSY. I'M CONVINCED THESE BULLET HOLES WERE MADE BY DERRINGERS OF THE TYPE USED BY RINDIGO JONES, THE LATE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER!
WHAT???
TAKING LEAVE OF THE PLANTATION OWNER, SUB-MARINER RACES TOWARD THE RIVER.
NOW TO FIND THE "WATER WITCH!"
I'LL HEAD SOUTH OF THE BEND, JUST TO MAKE SURE THE WRECK ISN'T THERE! EITHER BAKER WAS TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT, OR I'M NUTS!
THE WATER WITCH!
AND LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR AGO I SAW IT MOVING ALONG AS CALM AS YOU PLEASE! A GHOST SHIP? WE'LL SEE!
WATER WITCH
A BIT TOO SUBSTANTIAL FOR A GHOST! WHAT'S THAT IN THE PILOT-HOUSE?
AS SUB-MARINER DRAWS NEARER THE PILOT-HOUSE, HIS EYES POP AND HE GASPS!
WOW! WHAT A PILOT!
WHAT A PILOT, INDEED! A TALL SKELETON, ITS BONY HANDS GRIPPING THE HELM, ITS JAWS SET IN A GRISLY GRIN AS IT SURVEYS THE NEWCOMER WITH EYELESS SOCKETS!
6


SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! THINK I'LL GET A CLOSE-UP OF YOU, MR. BONES!

BUT AS SUB-MARINER STEPS TOWARD THE SILENT PILOT, SOMETHING GIVES WAY UNDER HIS FEET— A TRAP DOOR!
OOOOPS!

DOWN GOES SUB-MARINER— THROUGH ANOTHER TRAP DOOR— AND STILL HE GOES DOWN!!!

SUB-MARINER STOPS··· WITH A STUNNING CRASH ON THE THIRD DECK!
WELL, WELL, ARE YOU A MAN FROM MARS?
YEOWEE!

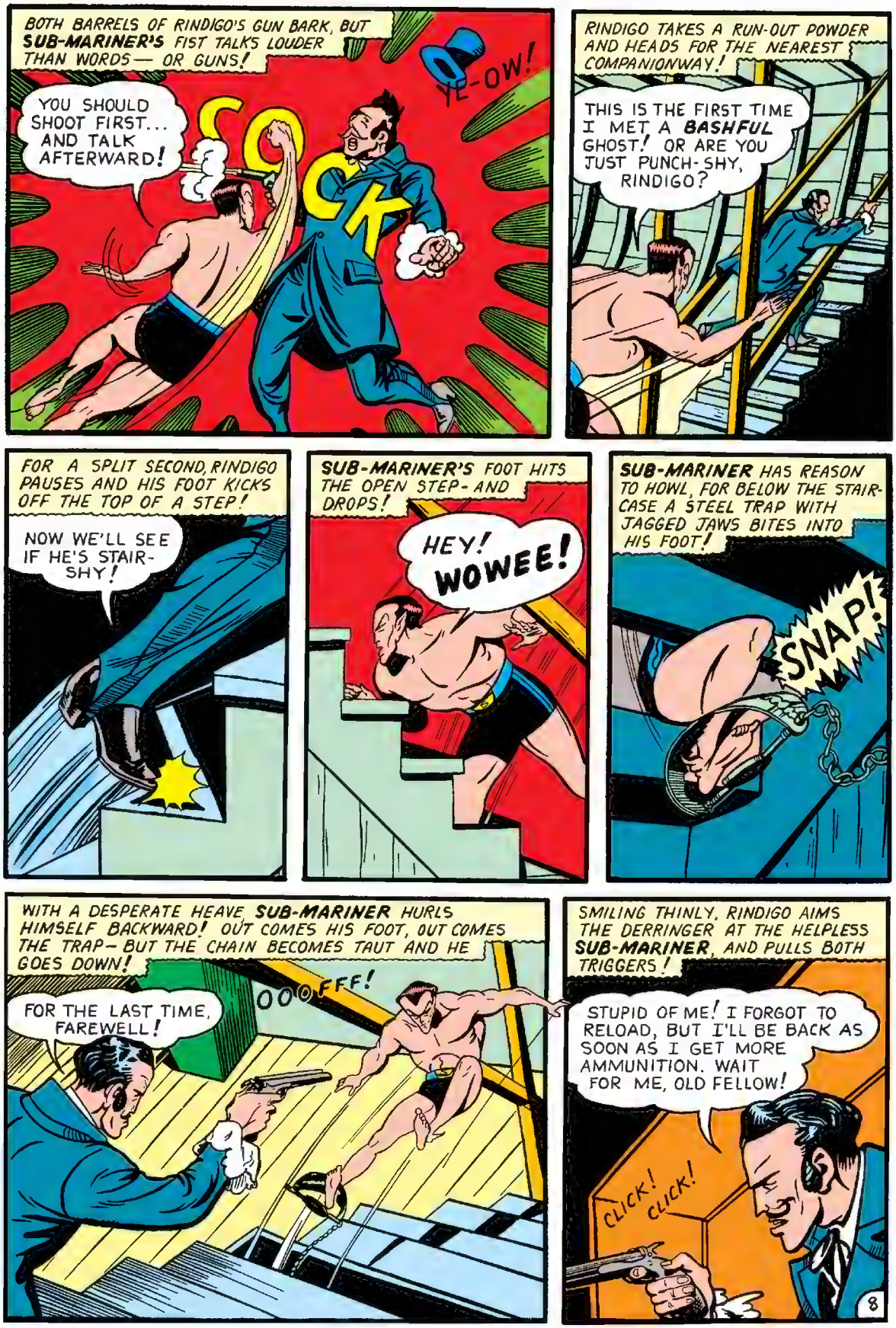
DAZEDLY, SUB-MARINER TURNS AT THE SOUND OF A SOFT VOICE, AND BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT!
I'LL BE—! THAT FALL MUST HAVE KNOCKED ME OUT OF KILTER... OR AM I DREAMING?
YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, SUH. YOU ARE ON THE GOOD SHIP "WATER WITCH"- BUT WHY?

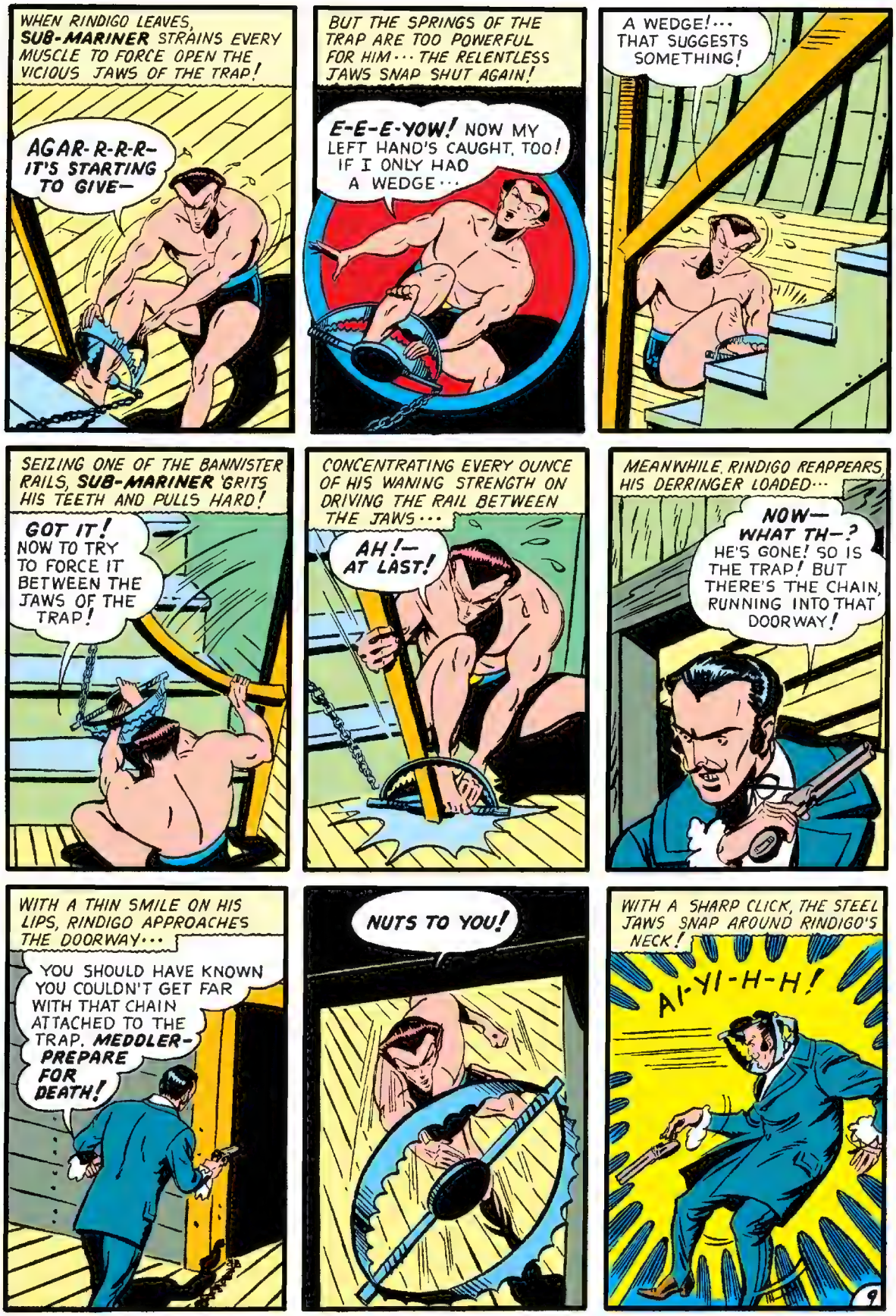
I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION. OR IS THIS A SHOWBOAT? YOU LOOK LIKE AN ACTOR.
I AM NO ACTOR!

AS THE APPARITION TALKS IN A SOFT TONE, IT DOFFS ITS HAT AND MAKES A COURTLY BOW!
I AM RINDIGO JONES, THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, AT YOUR SERVICE!

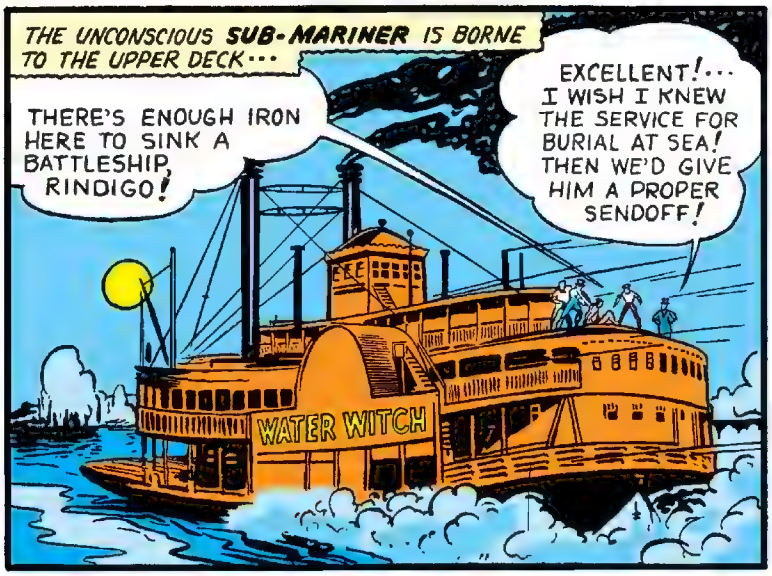
BUNK! EVEN IF RINDIGO WERE ALIVE, HE'D BE MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!
I, RINDIGO JONES, AM DEAD—

THERE IS A LIGHTNING-FAST MOVEMENT AND IN THE HAND OF THE MAN FACING SUB-MARINER APPEARS A SMALL BUT DEADLY DERRINGER!
AND NOW, WHEN THIS DOUBLE-MOUTHED GUN OF MINE SPEAKS, YOU, TOO, WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO THE REALM OF DEATH! ADIEU!

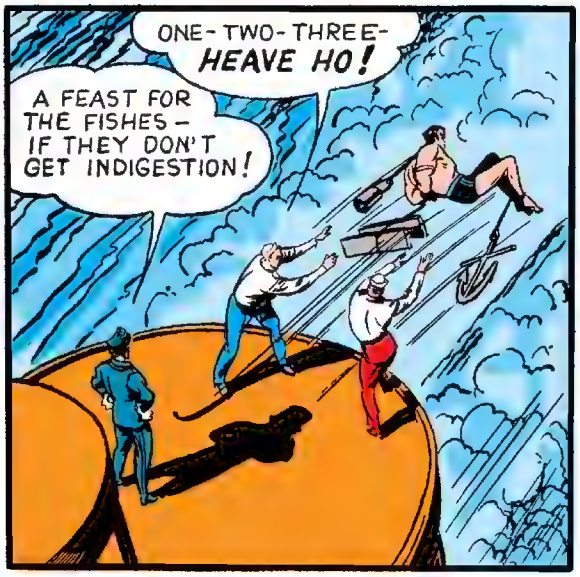

BOTH BARRELS OF RINDIGO'S GUN BARK, BUT SUB-MARINER'S FIST TALK'S LOUDER THAN WORDS — OR GUNS!
YOU SHOULD SHOOT FIRST... AND TALK AFTERWARD!
COCK
YE-OW!
RINDIGO TAKES A RUN-OUT POWDER AND HEADS FOR THE NEAREST COMPANIONWAY!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I MET A BASHFUL GHOST! OR ARE YOU JUST PUNCH-SHY, RINDIGO?
FOR A SPLIT SECOND, RINDIGO PAUSES AND HIS FOOT KICKS OFF THE TOP OF A STEP!
NOW WE'LL SEE IF HE'S STAIR-SHY!
SUB-MARINER'S FOOT HITS THE OPEN STEP- AND DROPS!
HEY! WOWEE!
SUB-MARINER HAS REASON TO HOWL, FOR BELOW THE STAIR-CASE A STEEL TRAP WITH JAGGED JAWS BITES INTO HIS FOOT!
SNAP!
WITH A DESPERATE HEAVE SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARD! OUT COMES HIS FOOT, OUT COMES THE TRAP— BUT THE CHAIN BECOMES TAUT AND HE GOES DOWN!
FOR THE LAST TIME, FAREWELL!
OOOFFF!
SMILING THINLY, RINDIGO AIMS THE DERRINGER AT THE HELPLESS SUB-MARINER, AND PULLS BOTH TRIGGERS!
STUPID OF ME! I FORGOT TO RELOAD, BUT I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I GET MORE AMMUNITION. WAIT FOR ME, OLD FELLOW!
CLICK! CLICK!
8

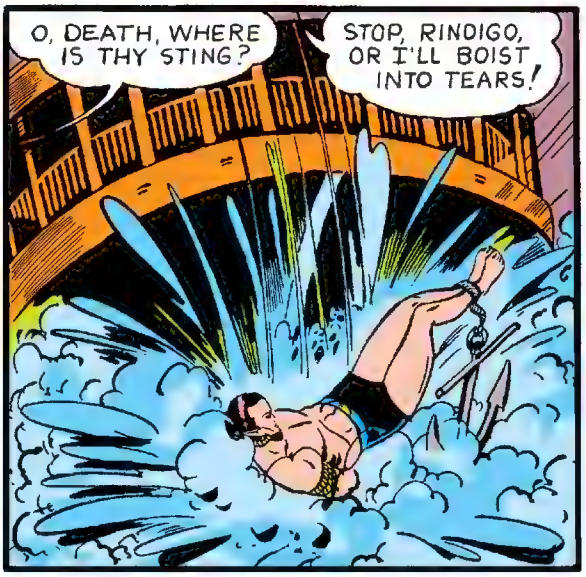

WHEN RINDIGO LEAVES, SUB-MARINER STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE TO FORCE OPEN THE VICIOUS JAWS OF THE TRAP!
AGAR-R-R-R- IT'S STARTING TO GIVE—
BUT THE SPRINGS OF THE TRAP ARE TOO POWERFUL FOR HIM··· THE RELENTLESS JAWS SNAP SHUT AGAIN!
E-E-E-YOW! NOW MY LEFT HAND'S CAUGHT, TOO! IF I ONLY HAD A WEDGE···
A WEDGE!··· THAT SUGGESTS SOMETHING!
SEIZING ONE OF THE BANNISTER RAILS, SUB-MARINER GRITS HIS TEETH AND PULLS HARD!
GOT IT! NOW TO TRY TO FORCE IT BETWEEN THE JAWS OF THE TRAP!
CONCENTRATING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS WANING STRENGTH ON DRIVING THE RAIL BETWEEN THE JAWS···
AH!— AT LAST!
MEANWHILE, RINDIGO REAPPEARS, HIS DERRINGER LOADED···
NOW— WHAT TH—? HE'S GONE! SO IS THE TRAP! BUT THERE'S THE CHAIN, RUNNING INTO THAT DOORWAY!
WITH A THIN SMILE ON HIS LIPS, RINDIGO APPROACHES THE DOORWAY···
YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T GET FAR WITH THAT CHAIN ATTACHED TO THE TRAP. MEDDLER- PREPARE FOR DEATH!
NUTS TO YOU!
WITH A SHARP CLICK, THE STEEL JAWS SNAP AROUND RINDIGO'S NECK!
AI-YI-H-H!
9

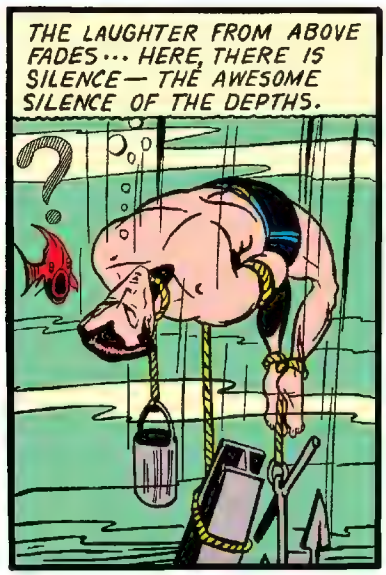
CHOKING, HIS FACE PURPLING, HIS TONGUE PROTRUDING, RINDIGO REACHES DESPERATELY INTO A POCKET···
THE KEY TO THE TRAP, EH?
GLUG-GLUG-AH-R-R-R-
I'LL TAKE THE KEY! BEFORE THAT TRAP OPENS, YOU'RE GOING TO TALK!
HOW-CAN—I—TALK—GLUG!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT. OKAY! STICK IN YOUR TONGUE! I'LL HAVE THIS OFF IN A SECOND!
AGHR-R-R-
THERE! NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND START EXHALING THE TRUTH!
TH-THANKS! I-I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
BUT EVEN AS HE TALKS, THE TREACHEROUS RINDIGO REACHES STEALTHILY FOR A BUTTON IN THE BULKHEAD BEHIND HIM.
I-I KILLED HOWARD. I DIDN'T WANT SNOOPERS. BUT I DIDN'T LIE WHEN I SAID I WAS RINDIGO JONES···
AS RINDIGO PRESSES THE BUTTON, A BELL IN THE ENGINE ROOM RINGS OUT.
BONG! BONG! BONG!
OUT OF THE MUD! WE'RE GOING PLACES!
UP HEAVES THE STEAMBOAT, WITH SUCH A SUDDEN MOVEMENT THAT SUB-MARINER IS HURLED BACKWARD! BUT THE CRAFTY RINDIGO IS BRACED FOR IT!
THAT'S THAT! AS SOON AS WE GET INTO MID-STREAM, I'LL WRAP HIM IN THE IRON AND SEND HIM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS!
CRACK!
10

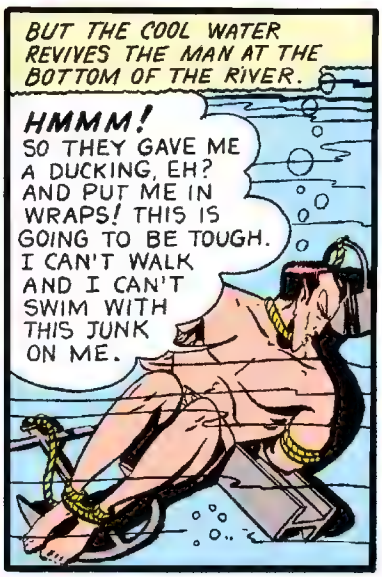

THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER IS BORNE TO THE UPPER DECK···
THERE'S ENOUGH IRON HERE TO SINK A BATTLESHIP, RINDIGO!
EXCELLENT!··· I WISH I KNEW THE SERVICE FOR BURIAL AT SEA! THEN WE'D GIVE HIM A PROPER SENDOFF!
WATER WITCH

BUT AT LEAST WE CAN TRY. DON'T LAUGH! THIS IS A SOLEMN OCCASION. OLD MAN RIVER, TO THY TENDER MERCIES WE HEREWITH CONSIGN ANOTHER LOST SOUL. PEACE BE WITH YOU!
HAW-HAW-HOW SAD!

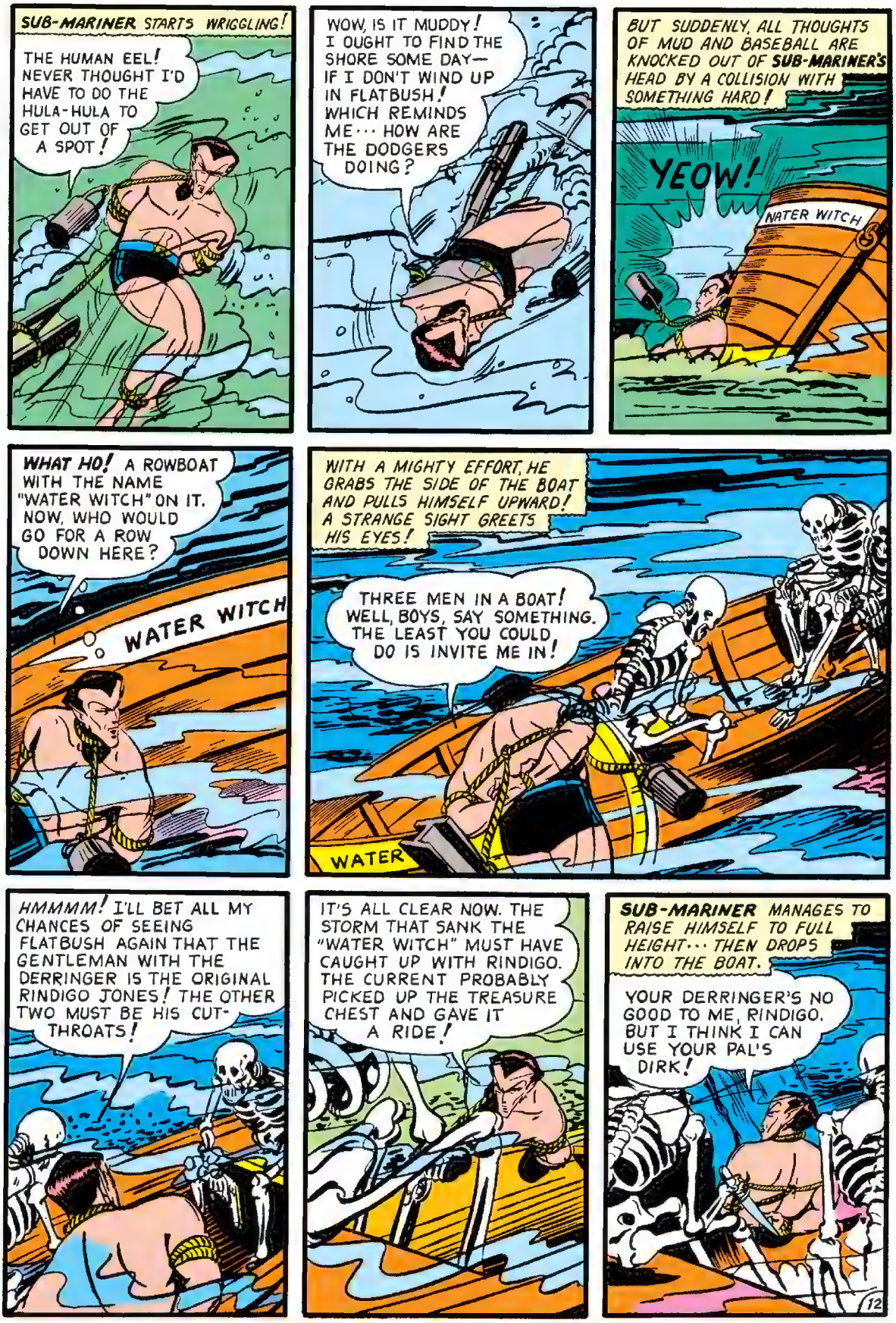

ONE-TWO-THREE-HEAVE HO!
A FEAST FOR THE FISHES — IF THEY DON'T GET INDIGESTION!

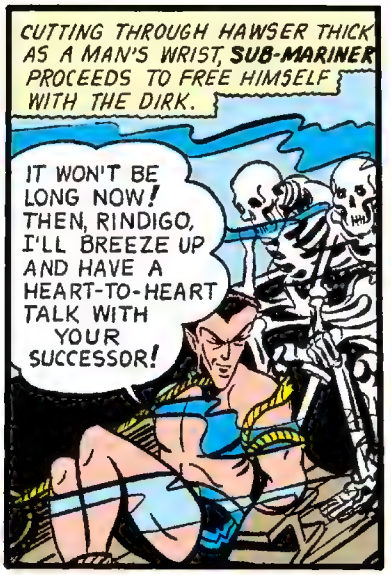

O, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?
STOP, RINDIGO, OR I'LL BOIST INTO TEARS!


THE LAUGHTER FROM ABOVE FADES··· HERE, THERE IS SILENCE — THE AWESOME SILENCE OF THE DEPTHS.
?


BUT THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE MAN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.
HMMM! SO THEY GAVE ME A DUCKING, EH? AND PUT ME IN WRAPS! THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH. I CAN'T WALK AND I CAN'T SWIM WITH THIS JUNK ON ME.

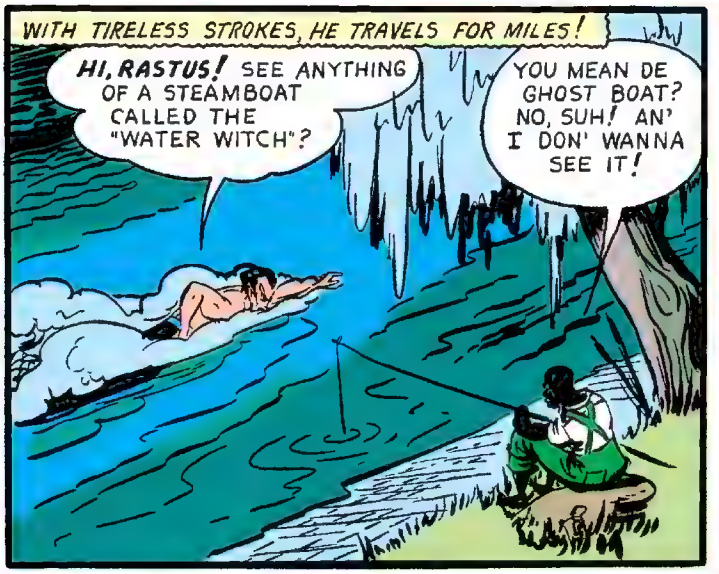
SUDDENLY SOMETHING CATCHES SUB-MARINER'S EYE
AN EEL! HI 'YA, PAL! I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A MEDAL··· BECAUSE YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

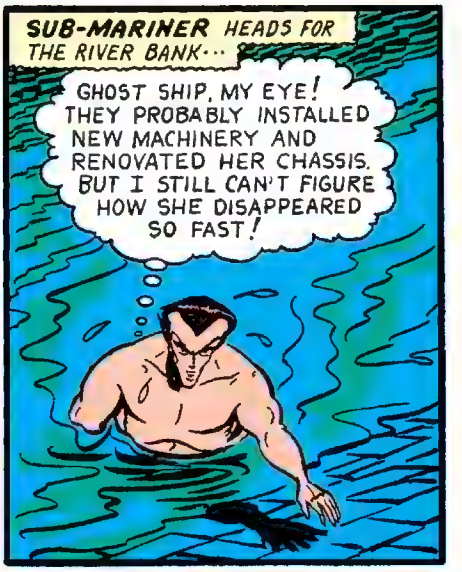

SUB-MARINER STARTS WRIGGLING!
THE HUMAN EEL! NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO DO THE HULA-HULA TO GET OUT OF A SPOT!
WOW, IS IT MUDDY! I OUGHT TO FIND THE SHORE SOME DAY— IF I DON'T WIND UP IN FLATBUSH! WHICH REMINDS ME··· HOW ARE THE DODGERS DOING?
BUT SUDDENLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF MUD AND BASEBALL ARE KNOCKED OUT OF SUB-MARINER'S HEAD BY A COLLISION WITH SOMETHING HARD!
YEOW!
WATER WITCH
WHAT HO! A ROWBOAT WITH THE NAME "WATER WITCH" ON IT. NOW, WHO WOULD GO FOR A ROW DOWN HERE?
WATER WITCH
WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, HE GRABS THE SIDE OF THE BOAT AND PULLS HIMSELF UPWARD! A STRANGE SIGHT GREETS HIS EYES!
THREE MEN IN A BOAT! WELL, BOYS, SAY SOMETHING. THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS INVITE ME IN!
WATER
HMMMM! I'LL BET ALL MY CHANCES OF SEEING FLATBUSH AGAIN THAT THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE DERRINGER IS THE ORIGINAL RINDIGO JONES! THE OTHER TWO MUST BE HIS CUT-THROATS!
IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW. THE STORM THAT SANK THE "WATER WITCH" MUST HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH RINDIGO. THE CURRENT PROBABLY PICKED UP THE TREASURE CHEST AND GAVE IT A RIDE!
SUB-MARINER MANAGES TO RAISE HIMSELF TO FULL HEIGHT··· THEN DROPS INTO THE BOAT.
YOUR DERRINGER'S NO GOOD TO ME, RINDIGO. BUT I THINK I CAN USE YOUR PAL'S DIRK!
12


CUTTING THROUGH HAWSER THICK AS A MAN'S WRIST, SUB-MARINER PROCEEDS TO FREE HIMSELF WITH THE DIRK.
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! THEN, RINDIGO, I'LL BREEZE UP AND HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH YOUR SUCCESSOR!

THEN, HAVING SHED HIS BONDS, HE ZOOMS TOWARD THE SURFACE!
SO LONG, BOYS! KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS. I'VE A HUNCH YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER!

IN A FEW SECONDS, SUB-MARINER'S HEAD POPS ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER!
NOW, WHERE'S THE "WATER WITCH"? MUST HAVE GONE ON AN EXCURSION! IT'LL BE A ONE-WAY TRIP IF I CAN MANAGE IT!

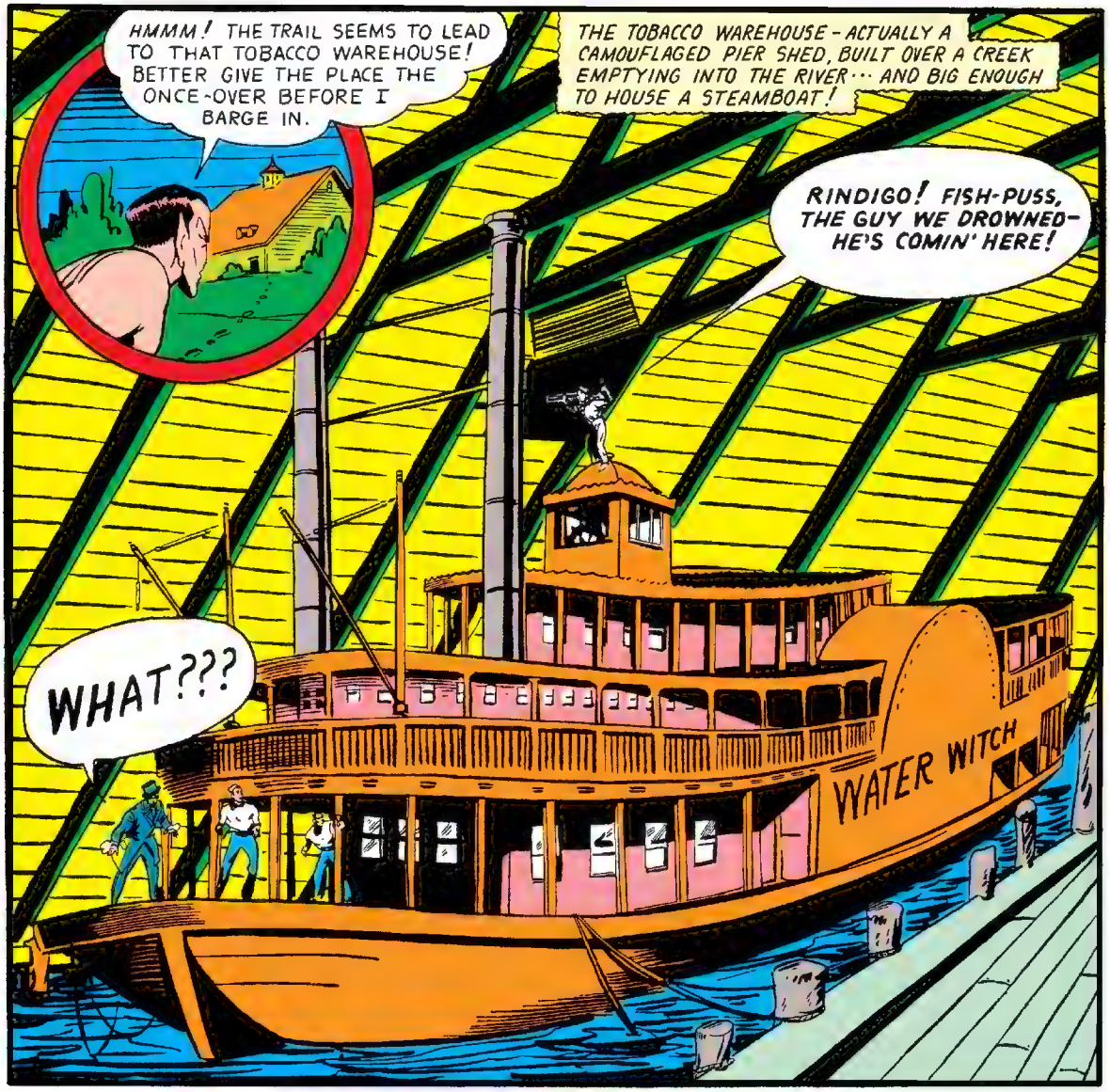

WITH TIRELESS STROKES, HE TRAVELS FOR MILES!
HI, RASTUS! SEE ANYTHING OF A STEAMBOAT CALLED THE "WATER WITCH"?
YOU MEAN DE GHOST BOAT? NO, SUH! AN' I DON' WANNA SEE IT!


SUB-MARINER HEADS FOR THE RIVER BANK···
GHOST SHIP, MY EYE! THEY PROBABLY INSTALLED NEW MACHINERY AND RENOVATED HER CHASSIS. BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW SHE DISAPPEARED SO FAST!

IF THE OLE MISSISSIPPI WON'T GIVE ME A CLUE, MAYBE THE SHORE WILL. SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

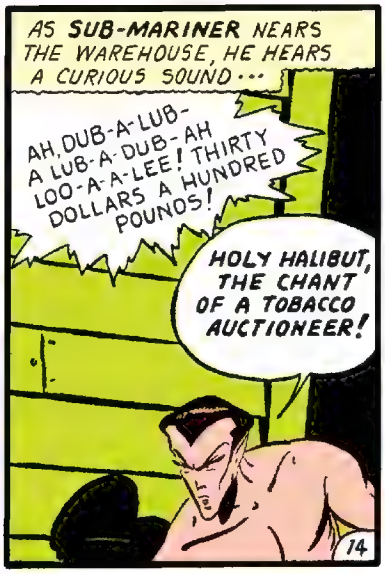
THE FOOTPRINT OF A HIGH-HEELED SHOE— THE KIND OF SHOE WORN BY RINDIGO, OR RINDIGO'S GHOST— OR WHATEVER HE IS!

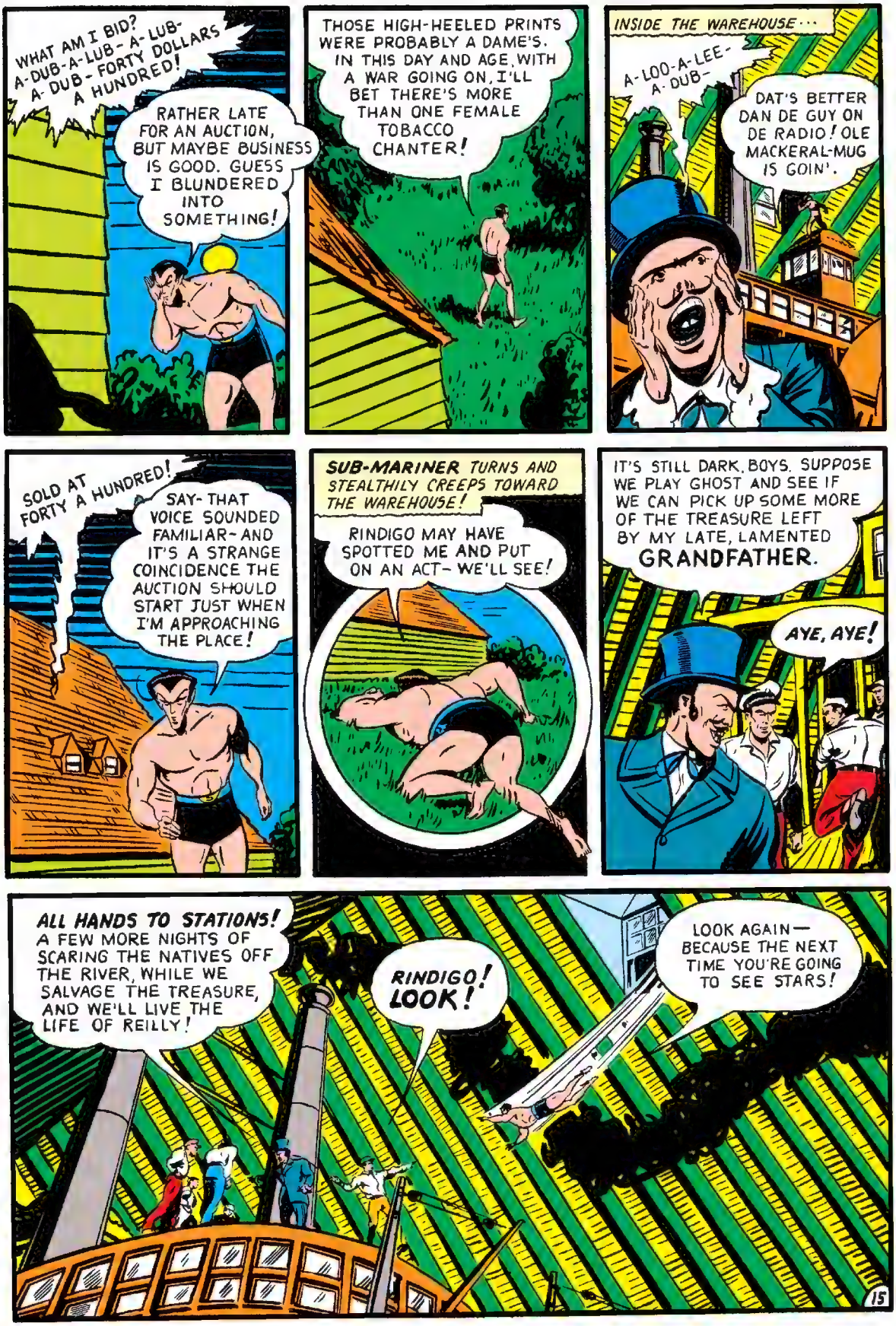
LIKE A BLOODHOUND CATCHING A SCENT, SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE HIGH-HEELED FOOTPRINTS.
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'LL HAVE TO HAVE HIS SHOES FITTED BY A CHIROPODIST!


HMMM! THE TRAIL SEEMS TO LEAD TO THAT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE! BETTER GIVE THE PLACE THE ONCE-OVER BEFORE I BARGE IN.
THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE - ACTUALLY A CAMOUFLAGED PIER SHED, BUILT OVER A CREEK EMPTYING INTO THE RIVER··· AND BIG ENOUGH TO HOUSE A STEAMBOAT!
RINDIGO! FISH-PUSS, THE GUY WE DROWNED- HE'S COMIN' HERE!
WHAT???
WATER WITCH

THE ASTOUNDED RINDIGO GRABS THE TELESCOPE···
INCREDIBLE! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. WE CAN'T LET HIM IN HERE! ANYONE WHO CAN SURVIVE BEING TOSSED INTO THE RIVER WITH THOSE WEIGHTS, CAN STAND ANYTHING!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
MELT INTO OUR SURROUNDINGS — LIKE A CHAMELEON. MAKE SURE ALL DOORS ARE LOCKED HERE IS MY PLAN···


AS SUB-MARINER NEARS THE WAREHOUSE, HE HEARS A CURIOUS SOUND···
AH, DUB-A-LUB- A LUB-A-DUB-AH LOO-A-A-LEE! THIRTY DOLLARS A HUNDRED POUNDS!
HOLY HALIBUT, THE CHANT OF A TOBACCO AUCTIONEER!

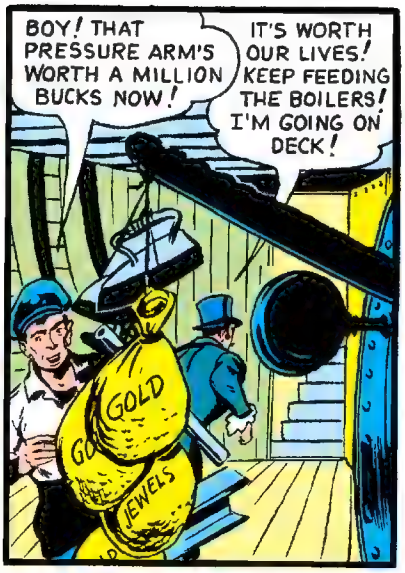

WHAT AM I BID? A-DUB-A-LUB-A-LUB-A-DUB-FORTY DOLLARS A HUNDRED!
RATHER LATE FOR AN AUCTION, BUT MAYBE BUSINESS IS GOOD. GUESS I BLUNDERED INTO SOMETHING!
THOSE HIGH-HEELED PRINTS WERE PROBABLY A DAME'S. IN THIS DAY AND AGE, WITH A WAR GOING ON, I'LL BET THERE'S MORE THAN ONE FEMALE TOBACCO CHANTER!
INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE···
A-LOO-A-LEE-A-DUB-
DAT'S BETTER DAN DE GUY ON DE RADIO! OLE MACKERAL-MUG IS GOIN'.
SOLD AT FORTY A HUNDRED!
SAY- THAT VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR- AND IT'S A STRANGE COINCIDENCE THE AUCTION SHOULD START JUST WHEN I'M APPROACHING THE PLACE!
SUB-MARINER TURNS AND STEALTHILY CREEPS TOWARD THE WAREHOUSE!
RINDIGO MAY HAVE SPOTTED ME AND PUT ON AN ACT- WE'LL SEE!
IT'S STILL DARK, BOYS. SUPPOSE WE PLAY GHOST AND SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP SOME MORE OF THE TREASURE LEFT BY MY LATE, LAMENTED GRANDFATHER.
AYE, AYE!
ALL HANDS TO STATIONS! A FEW MORE NIGHTS OF SCARING THE NATIVES OFF THE RIVER, WHILE WE SALVAGE THE TREASURE, AND WE'LL LIVE THE LIFE OF REILLY!
RINDIGO! LOOK!
LOOK AGAIN— BECAUSE THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE GOING TO SEE STARS!
15

A VICIOUS TORNADO OF FLESH AND BONE SWEEPS THE DECK OF THE STEAMBOAT!
HERE'S WHERE I AUCTION OFF SOME RATS ··· AT A DIME A DOZEN!
WOW! AI-YI-I-I-I!
I'M SCRAMMIN'– WHILE THE SCRAMMIN'S GOOD!
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES, RINDIGO CRAWLS TO A COIL OF ROPE···
YEOW! HALP! MY EYE!
IF MY MEN CAN ONLY HOLD HIM OFF A FEW MINUTES LONGER!
THE GRANDSON OF THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER FURTIVELY UNCOILS THE ROPE AS HE DESCENDS A COMPANIONWAY···
SO FAR, SO GOOD! IN A FEW MINUTES THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER!
THE CRAFTY RINDIGO TIES THE ROPE TO A HOOK···
THERE! NOW TO CALL THE ENGINE ROOM!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
AS THE BOAT SPRINGS FORWARD, IT TEARS DOWN ONE OF THE SHED WALLS··· AND THE WHOLE WAREHOUSE TOPPLES!
YEOW!
AGHR-R-R– I'M CRUSHED!
YE-E-EEE!
16

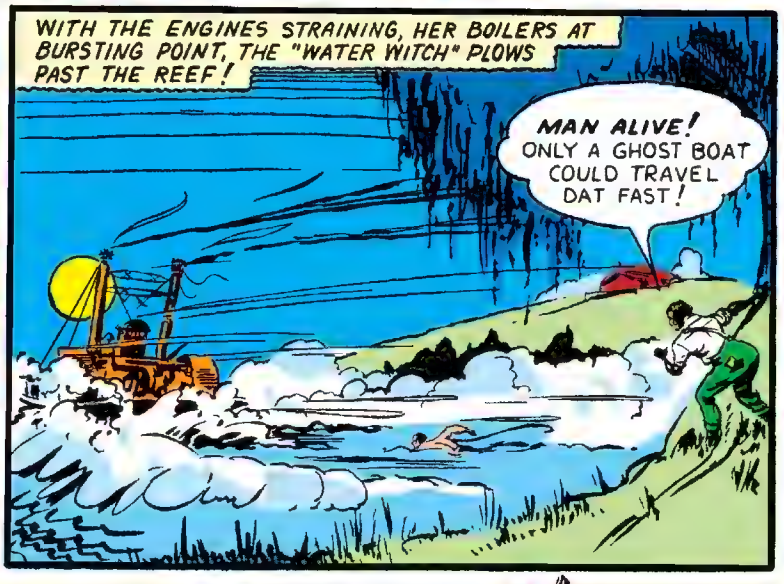
CONFIDENT THAT SUB-MARINER IS DEAD, RINDIGO CUTS THE ROPE WHICH TIES THE SHED WALL TO THE STEAMBOAT— AND THE "WATER WITCH" SWINGS INTO THE RIVER, WHERE···
OKAY, TOE! SIGNAL AS SOON AS YOU SPOT MORE OF THE TREASURE!
BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN A COLLAPSED WAREHOUSE TO KILL SUB-MARINER!
MY HEAD! HEY! WHERE'S THE "WATER WITCH"? OH, YES!··· RINDIGO SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SALVAGE!
SWIMMING OUT OF THE INLET, SUB-MARINER SPOTS THE BOAT··· BUT THE BOAT LOOK-OUT SPOTS HIM!
RINDIGO! THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN!
WITH A COLD SMILE, RINDIGO CUTS THE LINES OF HIS DIVER.
WE CAN'T HAVE ANY EXCESS BAGGAGE! FULL SPEED— AND THROW EVERYTHING WE DON'T NEED OVERBOARD! WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL LIGHT!
WITH AXES, THE SAILORS HACK AT THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE VESSEL.
WE'VE GOT TO STREAMLINE HER! HE'S COMING FAST!
THEY'RE USING EVERY TRICK KNOWN TO STEAMBOAT MEN WHEN THEY RACED IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. I WON'T HAVE TO ROUND 'EM UP— IF I CAN ONLY MAKE 'EM GO BEYOND THEIR MAXIMUM SPEED!
RINDIGO RACES DOWN TO THE ENGINE ROOM.
MORE STEAM! HE'S OVERTAKING US!
WHEN THAT PRESSURE VALVE ARM HITS A CERTAIN SPOT, SHE LETS OFF STEAM, AND WE SLOW DOWN. IT'S AUTOMATIC! IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN, WE'D GO TO KINGDOM COME!
THERE'S A TRICK THE OLD STEAMBOAT MEN NEVER USED TO PULL. WEIGHT DOWN THE PRESSURE ARM, SO SHE WON'T RELEASE STEAM. WEIGHT HER DOWN!
AYE, AYE, RINDIGO. BUT START PRAYING THAT THE BOILERS DON'T BLOW!
17

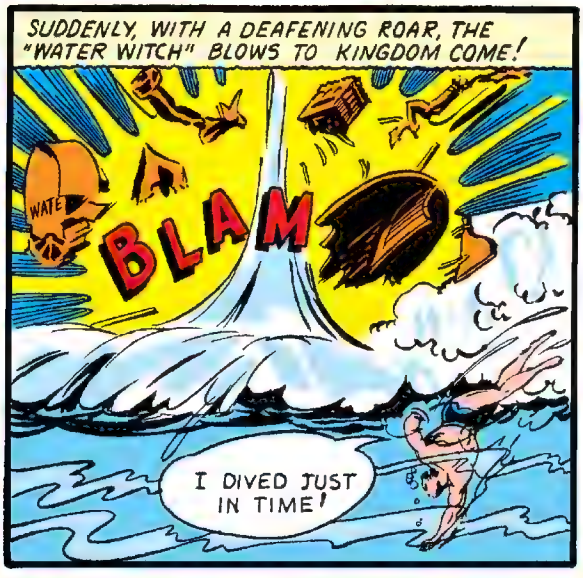
WE'VE WEIGHTED HER WITH ALL OUR AVAILABLE IRON, RINDIGO— BUT SHE'S STILL CLIMBING!

WE'LL WEIGHT IT WITH GOLD, THEN. TOM! JERRY! BRING THE TREASURE!


BOY! THAT PRESSURE ARM'S WORTH A MILLION BUCKS NOW!
IT'S WORTH OUR LIVES! KEEP FEEDING THE BOILERS! I'M GOING ON DECK!
GOLD
JEWELS

RINDIGO GOES TO THE CAMOUFLAGED PILOT-HOUSE, WHERE THE REAL PILOT OPERATES THE WHEEL— BELOW THE SKELETON!
CAREFUL! THERE'S A HIDDEN REEF UP AHEAD!
IF WE EVER REACH IT!

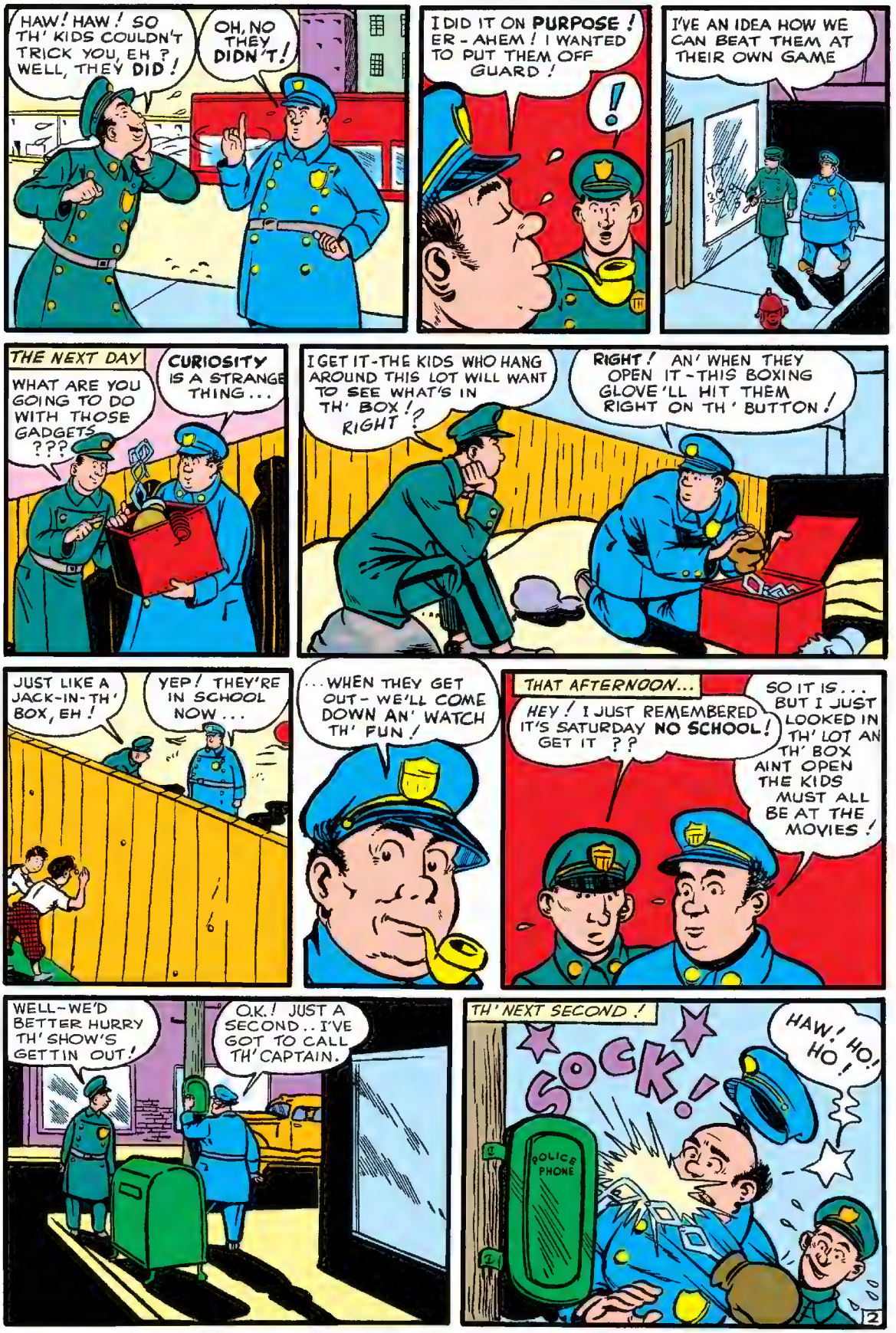

WITH THE ENGINES STRAINING, HER BOILERS AT BURSTING POINT, THE "WATER WITCH" PLOWS PAST THE REEF!
MAN ALIVE! ONLY A GHOST BOAT COULD TRAVEL DAT FAST!


SUDDENLY, WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE "WATER WITCH" BLOWS TO KINGDOM COME!
BLAM
I DIVED JUST IN TIME!

NOW SHE IS REALLY A GHOST SHIP! I'LL TIP OFF UNCLE SAM TO SALVAGE THE TREASURE—AND USE IT FOR WAR BONDS.
18

DON'T FORGET!
BUY MORE U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY....
SUB-MARINER
WILL BE BACK
WITH ANOTHER SLAM BANG STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

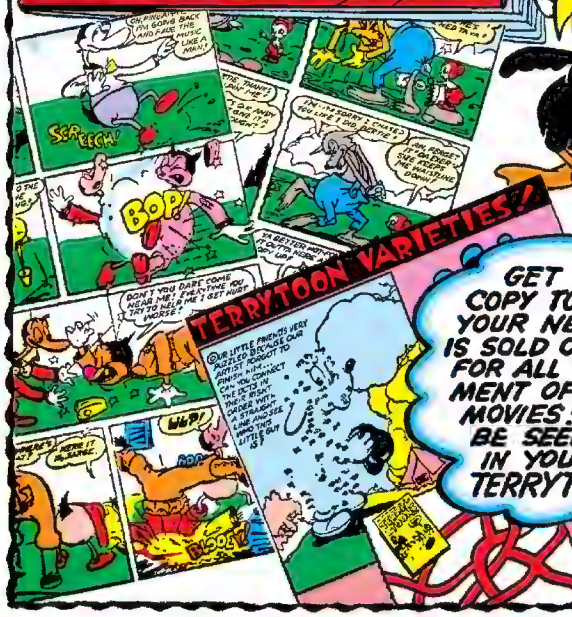
POP'S WOPPERS
BY ART GATES
HEY POP! HAVE YOU HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH KIDS PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON YOU ?
NARY A BIT !
JEEPERS! - ON MY BEAT I HAVE TROUBLE WITH THEM ALL THE TIME !
I OUT-SMART EM! THEY HAVEN'T A TRICK OLD POP CLANCY DON'T KNOW !
FOR INSTANCE, LOOK... THERE'S A TRICK NOW. I SEE THAT CIGAR ON TH' STRING. WHEN ANY ONE GOES TO PICK IT UP... A KID WILL YANK TH' STRING !
WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT IT ??
YOU JUST WATCH HOW I HANDLE THIS JOKE !
HA ! NOW I'LL CUT THE LINE LIKE THIS !... YOU SEE...
SNAP
I NOT ONLY RUIN THEIR JOKE... BUT I GET A CIGAR TOO ! HA-HA ! HO !
BAM !


HAW! HAW! SO TH' KIDS COULDN'T TRICK YOU, EH? WELL, THEY DID!
OH, NO THEY DIDN'T!
I DID IT ON PURPOSE! ER - AHEM! I WANTED TO PUT THEM OFF GUARD!
!
I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME
THE NEXT DAY
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE GADGETS ???
CURIOSITY IS A STRANGE THING...
I GET IT - THE KIDS WHO HANG AROUND THIS LOT WILL WANT TO SEE WHAT'S IN TH' BOX! RIGHT!?
RIGHT! AN' WHEN THEY OPEN IT - THIS BOXING GLOVE 'LL HIT THEM RIGHT ON TH' BUTTON!
JUST LIKE A JACK-IN-TH' BOX, EH!
YEP! THEY'RE IN SCHOOL NOW...
...WHEN THEY GET OUT - WE'LL COME DOWN AN' WATCH TH' FUN!
THAT AFTERNOON...
HEY! I JUST REMEMBERED IT'S SATURDAY NO SCHOOL! GET IT??
SO IT IS... BUT I JUST LOOKED IN TH' LOT AN TH' BOX AINT OPEN THE KIDS MUST ALL BE AT THE MOVIES!
WELL - WE'D BETTER HURRY TH' SHOW'S GETTIN OUT!
O.K.! JUST A SECOND.. I'VE GOT TO CALL TH' CAPTAIN.
TH' NEXT SECOND!
SOCK!
POLICE PHONE
HAW! HO! HO!
2

IT'S HERE!

BIG No 2 ISSUE!!

ISSUE No 2 OF AMERICA'S SENSATIONAL NEW COMIC HIT! CRAMMED WITH EXCITING, FUNNY "FROM-THE-SCREEN-TO-YOU" STORIES, PLUS PUZZLES, GAMES and SURPRISES



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LEE-KING

TOPS!

THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

HEY, KIDS! EVERY MONTH

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

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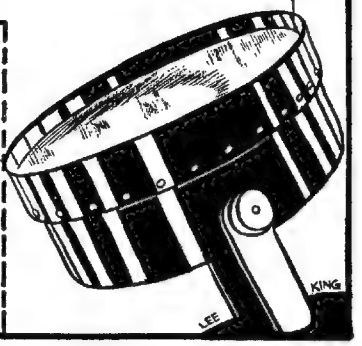
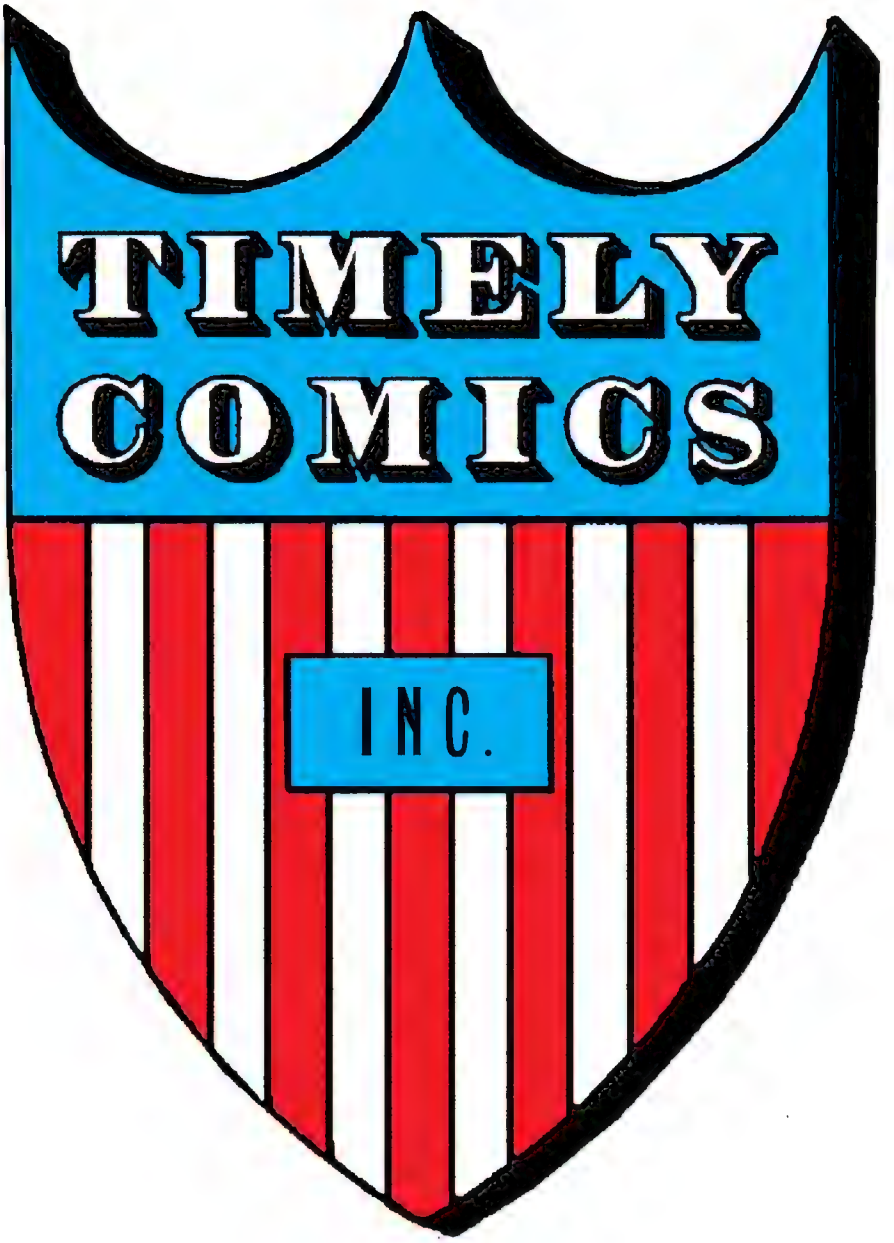



TIMELY
COMICS
INC.

NO. 8
WINTER ISSUE
SUB-MARINER
COMICS
10¢
U.S. BASE
SOLOMON ISLANDS

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. -SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

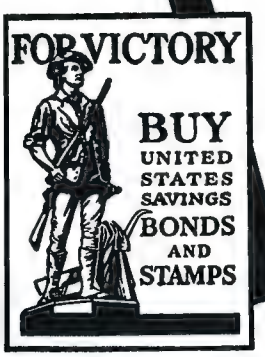
Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau



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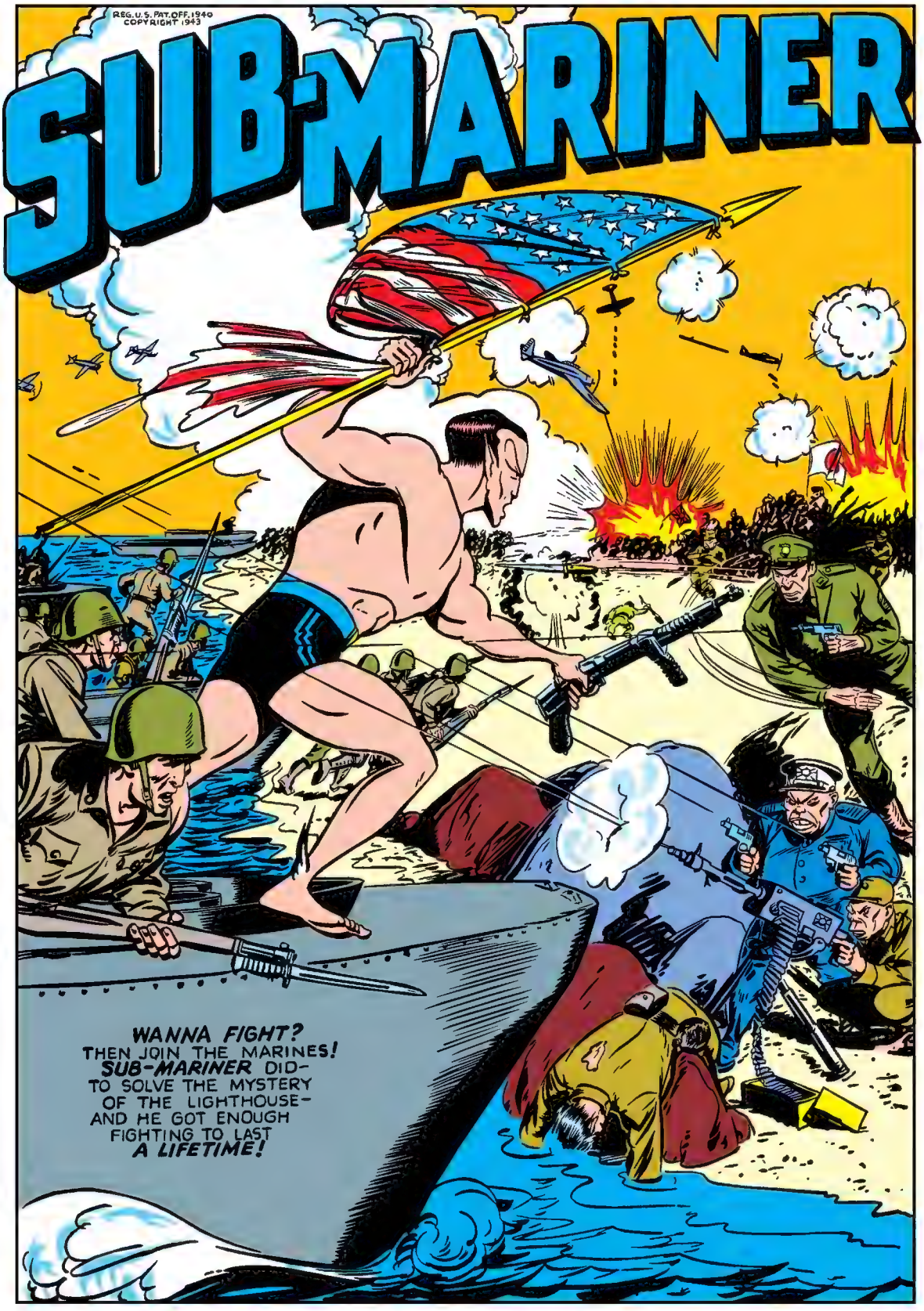
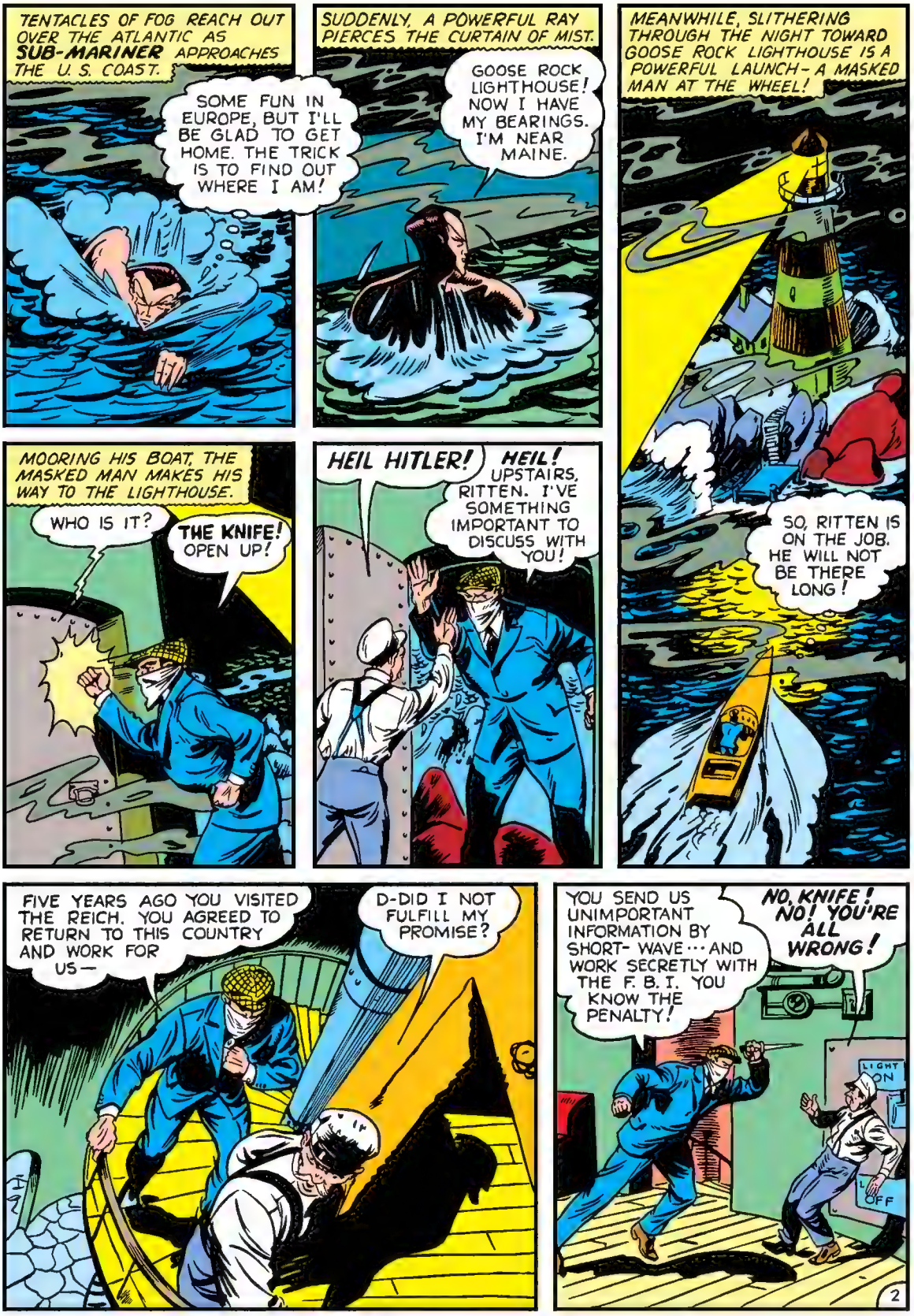
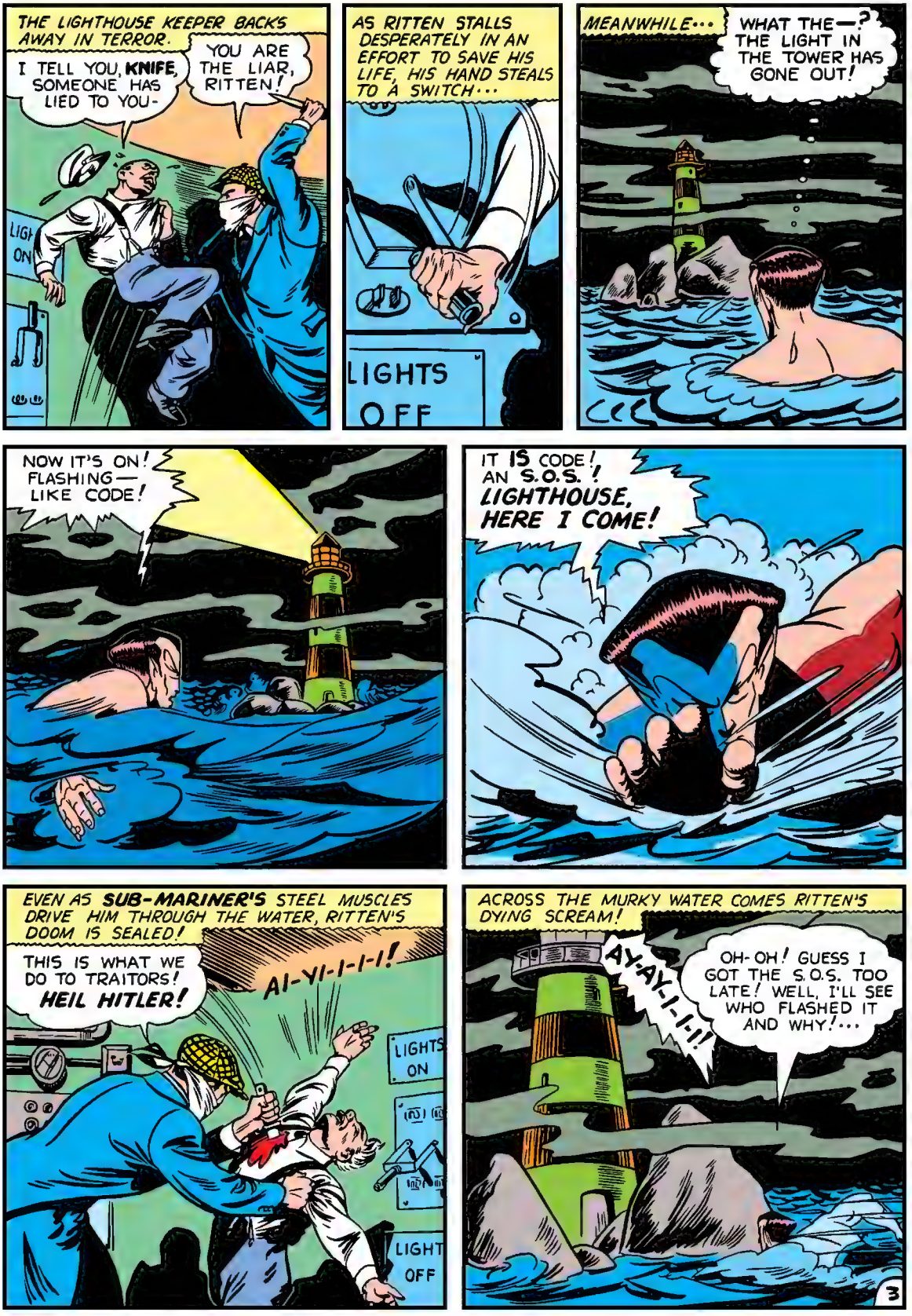
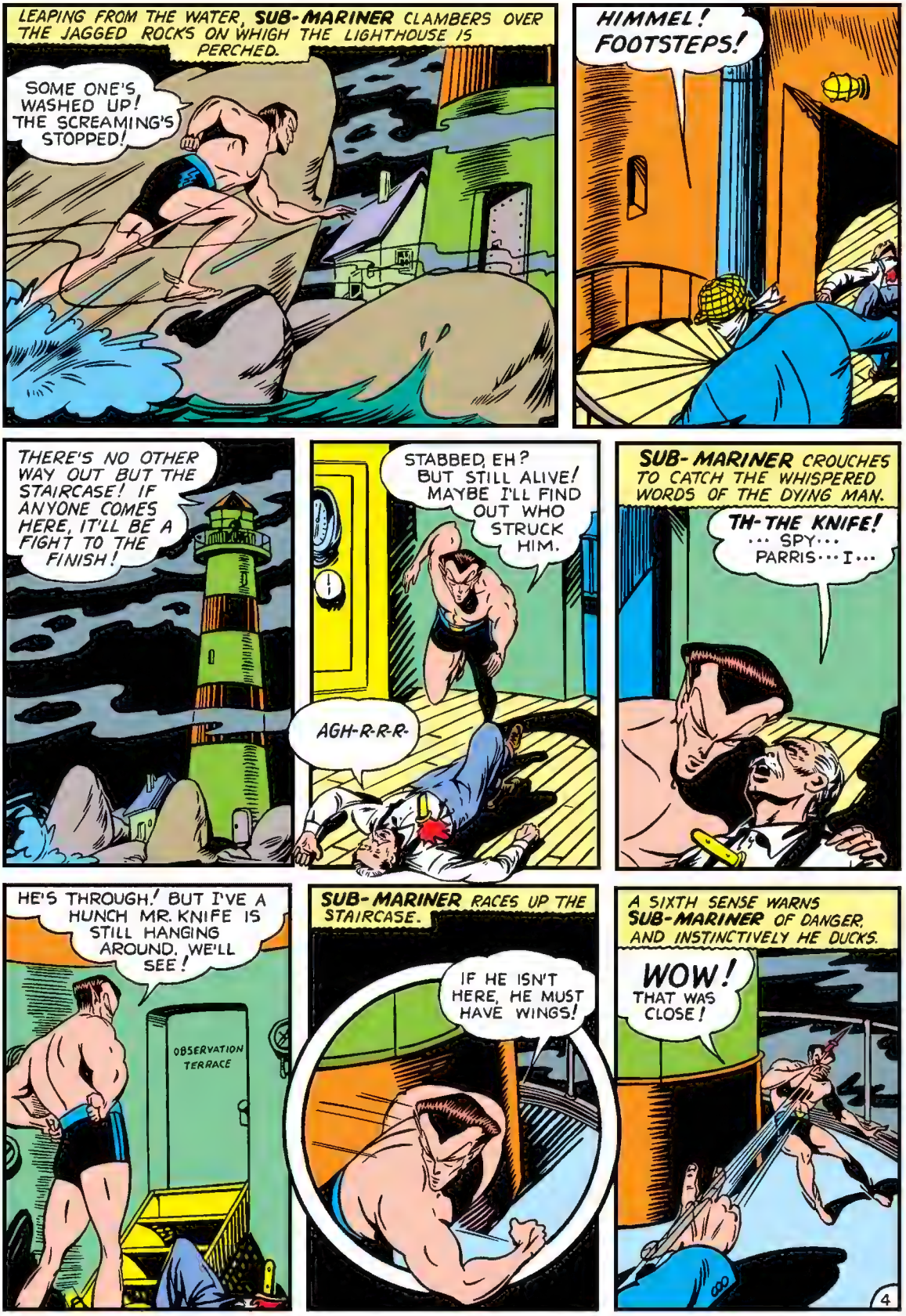
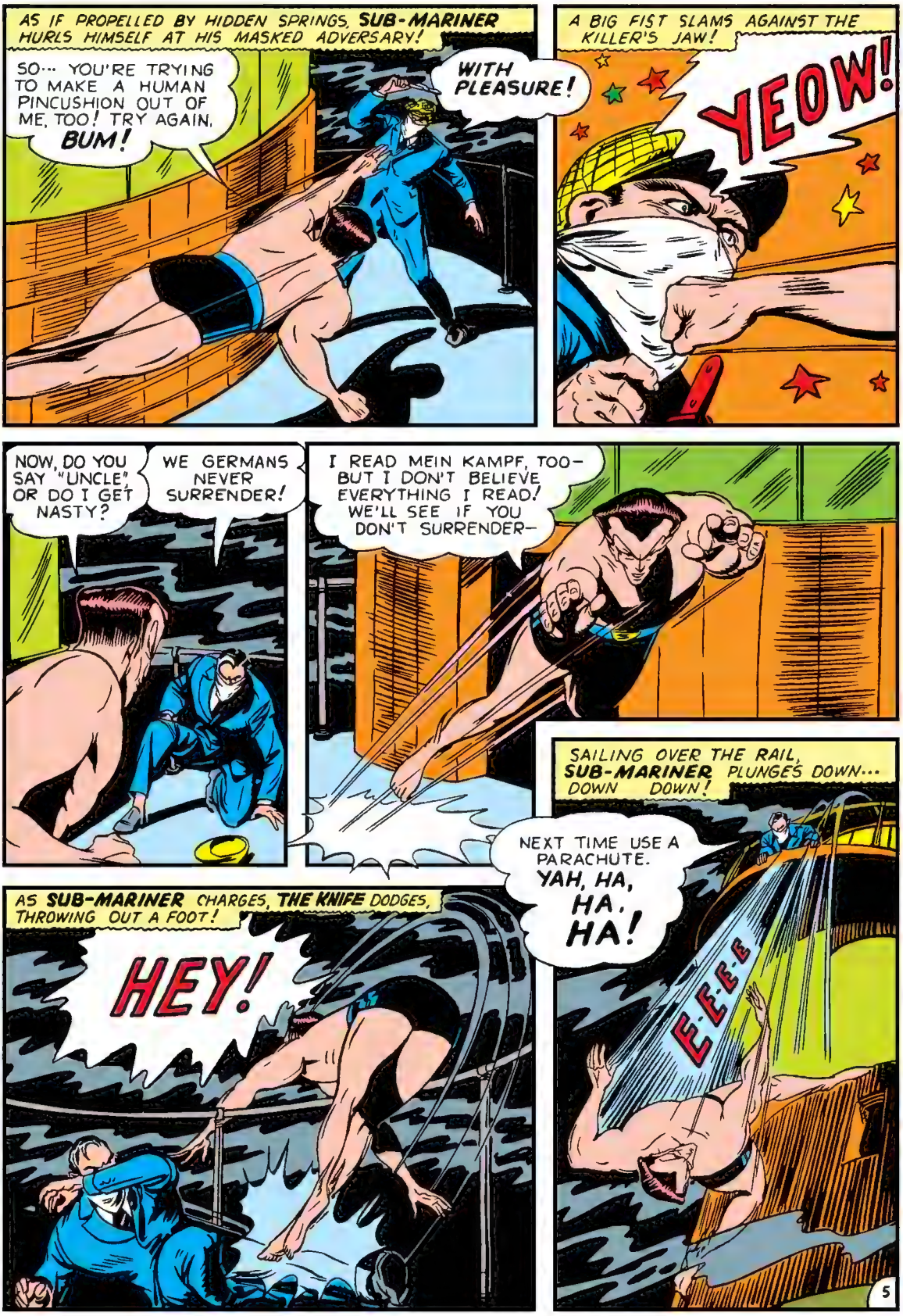
SUB-MARINER

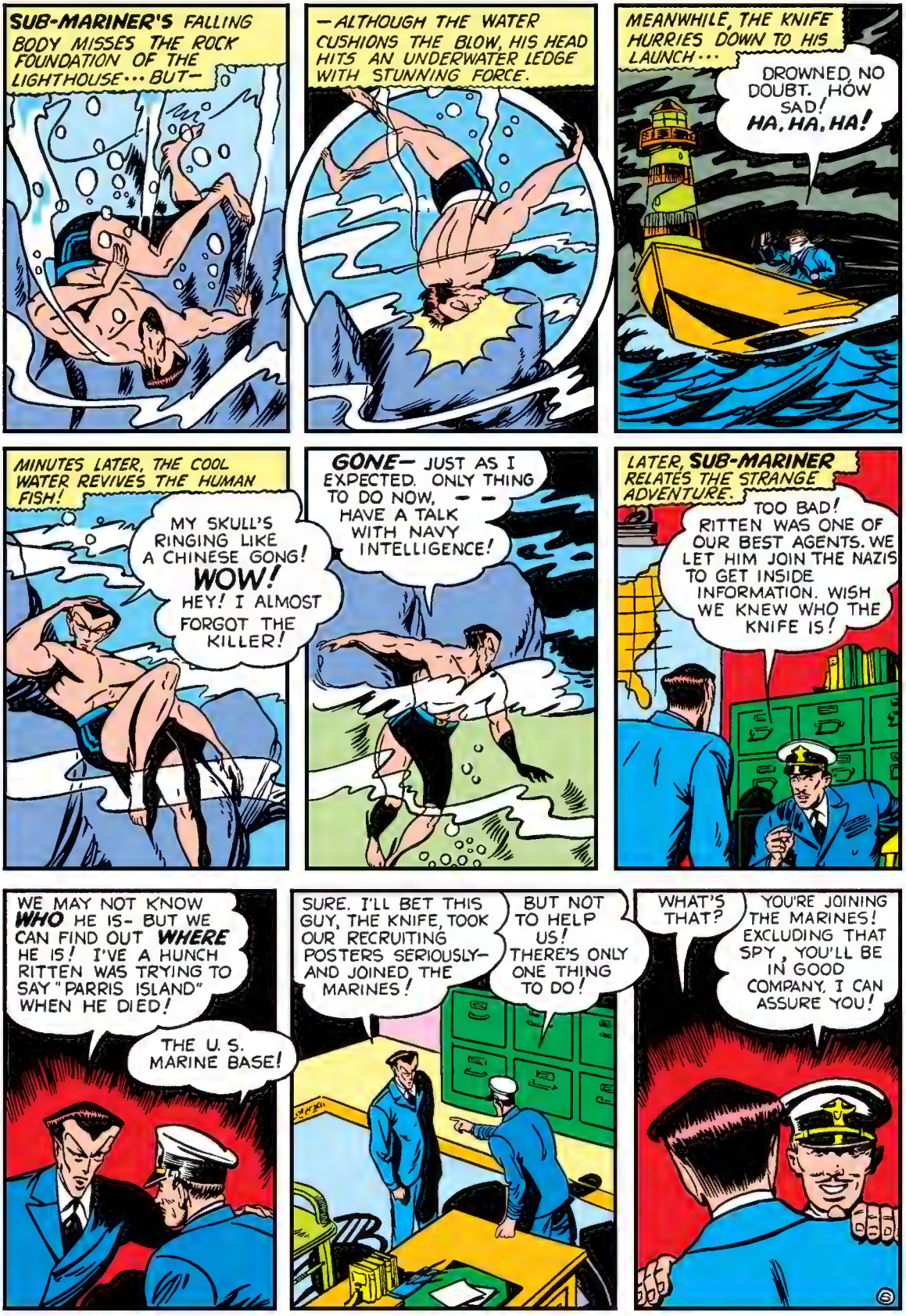



TENTACLES OF FOG REACH OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC AS SUB-MARINER APPROACHES THE U. S. COAST.
SOME FUN IN EUROPE, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME. THE TRICK IS TO FIND OUT WHERE I AM!
SUDDENLY, A POWERFUL RAY PIERCES THE CURTAIN OF MIST.
GOOSE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE! NOW I HAVE MY BEARINGS. I'M NEAR MAINE.
MEANWHILE, SLITHERING THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD GOOSE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE IS A POWERFUL LAUNCH - A MASKED MAN AT THE WHEEL!
SO, RITTEN IS ON THE JOB. HE WILL NOT BE THERE LONG!
MOORING HIS BOAT, THE MASKED MAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.
WHO IS IT?
THE KNIFE! OPEN UP!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL! UPSTAIRS, RITTEN. I'VE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!
FIVE YEARS AGO YOU VISITED THE REICH. YOU AGREED TO RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY AND WORK FOR US—
D-DID I NOT FULFILL MY PROMISE?
YOU SEND US UNIMPORTANT INFORMATION BY SHORT- WAVE ··· AND WORK SECRETLY WITH THE F. B. I. YOU KNOW THE PENALTY!
NO, KNIFE! NO! YOU'RE ALL WRONG!
LIGHT ON
OFF
2


THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER BACKS AWAY IN TERROR.
I TELL YOU, KNIFE, SOMEONE HAS LIED TO YOU-
YOU ARE THE LIAR, RITTEN!
LIGHT ON
AS RITTEN STALLS DESPERATELY IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE HIS LIFE, HIS HAND STEALS TO A SWITCH···
LIGHTS OFF
MEANWHILE···
WHAT THE—? THE LIGHT IN THE TOWER HAS GONE OUT!
NOW IT'S ON! FLASHING— LIKE CODE!
IT IS CODE! AN S.O.S.! LIGHTHOUSE, HERE I COME!
EVEN AS SUB-MARINER'S STEEL MUSCLES DRIVE HIM THROUGH THE WATER, RITTEN'S DOOM IS SEALED!
THIS IS WHAT WE DO TO TRAITORS! HEIL HITLER!
AI-YI-I-I-I!
LIGHTS ON
LIGHT OFF
ACROSS THE MURKY WATER COMES RITTEN'S DYING SCREAM!
AY-AY-I-I-I!
OH-OH! GUESS I GOT THE S.O.S. TOO LATE! WELL, I'LL SEE WHO FLASHED IT AND WHY!···
3


LEAPING FROM THE WATER, SUB-MARINER CLAMBERS OVER THE JAGGED ROCKS ON WHIGH THE LIGHTHOUSE IS PERCHED.
SOME ONE'S WASHED UP! THE SCREAMING'S STOPPED!
HIMMEL! FOOTSTEPS!
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT BUT THE STAIRCASE! IF ANYONE COMES HERE, IT'LL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
STABBED, EH? BUT STILL ALIVE! MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT WHO STRUCK HIM.
AGH-R-R-R-
SUB-MARINER CROUCHES TO CATCH THE WHISPERED WORDS OF THE DYING MAN.
TH-THE KNIFE! ... SPY... PARRIS... I...
HE'S THROUGH! BUT I'VE A HUNCH MR. KNIFE IS STILL HANGING AROUND. WE'LL SEE!
OBSERVATION TERRACE
SUB-MARINER RACES UP THE STAIRCASE.
IF HE ISN'T HERE, HE MUST HAVE WINGS!
A SIXTH SENSE WARNS SUB-MARINER OF DANGER, AND INSTINCTIVELY HE DUCKS.
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
4


AS IF PROPELLED BY HIDDEN SPRINGS, SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF AT HIS MASKED ADVERSARY!
SO··· YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE A HUMAN PINCUSHION OUT OF ME, TOO! TRY AGAIN, BUM!
WITH PLEASURE!
A BIG FIST SLAMS AGAINST THE KILLER'S JAW!
YEOW!
NOW, DO YOU SAY "UNCLE" OR DO I GET NASTY?
WE GERMANS NEVER SURRENDER!
I READ MEIN KAMPF, TOO— BUT I DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING I READ! WE'LL SEE IF YOU DON'T SURRENDER—
SAILING OVER THE RAIL, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES DOWN··· DOWN DOWN!
NEXT TIME USE A PARACHUTE. YAH, HA, HA, HA!
E-E-E-E
AS SUB-MARINER CHARGES, THE KNIFE DODGES, THROWING OUT A FOOT!
HEY!
5

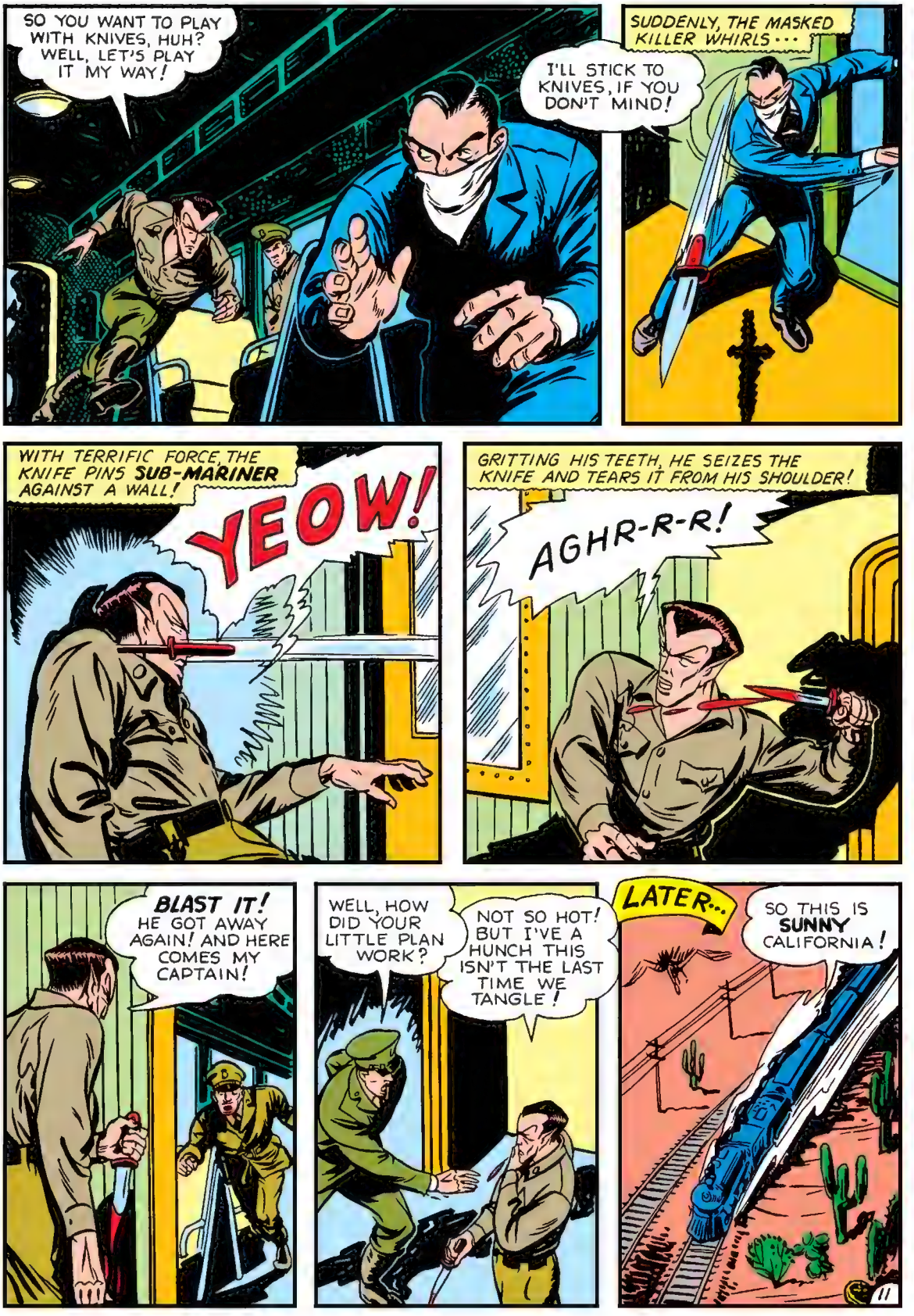

SUB-MARINER'S FALLING BODY MISSES THE ROCK FOUNDATION OF THE LIGHTHOUSE··· BUT—
—ALTHOUGH THE WATER CUSHIONS THE BLOW, HIS HEAD HITS AN UNDERWATER LEDGE WITH STUNNING FORCE.
MEANWHILE, THE KNIFE HURRIES DOWN TO HIS LAUNCH···
DROWNED, NO DOUBT. HOW SAD! HA, HA, HA!
MINUTES LATER, THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE HUMAN FISH!
MY SKULL'S RINGING LIKE A CHINESE GONG! WOW! HEY! I ALMOST FORGOT THE KILLER!
GONE— JUST AS I EXPECTED. ONLY THING TO DO NOW, — — HAVE A TALK WITH NAVY INTELLIGENCE!
LATER, SUB-MARINER RELATES THE STRANGE ADVENTURE.
TOO BAD! RITTEN WAS ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS. WE LET HIM JOIN THE NAZIS TO GET INSIDE INFORMATION. WISH WE KNEW WHO THE KNIFE IS!
WE MAY NOT KNOW WHO HE IS- BUT WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE HE IS! I'VE A HUNCH RITTEN WAS TRYING TO SAY "PARRIS ISLAND" WHEN HE DIED!
THE U. S. MARINE BASE!
SURE. I'LL BET THIS GUY, THE KNIFE, TOOK OUR RECRUITING POSTERS SERIOUSLY— AND JOINED THE MARINES!
BUT NOT TO HELP US! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
WHAT'S THAT?
YOU'RE JOINING THE MARINES! EXCLUDING THAT SPY, YOU'LL BE IN GOOD COMPANY, I CAN ASSURE YOU!

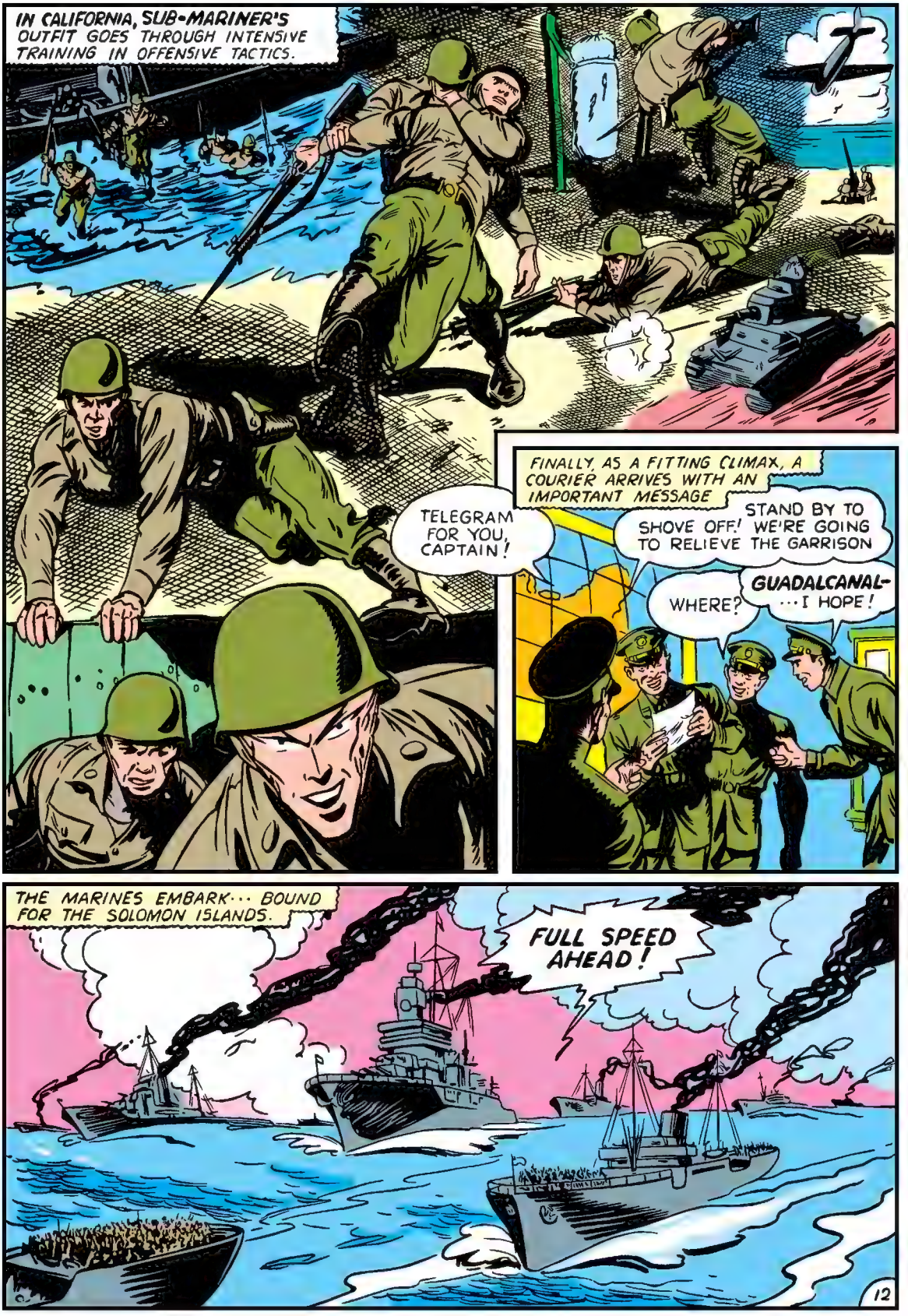
PARRIS ISLAND···
R-I-I-GHT FACE!
HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN WITH CORPORAL MC BRIDE!
OF ALL THE WHACKY, BLANKETY- BLANK DOPES, YOU TAKE THE CAKE!
JUST A MINUTE, CORPORAL!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE BAWLING OUT A JACKASS, MC BRIDE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO!
Y-YES, SERGEANT HOWARD···
HERE'S THE BEST WAY TO GET YOUR ORDERS ENFORCED, CORPORAL!
YEOW!
WHY, THE DIRTY···
CALM DOWN, SOLDIER,··· UNLESS YOU WANT TO WIND UP IN THE GUARDHOUSE!
THAT'S THE KIND OF STUFF THEY PULL IN THE GERMAN ARMY··· SAY, MAYBE—
MAYBE WHAT?
JUST THOUGHT OF A GAG TO ANNOY SERGEANT HOWARD. ARE YOU WITH ME?
SURE··· IF I DON'T GET MY NECK IN A SLING!

THAT NIGHT···
I STILL THINK IT'S NUTS— BUT IT'S OKAY BY ME!
SWELL! NOW, I'LL BE AT THE WINDOW OF THE RECREATION CENTER. YOU GO TO THE DOORWAY ···AND DO YOUR STUFF!
HERE'S HOPING MC BRIDE'S GERMAN ACCENT CLICKS!
ACHTUNG!
AT THE GERMAN WORD FOR "ATTENTION", HOWARD'S BODY SNAPS STIFF AS A RAMROD!
WHAT THE-?
THE GUY WHO YELLED SURE BEAT IT FAST!
THE OTHERS DIDN'T NOTICE BUT I DID! HOWARD FELL FOR IT, HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER! WHICH MAKES HIM A NAZI IN MY BOOK! NOW TO PROVE IT···
SUB-MARINER HURRIES OFF TO A PHONE BOOTH.
NAVY INTELLIGENCE? THIS IS SUB-MARINER. I WANT THE DOSSIER ON SERGEANT B. R. HOWARD.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, OLD MAN, BUT HE'S GOT A PERFECT RECORD. HE'S AS AMERICAN AS APPLE PIE!
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN! MEANWHILE, I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN!
LATER··· SUB-MARINER'S OUTFIT GETS ITS MARCHING ORDERS.
MEN, YOU'RE GOING TO CALIFORNIA FOR ADVANCED TRAINING!
YI-I-P-P-EE!
8

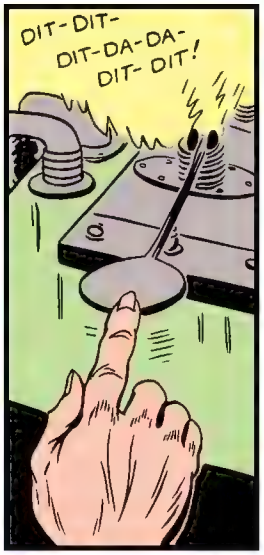
PACKED WITH LEATHERNECKS, A TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT.
WE STOP FIFTEEN MINUTES AT CANYON JUNCTION TO PICK UP ANOTHER OUTFIT.
AS THE CLICK OF THE RAILS CEASES, SUB-MARINER BECOMES AWARE OF ANOTHER SOUND···
TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK!
THAT COULD BE A CLOCK··· MIGHT BE SOMETHING ELSE, TOO··· BETTER PLAY SAFE—
MOVING STEALTHILY THROUGH THE TRAIN, SUB-MARINER TRACKS DOWN THE OMINOUS SOUND.
TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK!
NO. 6
IT WOULD BE JUST MY LUCK IF THIS COMPARTMENT WERE OCCUPIED BY A BRASS HAT! I'LL KNOCK FIRST.
NO ANSWER··· WELL, HERE GOES!
NO6
SUB-MARINER SMASHES OPEN THE LOCKED DOOR.
JUST AS I SUSPECTED—A TIME BOMB!
TICK-TOCK TICK-TOCK
RACING TO THE PLATFORM, HE HURLS THE INFERNAL MACHINE INTO SPACE!
THIS WOULD MAKE A SWELL WRIST-WATCH FOR A. HITLER!
TICK! TOCK!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR···
BLAM!

THE BLAST SNAPS THE MARINES INTO ACTION.
WHERE ARE WE? TOKYO?
THE NOISE CAME FROM THE NEXT CAR MAYBE IT'S A SABOTEUR!
HERE THEY COME, INCLUDING HOWARD! NOW TO PUT MYSELF ON THE SPOT. THEN MAYBE I CAN PUT THE FINGER ON THE GUY I SUSPECT!
WHAT HAPPENED?
TIME-BOMB! AND JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES, I SAW WHO PLANTED IT. WHEN WE HIT CALIFORNIA, I'M TIPPING NAVY INTELLIGENCE.
TOO BAD I HAD TO SHOW MY HAND- BUT IT'S ONE WAY OF DRAWING THE RAT OUT OF HIS HOLE.
I HOPE IT WORKS!
I'LL PRETEND I'M TAKING A SNOOZE-
HO-HUM!
AN HOUR LATER, A SINISTER FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY PAST THE SLEEPING LEATHERNECKS.
SO··· HE STOOGES FOR NAVY INTELLIGENCE! I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT!
NOW!-
NOW WHAT?
E-E-E-E-E!
10

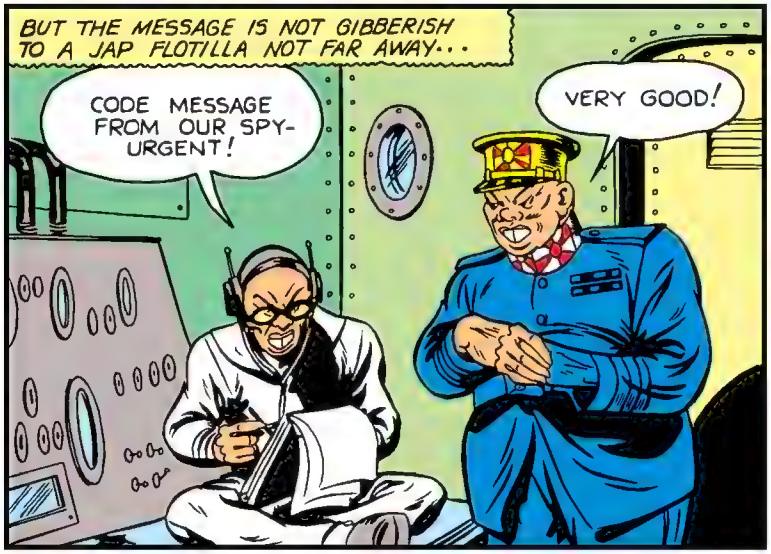

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH KNIVES, HUH? WELL, LET'S PLAY IT MY WAY!
I'LL STICK TO KNIVES, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
SUDDENLY, THE MASKED KILLER WHIRLS ···
WITH TERRIFIC FORCE, THE KNIFE PINS SUB-MARINER AGAINST A WALL!
YEOW!
GRITTING HIS TEETH, HE SEIZES THE KNIFE AND TEARS IT FROM HIS SHOULDER!
AGHR-R-R!
BLAST IT! HE GOT AWAY AGAIN! AND HERE COMES MY CAPTAIN!
WELL, HOW DID YOUR LITTLE PLAN WORK?
NOT SO HOT! BUT I'VE A HUNCH THIS ISN'T THE LAST TIME WE TANGLE!
LATER···
SO THIS IS SUNNY CALIFORNIA!


IN CALIFORNIA, SUB-MARINER'S OUTFIT GOES THROUGH INTENSIVE TRAINING IN OFFENSIVE TACTICS.
TELEGRAM FOR YOU, CAPTAIN!
FINALLY, AS A FITTING CLIMAX, A COURIER ARRIVES WITH AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE
STAND BY TO SHOVE OFF! WE'RE GOING TO RELIEVE THE GARRISON
WHERE?
GUADALCANAL- ···I HOPE!
THE MARINES EMBARK··· BOUND FOR THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
12

EN ROUTE ACROSS THE PACIFIC...
CODE MESSAGE TO THE FLAGSHIP. CAPTAIN SAID TO SEND IT OUT AT ONCE, SPARKS.
OKAY, SERGEANT HOWARD!

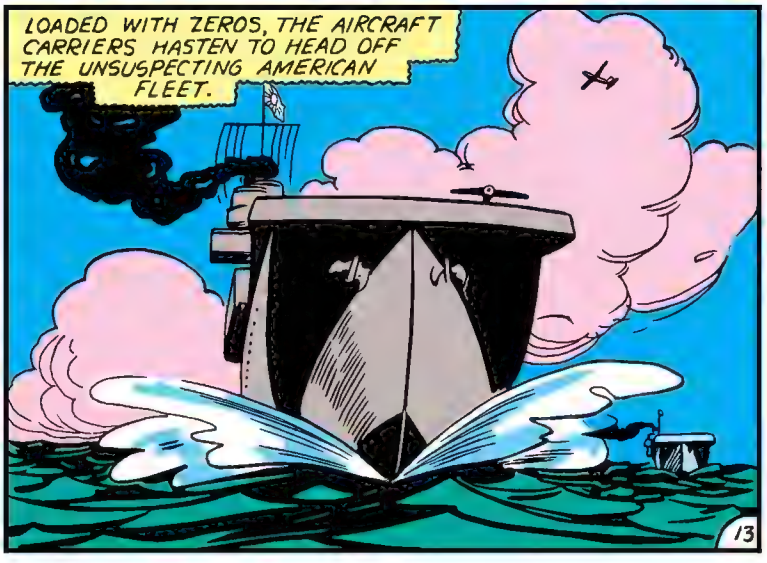

DIT-DIT-
DIT-DA-DA-
DIT- DIT!

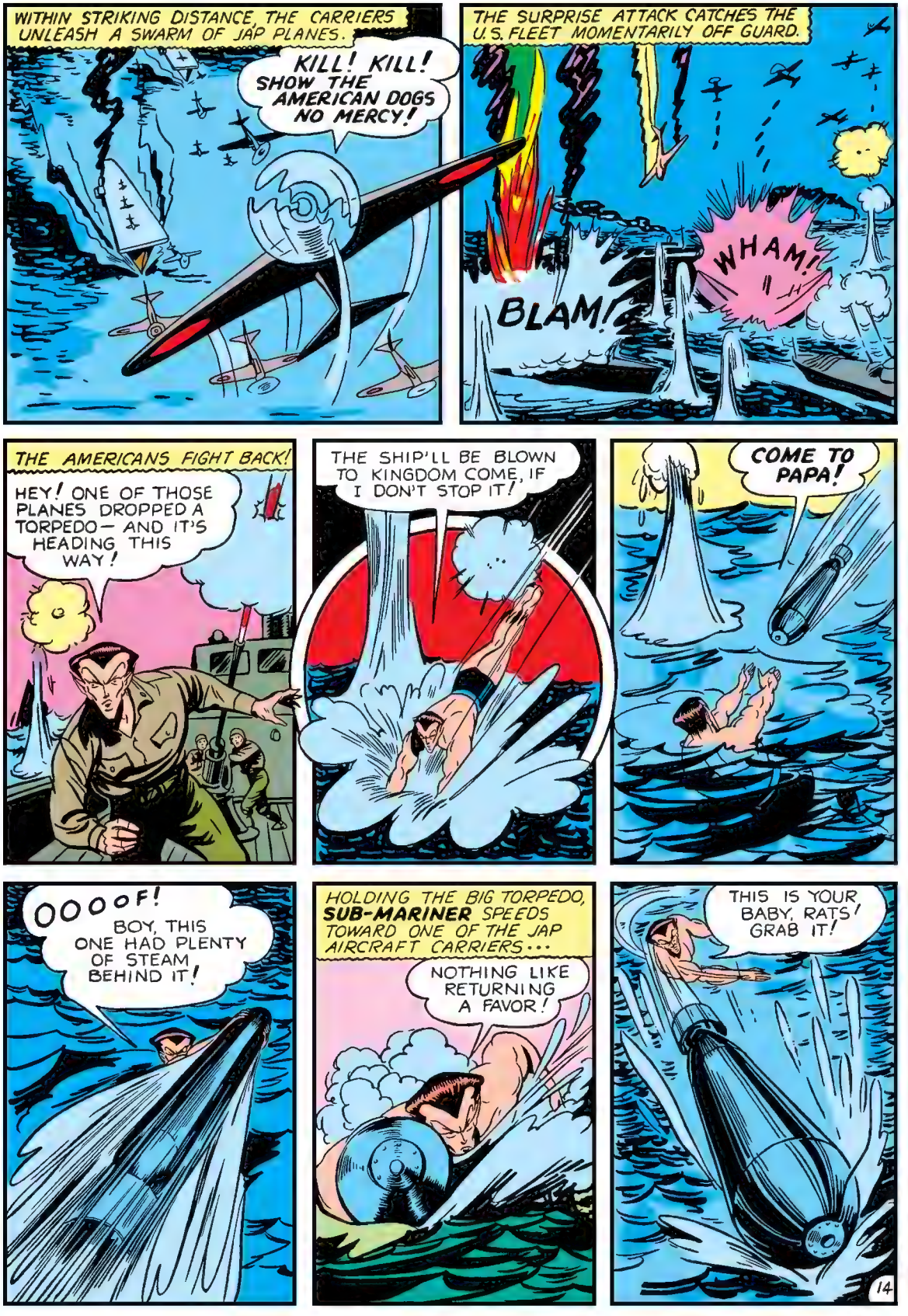
THE MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY THE FLAGSHIP.
WHAT TH-! THIS IS GIBBERISH! SOME ONE MUST BE JAMMING ON OUR WAVE BAND.

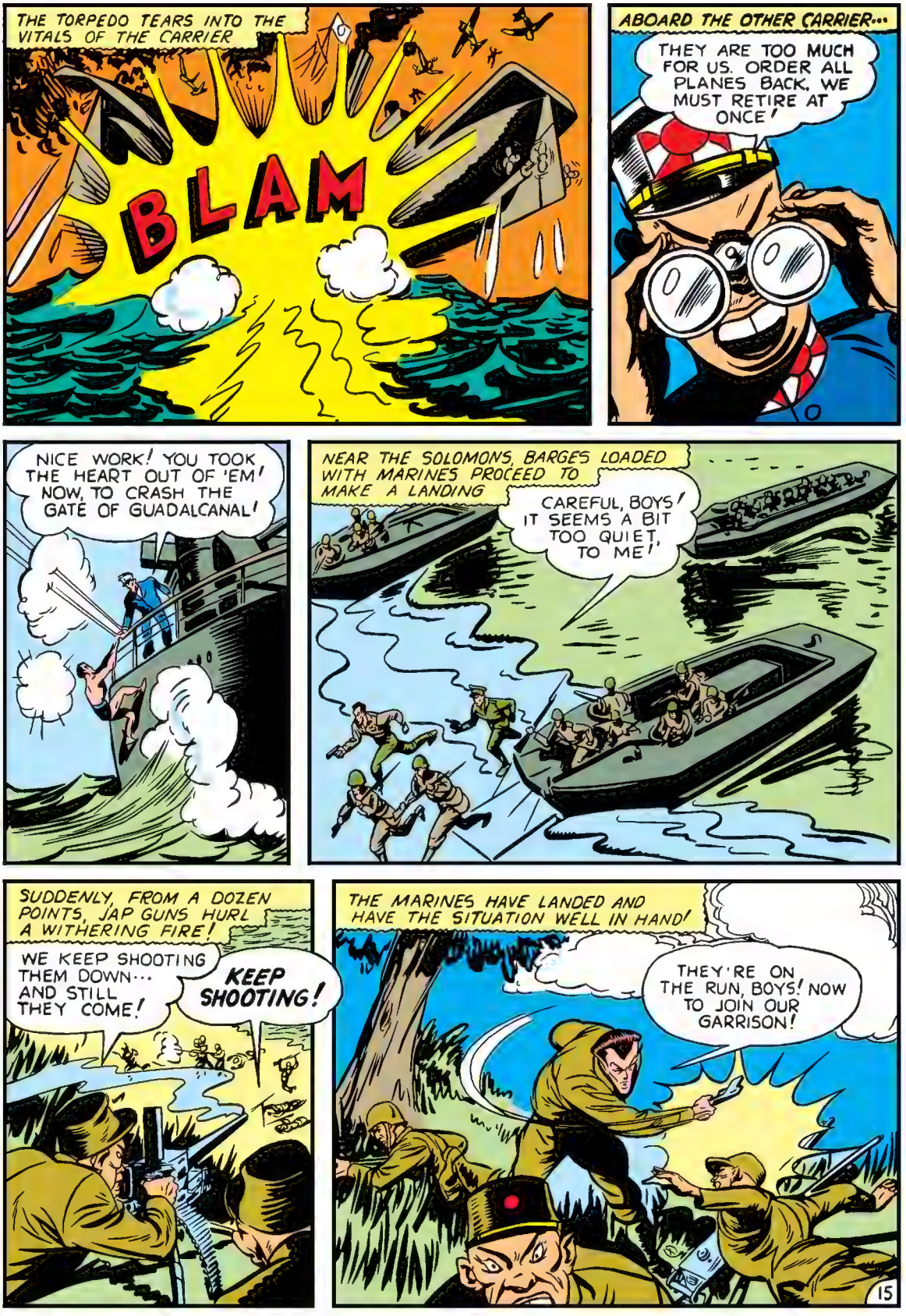

BUT THE MESSAGE IS NOT GIBBERISH TO A JAP FLOTILLA NOT FAR AWAY...
CODE MESSAGE FROM OUR SPY- URGENT!
VERY GOOD!

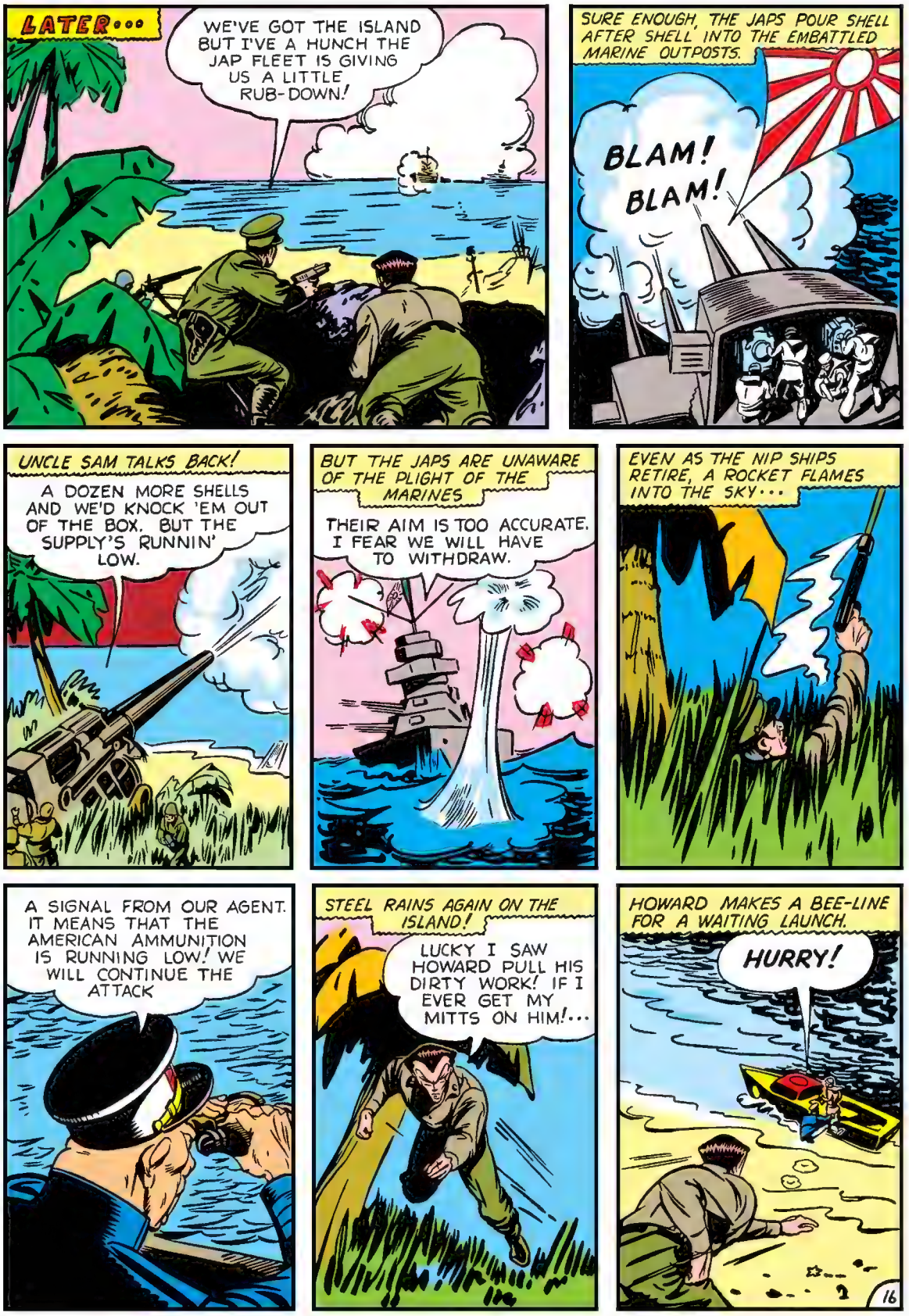
AHA! BIG AMERICAN FLEET HEADED FOR THE SOLOMONS WITH RE-INFORCEMENTS. THIS GIVES THEIR EXACT LOCATION. EXCELLENT!

DISPATCH TWO AIRCRAFT CARRIERS TO THE SCENE AT ONCE! WE WILL SEND THEIR WHOLE FLEET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

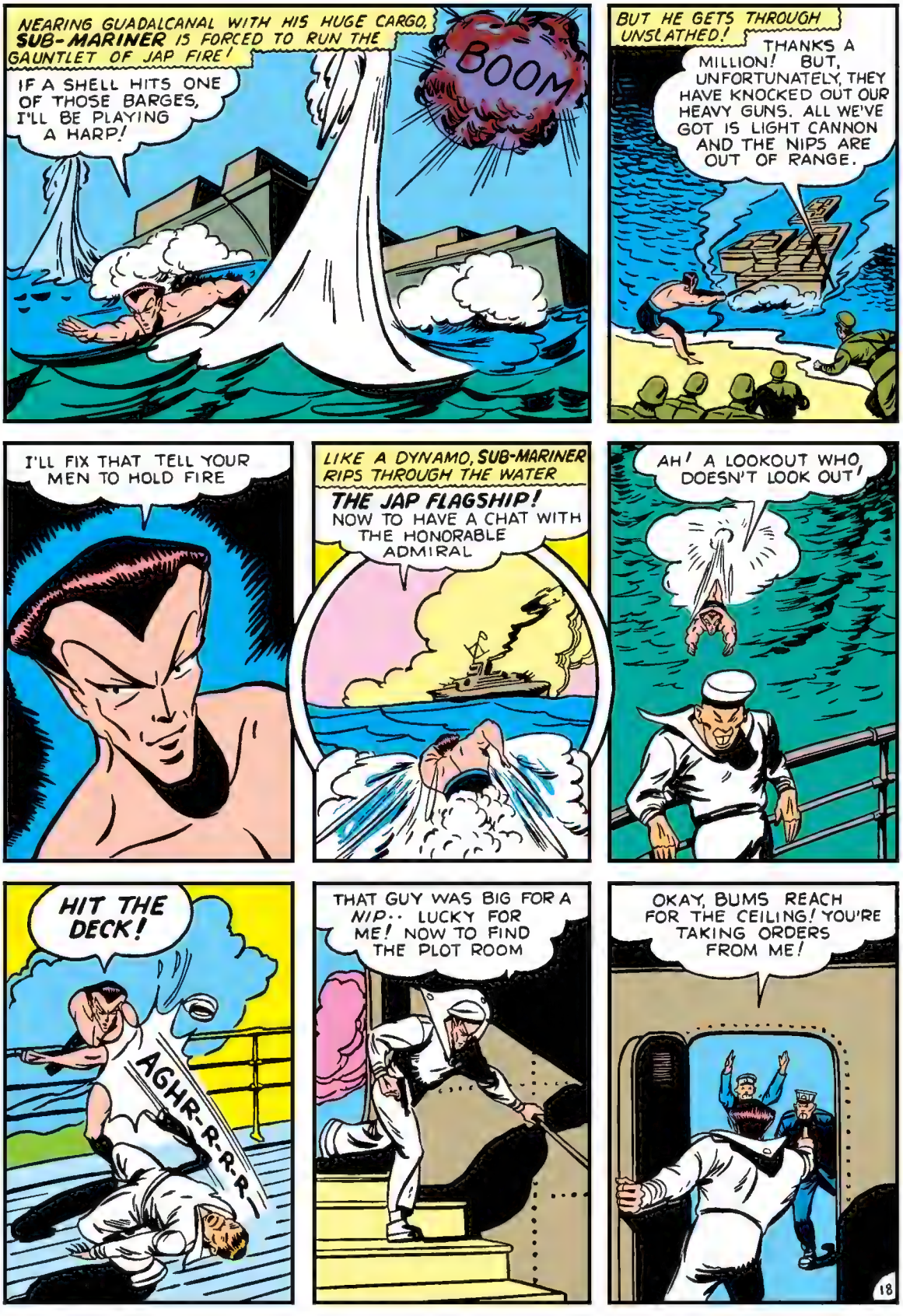

LOADED WITH ZEROS, THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS HASTEN TO HEAD OFF THE UNSUSPECTING AMERICAN FLEET.

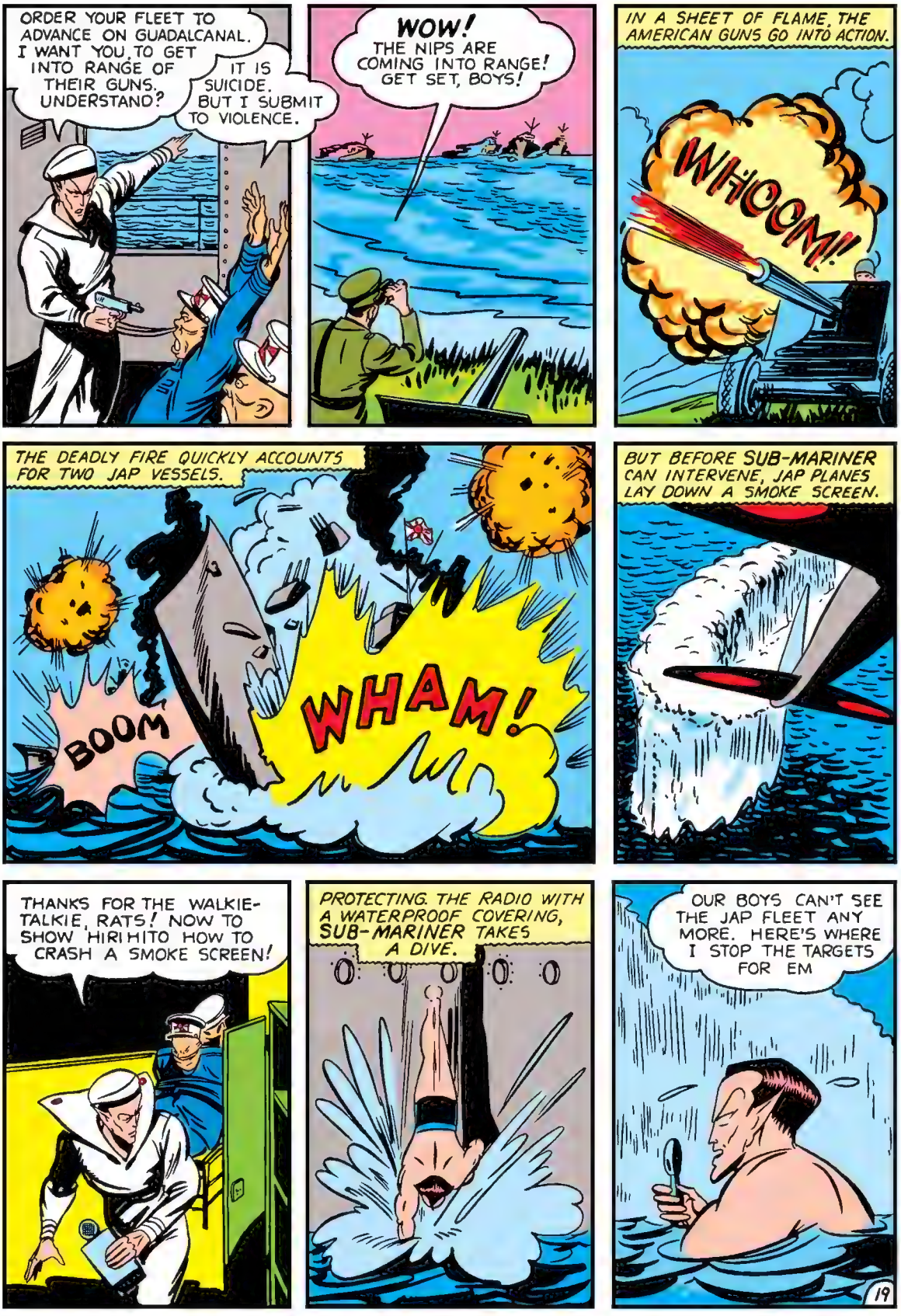

WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE, THE CARRIERS UNLEASH A SWARM OF JAP PLANES.
KILL! KILL! SHOW THE AMERICAN DOGS NO MERCY!
THE SURPRISE ATTACK CATCHES THE U.S. FLEET MOMENTARILY OFF GUARD.
WHAM!
BLAM!
THE AMERICANS FIGHT BACK!
HEY! ONE OF THOSE PLANES DROPPED A TORPEDO— AND IT'S HEADING THIS WAY!
THE SHIP'LL BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME, IF I DON'T STOP IT!
COME TO PAPA!
OOOOF!
BOY, THIS ONE HAD PLENTY OF STEAM BEHIND IT!
HOLDING THE BIG TORPEDO, SUB-MARINER SPEEDS TOWARD ONE OF THE JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIERS...
NOTHING LIKE RETURNING A FAVOR!
THIS IS YOUR BABY, RATS! GRAB IT!
14


THE TORPEDO TEARS INTO THE VITALS OF THE CARRIER
BLAM
ABOARD THE OTHER CARRIER...
THEY ARE TOO MUCH FOR US. ORDER ALL PLANES BACK. WE MUST RETIRE AT ONCE!
NICE WORK! YOU TOOK THE HEART OUT OF 'EM! NOW, TO CRASH THE GATE OF GUADALCANAL!
NEAR THE SOLOMONS, BARGES LOADED WITH MARINES PROCEED TO MAKE A LANDING
CAREFUL, BOYS! IT SEEMS A BIT TOO QUIET, TO ME!
SUDDENLY, FROM A DOZEN POINTS, JAP GUNS HURL A WITHERING FIRE!
WE KEEP SHOOTING THEM DOWN... AND STILL THEY COME!
KEEP SHOOTING!
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!
THEY'RE ON THE RUN, BOYS! NOW TO JOIN OUR GARRISON!


LATER...
WE'VE GOT THE ISLAND BUT I'VE A HUNCH THE JAP FLEET IS GIVING US A LITTLE RUB-DOWN!
SURE ENOUGH, THE JAPS POUR SHELL AFTER SHELL INTO THE EMBATTLED MARINE OUTPOSTS.
BLAM! BLAM!
UNCLE SAM TALKS BACK!
A DOZEN MORE SHELLS AND WE'D KNOCK 'EM OUT OF THE BOX. BUT THE SUPPLY'S RUNNIN' LOW.
BUT THE JAPS ARE UNAWARE OF THE PLIGHT OF THE MARINES
THEIR AIM IS TOO ACCURATE. I FEAR WE WILL HAVE TO WITHDRAW.
EVEN AS THE NIP SHIPS RETIRE, A ROCKET FLAMES INTO THE SKY...
A SIGNAL FROM OUR AGENT. IT MEANS THAT THE AMERICAN AMMUNITION IS RUNNING LOW! WE WILL CONTINUE THE ATTACK
STEEL RAINS AGAIN ON THE ISLAND!
LUCKY I SAW HOWARD PULL HIS DIRTY WORK! IF I EVER GET MY MITTS ON HIM!...
HOWARD MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR A WAITING LAUNCH.
HURRY!
16

AS SUB-MARINER RACES AFTER THE LAUNCH, HOWARD HURLS SOMETHING···
A GRENADE··· WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
THE LETHAL "PILL" EXPLODES, BLOWING SUB-MARINER INTO THE AIR!
YEOW!
WHOOP!
BUT HIS RECUPERATIVE POWERS DO NOT FAIL HIM!
I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT FOR AN HOUR! WELL, HE'S GONE··· I'D BETTER JOIN THE BOYS.
THEY'RE SURE TOSSING IRON! WHAT GIVES, CAPTAIN?
LOOKS LIKE CUSTER'S LAST STAND! WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO THE NEAREST U.S. NAVY BASE! IF THEY HAVE ANY SPARE SHELLS AROUND, YOU'LL GET 'EM!
TIRELESS MUSCLES CARRY SUB-MARINER TO THE BASE···
WHAT A BREAK! A WHOLE STRING OF BARGES LOADED WITH MUNITIONS!
HEY!
THIS IS FOR THE MARINES! DON'T WORRY. I'LL SEND YOU A RECEIPT!
EXPLOSIVES
TNT
SHELLS


NEARING GUADALCANAL WITH HIS HUGE CARGO, SUB-MARINER IS FORCED TO RUN THE GAUNTLET OF JAP FIRE!
IF A SHELL HITS ONE OF THOSE BARGES, I'LL BE PLAYING A HARP!
BOOM
BUT HE GETS THROUGH UNSCATHED!
THANKS A MILLION! BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE KNOCKED OUT OUR HEAVY GUNS. ALL WE'VE GOT IS LIGHT CANNON AND THE NIPS ARE OUT OF RANGE.
I'LL FIX THAT TELL YOUR MEN TO HOLD FIRE
LIKE A DYNAMO, SUB-MARINER RIPS THROUGH THE WATER
THE JAP FLAGSHIP! NOW TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THE HONORABLE ADMIRAL
AH! A LOOKOUT WHO, DOESN'T LOOK OUT!
HIT THE DECK!
AGHR-R-R-R!
THAT GUY WAS BIG FOR A NIP.. LUCKY FOR ME! NOW TO FIND THE PLOT ROOM
OKAY, BUMS REACH FOR THE CEILING! YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME!

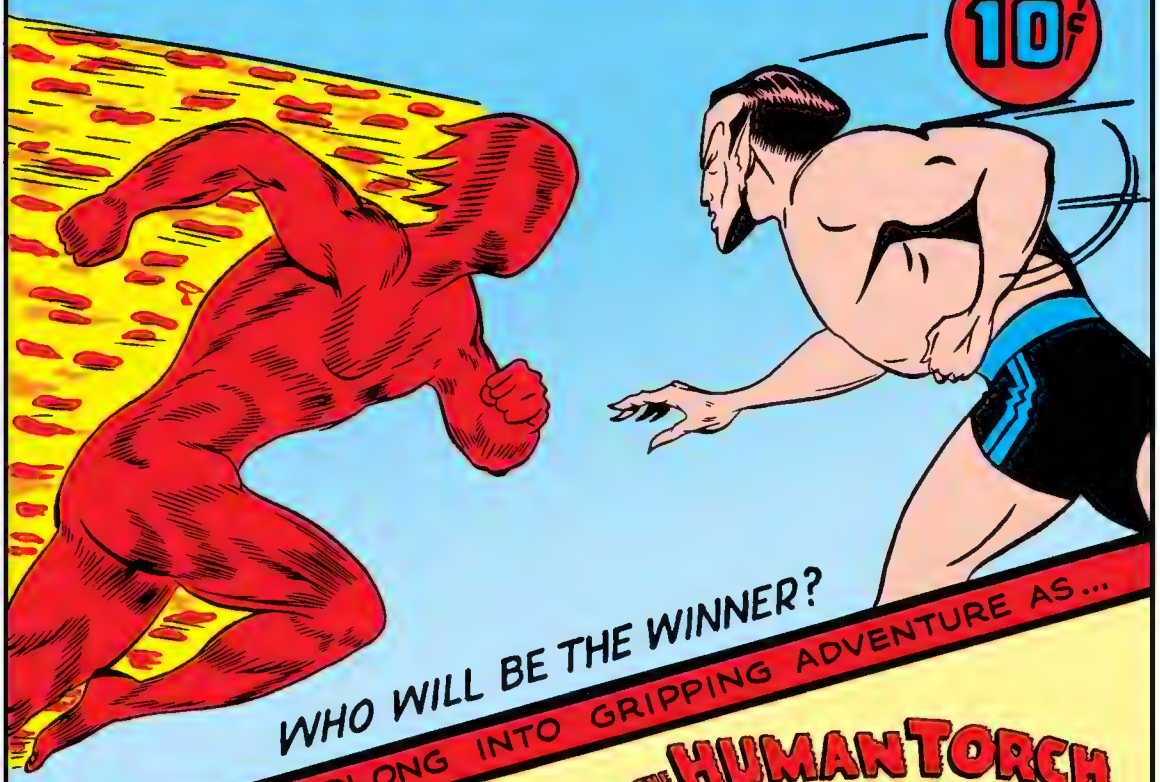

ORDER YOUR FLEET TO ADVANCE ON GUADALCANAL. I WANT YOU TO GET INTO RANGE OF THEIR GUNS, UNDERSTAND?
IT IS SUICIDE. BUT I SUBMIT TO VIOLENCE.
WOW! THE NIPS ARE COMING INTO RANGE! GET SET, BOYS!
IN A SHEET OF FLAME, THE AMERICAN GUNS GO INTO ACTION.
WHOOM!!
THE DEADLY FIRE QUICKLY ACCOUNTS FOR TWO JAP VESSELS.
BOOM
WHAM!
BUT BEFORE SUB-MARINER CAN INTERVENE, JAP PLANES LAY DOWN A SMOKE SCREEN.
THANKS FOR THE WALKIE-TALKIE, RATS! NOW TO SHOW HIRIHITO HOW TO CRASH A SMOKE SCREEN!
PROTECTING THE RADIO WITH A WATERPROOF COVERING, SUB-MARINER TAKES A DIVE.
OUR BOYS CAN'T SEE THE JAP FLEET ANY MORE. HERE'S WHERE I STOP THE TARGETS FOR EM
19

AT GUADALCANAL···
SUB-MARINER CALLING! HE'S GIVING THE EXACT POSITION OF THE JAPS
SWELL! TELL HIM TO CORRECT THE POSITION WHENEVER WE MISS.
BY SHORT WAVE, SUB-MARINER DIRECTS THE FIRE OF THE U.S. GUNS AT THE HIDDEN FLEET!
MUFFED BY TEN YARDS FIRE MORE TO THE LEFT!
THE AMERICANS CORRECT THEIR FIRE···
BLAM
SOON THE WATER IS FILLED WITH JAPS— AND OTHERS!
WELL! IF IT ISN'T SERGEANT HOWARD! HIYA, SKUNK?
YE-E-E-I-I-I!
NOW THAT THE BATTLE'S PRACTICALLY OVER, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
CAPTAIN! HERE COMES SUB-MARINE AND HE'S DRAGGING SOMETHING!
SWELL WORK! WE'VE KAYOED THE JAP FLEET! AND I SEE YOU'VE SAVED SERGEANT HOWARD
I SAVED HIM FOR A FIRING SQUAD! HE'S A NAZI KNOWN AS THE KNIFE! HE GOT INTO THE MARINES WITH FORGED PAPERS
AND SO··· TATTERED BUT UNCONQUERABLE, THE STARS AND STRIPES FLY OVER GUADALCANAL!
OLD GLORY
IS WAVING OVER OUR ARMY AND NAVY IN ALL THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD!
IT IS YOUR DUTY TO KEEP IT WAVING HERE AT HOME
KEEP FAITH WITH OUR BOYS— BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.
SUB-MARINER
WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN
Marvel comics

They're AT IT AGAIN

in the HUMAN TORCH (Quarterly)

10¢



WHO WILL BE THE WINNER?

ZOOMING HEADLONG INTO GRIPPING ADVENTURE AS...

THE HUMAN TORCH BATTLES SUB-MARINER in "The DEATH DANCE OF THE ATLANTIC"

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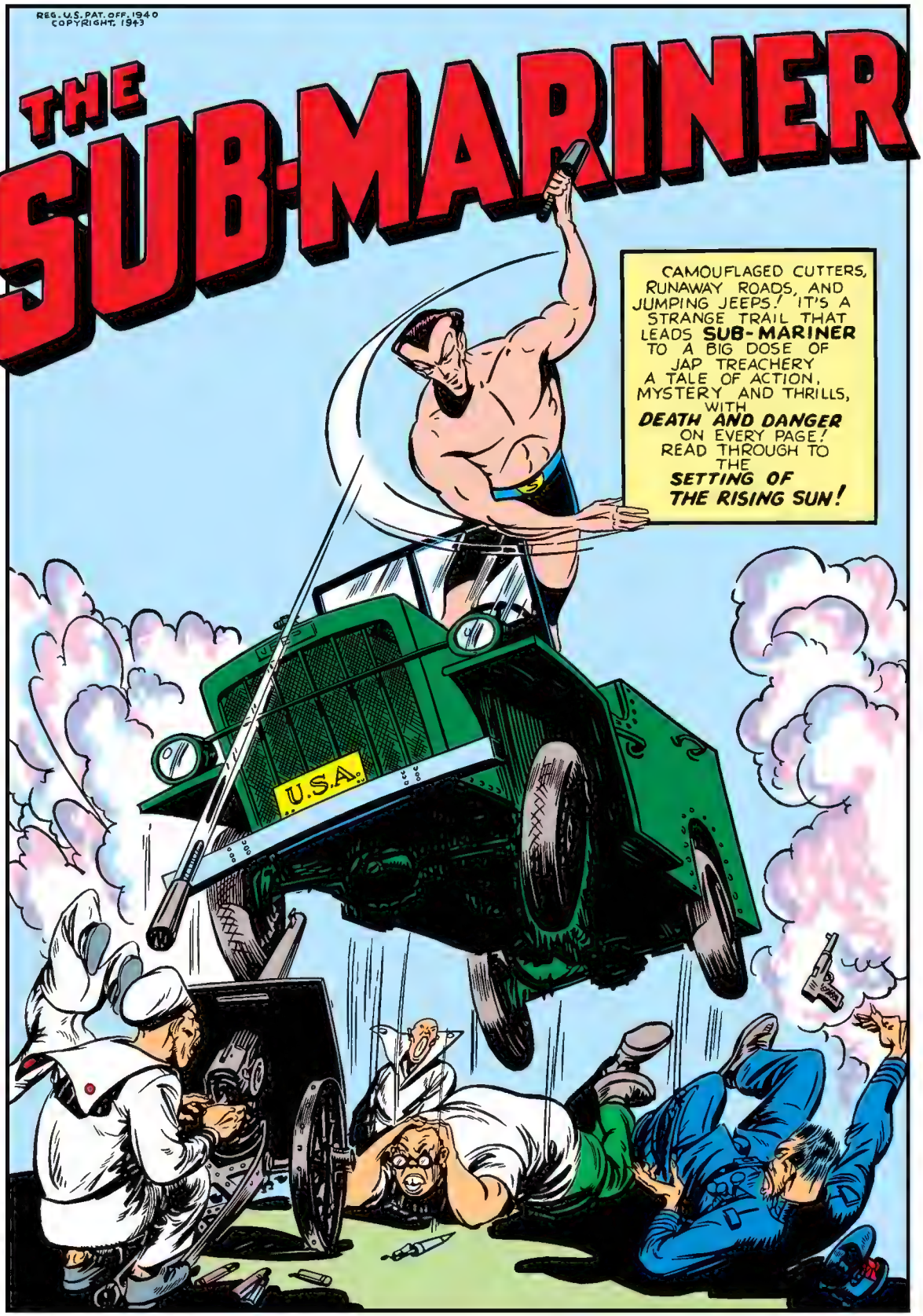
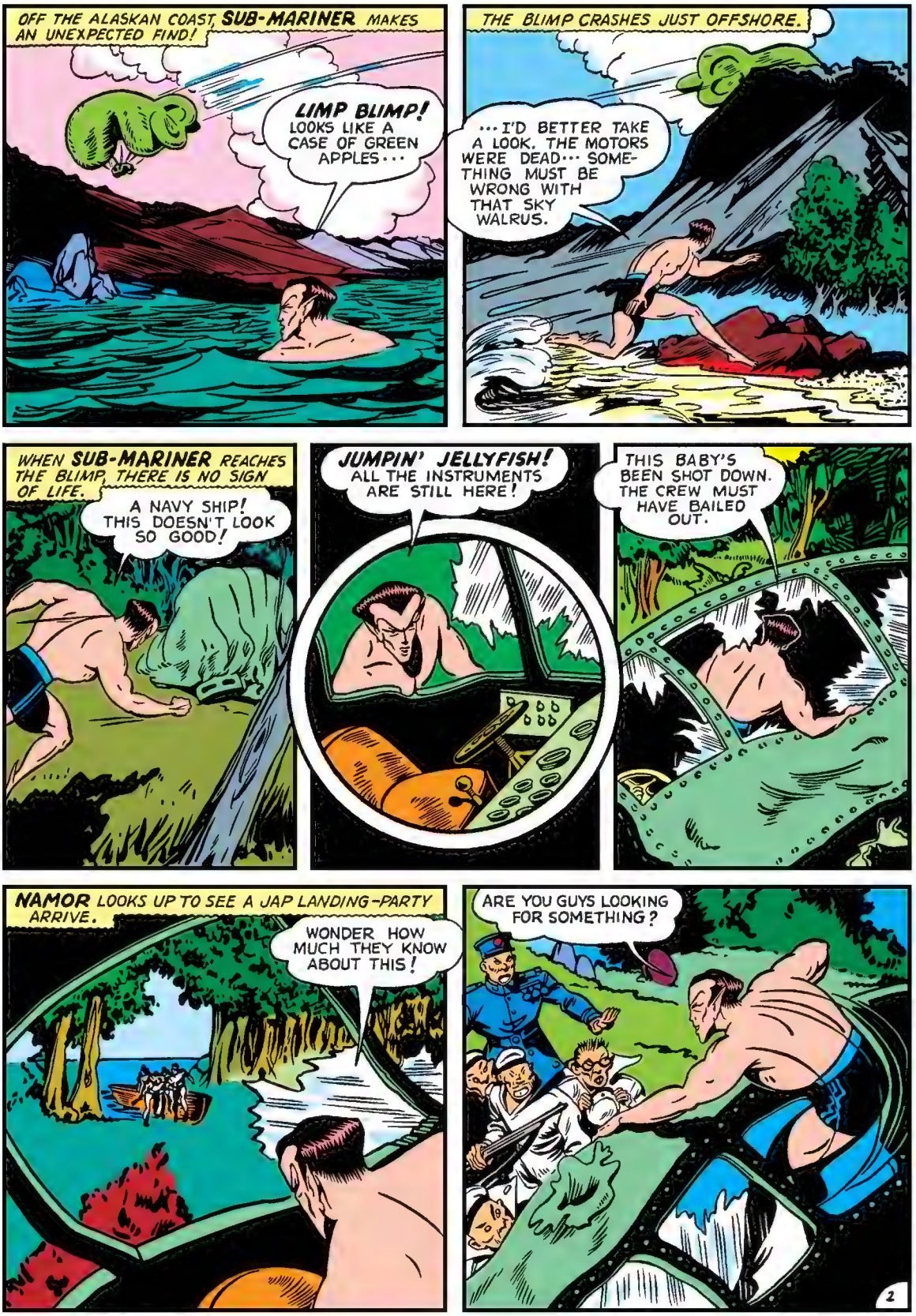
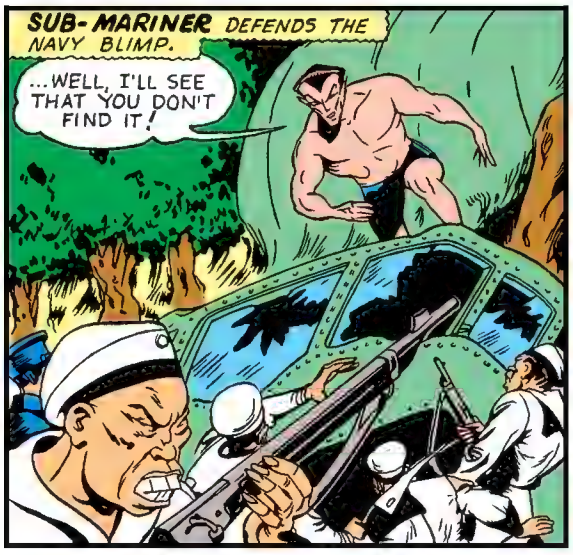
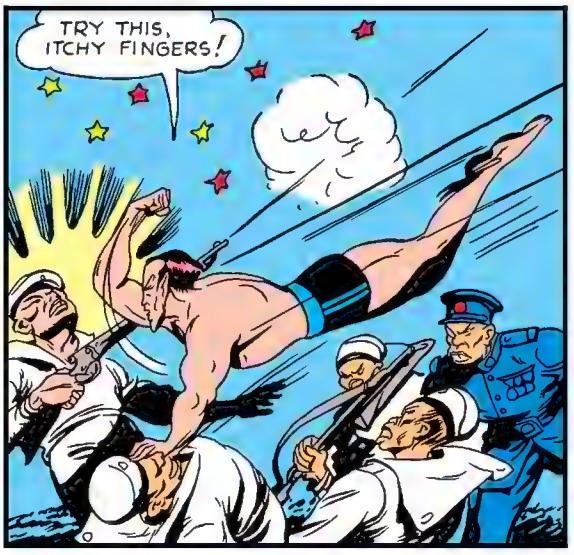
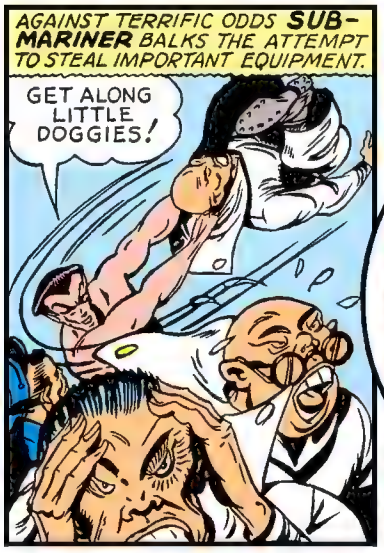
THE SUB-MARINER


CAMOUFLAGED CUTTERS, RUNAWAY ROADS, AND JUMPING JEEPS! IT'S A STRANGE TRAIL THAT LEADS SUB-MARINER TO A BIG DOSE OF JAP TREACHERY A TALE OF ACTION, MYSTERY AND THRILLS, WITH DEATH AND DANGER ON EVERY PAGE! READ THROUGH TO THE SETTING OF THE RISING SUN!
U.S.A.


OFF THE ALASKAN COAST, SUB-MARINER MAKES AN UNEXPECTED FIND!
LIMP BLIMP! LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF GREEN APPLES···
THE BLIMP CRASHES JUST OFFSHORE.
···I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK. THE MOTORS WERE DEAD··· SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THAT SKY WALRUS.
WHEN SUB-MARINER REACHES THE BLIMP, THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE.
A NAVY SHIP! THIS DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! ALL THE INSTRUMENTS ARE STILL HERE!
THIS BABY'S BEEN SHOT DOWN. THE CREW MUST HAVE BAILED OUT.
NAMOR LOOKS UP TO SEE A JAP LANDING-PARTY ARRIVE.
WONDER HOW MUCH THEY KNOW ABOUT THIS!
ARE YOU GUYS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?
2

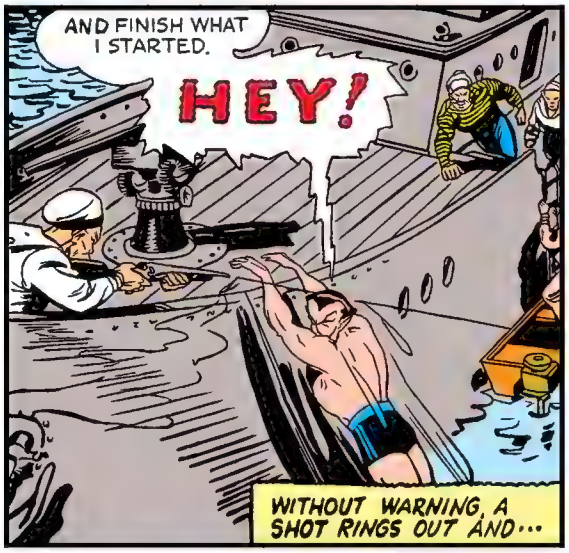

SUB-MARINER DEFENDS THE NAVY BLIMP.
...WELL, I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T FIND IT!

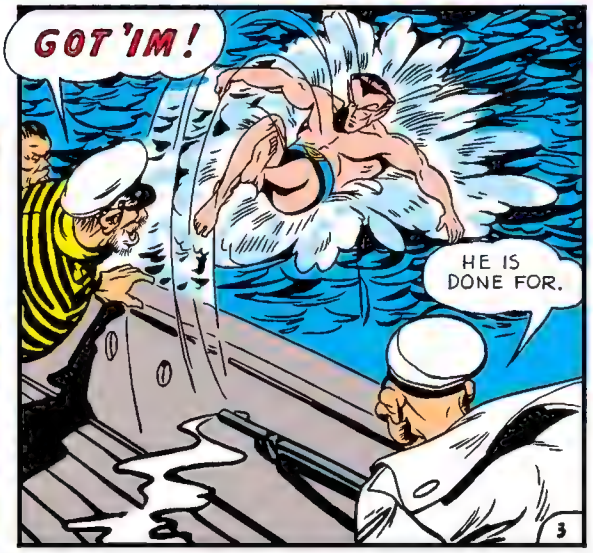

TRY THIS, ITCHY FINGERS!

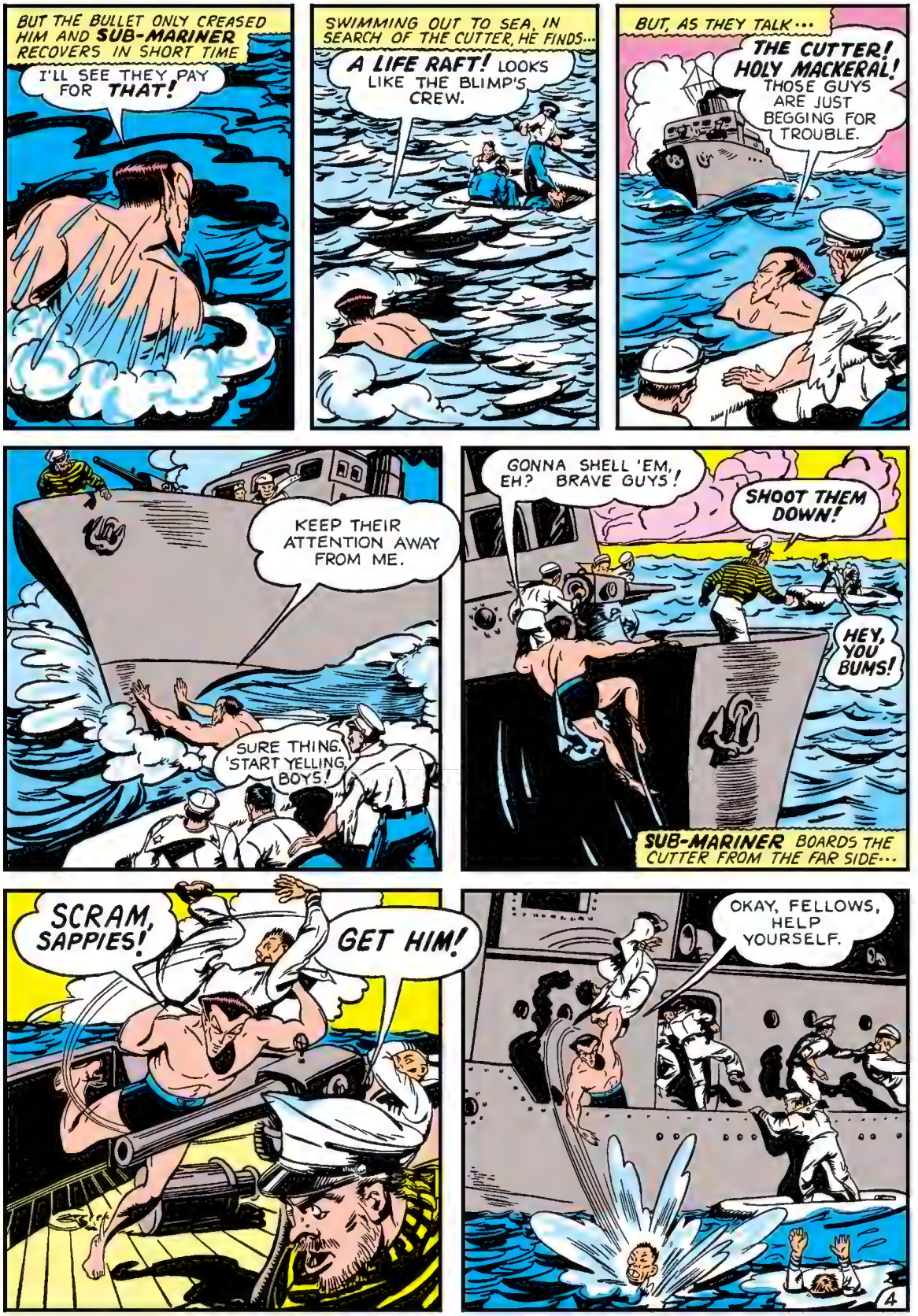

AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS SUB-MARINER BALKS THE ATTEMPT TO STEAL IMPORTANT EQUIPMENT.
GET ALONG LITTLE DOGGIES!

DEFEATED, THE JAPS RACE TO THE BEACH···FOLLOWED BY SUB-MARINER.
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME THAT EASILY

COME ON, MONKIES, I'LL RACE YOU TO THE CUTTER.


AND FINISH WHAT I STARTED.
HEY!
WITHOUT WARNING, A SHOT RINGS OUT AND...

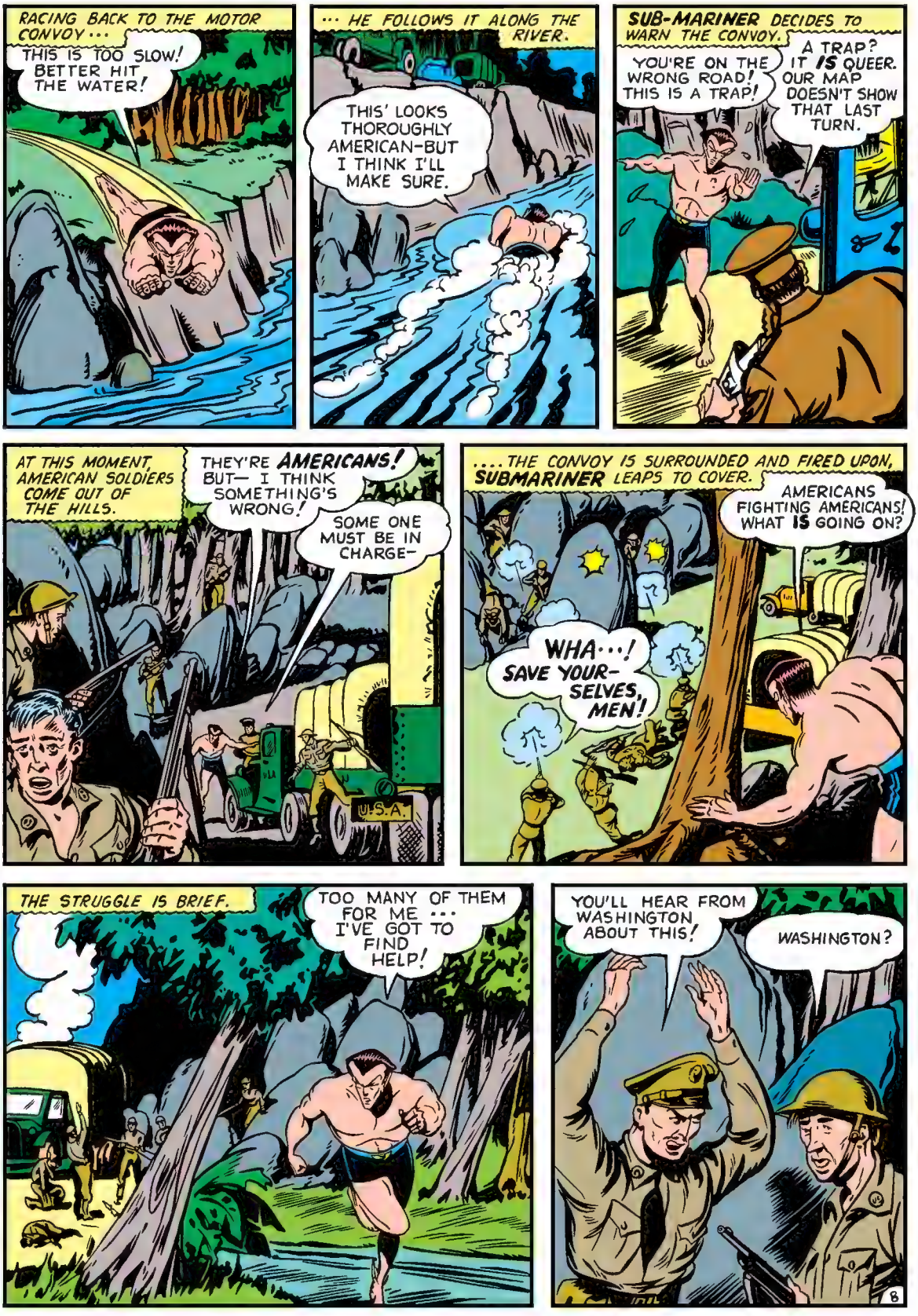

GOT 'IM!
HE IS DONE FOR.

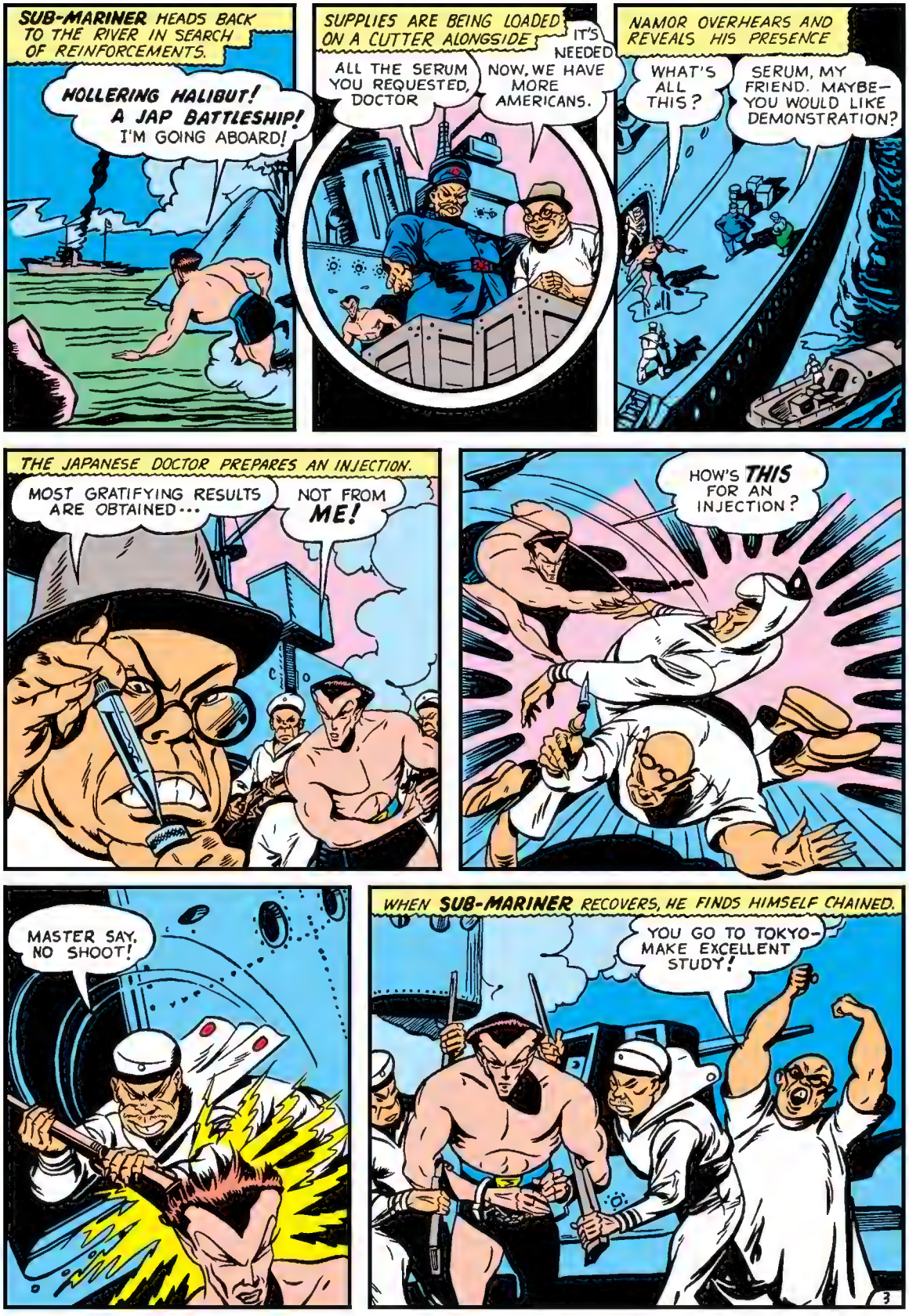

BUT THE BULLET ONLY CREASED HIM AND SUB-MARINER RECOVERS IN SHORT TIME
I'LL SEE THEY PAY FOR THAT!
SWIMMING OUT TO SEA, IN SEARCH OF THE CUTTER, HE FINDS...
A LIFE RAFT! LOOKS LIKE THE BLIMP'S CREW.
BUT, AS THEY TALK...
THE CUTTER! HOLY MACKERAL! THOSE GUYS ARE JUST BEGGING FOR TROUBLE.
KEEP THEIR ATTENTION AWAY FROM ME.
SURE THING. 'START YELLING, BOYS!
GONNA SHELL 'EM, EH? BRAVE GUYS!
SHOOT THEM DOWN!
HEY, YOU BUMS!
SUB-MARINER BOARDS THE CUTTER FROM THE FAR SIDE...
SCRAM, SAPPIES!
GET HIM!
OKAY, FELLOWS, HELP YOURSELF.
4

LEAVING THE BLIMP SURVIVORS IN CONTROL OF THE CUTTER, SUB-MARINER STARTS OUT AGAIN. THIS TIME HE FINDS...
A SUPPLY SHIP-HEADING NORTH!
PRINCE NAMOR IS PERMITTED TO INSPECT THE PRECIOUS CARGO
I'D BETTER STICK AROUND AND SEE THIS STUFF DELIVERED
OIL
RIFLES
HE COMES ON DECK TO FIND A UNITED STATES CUTTER NEARBY
AN AMERICAN BOAT, COMING ALONGSIDE
WITHOUT WARNING, THE CUTTER EMPTIES A BROADSIDE!
THAT KIND OF TRICK SPELLS "JAPS"!
WHAM!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM MYSELF!
BOOM!
SWIFTLY, HE TAKES UP THE CHASE
GALLOPING SCALLOPS! THAT'S NOT A CUTTER!
FALSE PLATES ARE REMOVED TO REVEAL A JAP SUBMARINE.
WOW! TALK ABOUT CAMOUFLAGE!

THIS IS ONE "CUTTER" THAT WON'T DO ANY MORE HARM!
IS SEA-DEVIL! YI-YI-YI!
I OWE YOU GUYS A LOT AND HERE'S THE FIRST PAYMENT!
THEN, A UNITED STATES BOMBER APPEARS ON THE HORIZON.
OUT OF MY WAY!
SUB-MARINER AIMS A DEADLY POINT-BLANK HIT AS THE PATROL PLANE RELEASES ITS BOMBS.
WHAM!
THAT'S THAT! GUESS I'D BETTER BLOW!
6

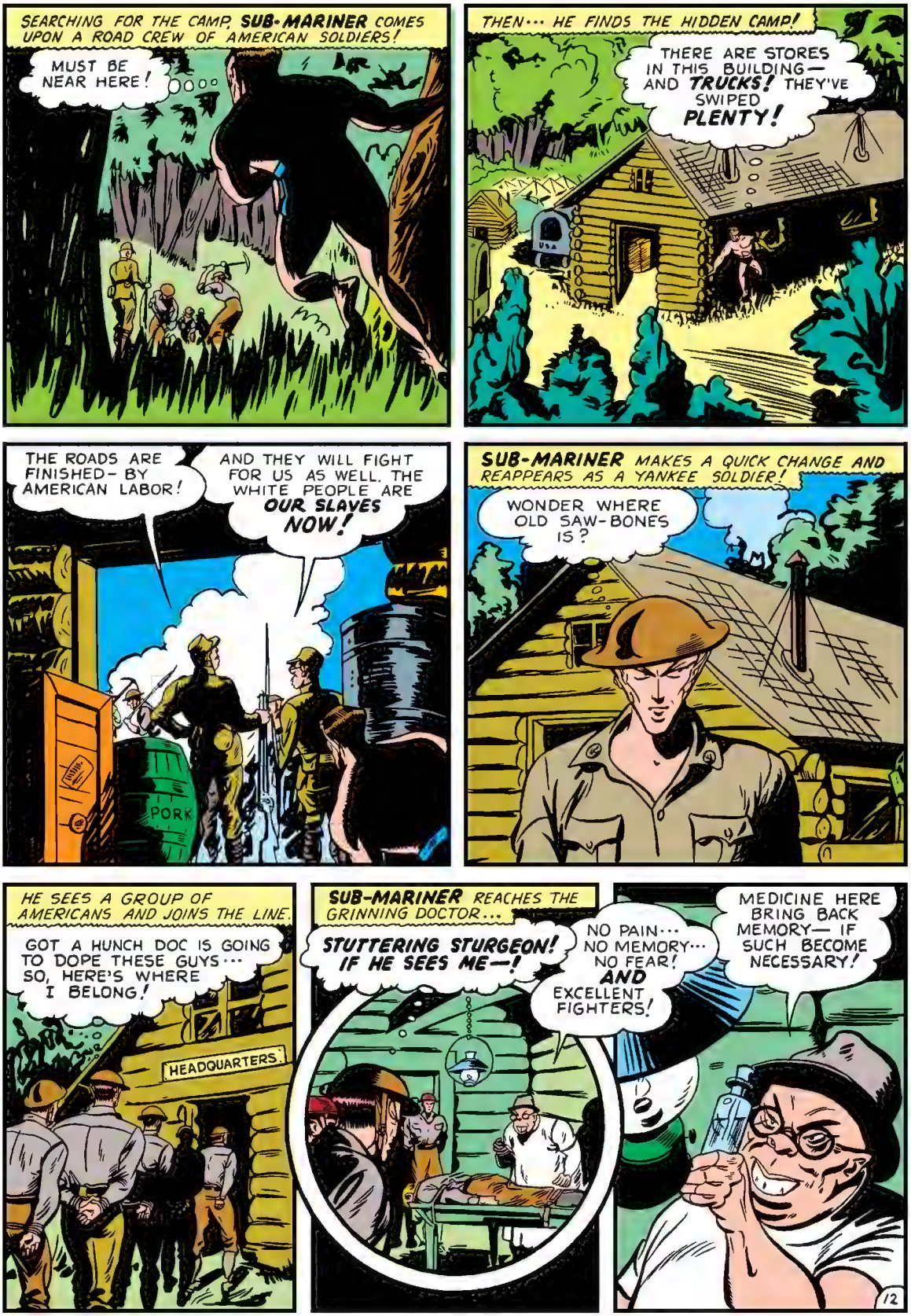
THERE IS STILL WORK TO BE DONE SOMETHING IS BEING PLANNED HERE!
THE WATER PRINCE DASHES ASHORE AS THE SUB IS BLASTED!
HE RETURNS TO THE BLIMP
THESE INSTRUMENTS AREN'T USUALLY LEFT AROUND!
EVERYTHING OF VALUE IS SAFELY HIDDEN
NO ONE WILL EVER FIND THIS.
TURNING INLAND NAMOR FINDS SUPPLIES AND MEN MOVING STEADILY NORTH
BETTER KEEP A WATCH ON THOSE BOYS— JUST IN CASE!
HE FOLLOWS ··· SUDDENLY, THE ROAD SEEMS TO CLOSE IN BEFORE HIM!
HEY! A DISAPPEARING ROAD! WHAT IS THIS!
BUT, THE MOTOR CONVOY HAS TURNED EAST ON THE FALSE ROAD.
I THINK I'D BETTER DO SOME SCOUTING!
SUB-MARINER RACES AHEAD···
THOSE GUYS ARE AMERICANS··· BUT THEY SIDE-TRACKED THEIR OWN SOLDIERS AND TRUCKS WHAT GOES ON HERE?


RACING BACK TO THE MOTOR CONVOY···
THIS IS TOO SLOW! BETTER HIT THE WATER!
SPLASH!
··· HE FOLLOWS IT ALONG THE RIVER.
THIS' LOOKS THOROUGHLY AMERICAN-BUT I THINK I'LL MAKE SURE.
SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO WARN THE CONVOY.
YOU'RE ON THE WRONG ROAD! THIS IS A TRAP!
A TRAP? IT IS QUEER. OUR MAP DOESN'T SHOW THAT LAST TURN.
AT THIS MOMENT AMERICAN SOLDIERS COME OUT OF THE HILLS.
THEY'RE AMERICANS! BUT— I THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG!
SOME ONE MUST BE IN CHARGE—
U.S.A.
....THE CONVOY IS SURROUNDED AND FIRED UPON, SUBMARINER LEAPS TO COVER.
AMERICANS FIGHTING AMERICANS! WHAT IS GOING ON?
WHA···! SAVE YOUR-SELVES, MEN!
THE STRUGGLE IS BRIEF.
TOO MANY OF THEM FOR ME ··· I'VE GOT TO FIND HELP!
YOU'LL HEAR FROM WASHINGTON ABOUT THIS!
WASHINGTON?


SUB-MARINER HEADS BACK TO THE RIVER IN SEARCH OF REINFORCEMENTS.
HOLLERING HALIBUT! A JAP BATTLESHIP! I'M GOING ABOARD!
SUPPLIES ARE BEING LOADED ON A CUTTER ALONGSIDE
ALL THE SERUM YOU REQUESTED, DOCTOR
IT'S NEEDED NOW. WE HAVE MORE AMERICANS.
NAMOR OVERHEARS AND REVEALS HIS PRESENCE
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
SERUM, MY FRIEND. MAYBE— YOU WOULD LIKE DEMONSTRATION?
THE JAPANESE DOCTOR PREPARES AN INJECTION.
MOST GRATIFYING RESULTS ARE OBTAINED···
NOT FROM ME!
HOW'S THIS FOR AN INJECTION?
MASTER SAY, NO SHOOT!
WHEN SUB-MARINER RECOVERS, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED.
YOU GO TO TOKYO— MAKE EXCELLENT STUDY!

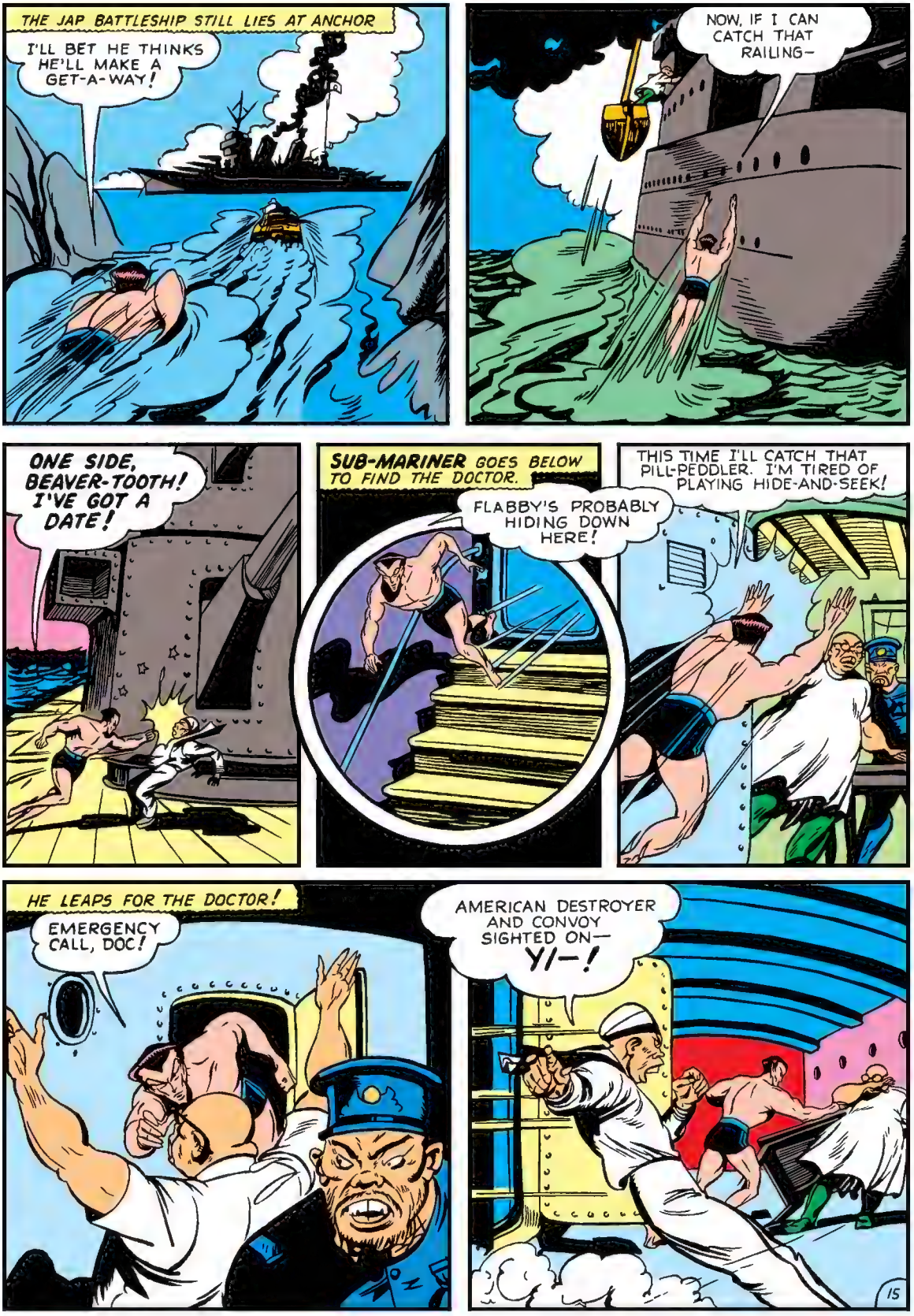
SUB-MARINER IS SENT BELOW···
DOCTOR SUKI HAS BUSINESS AT CAMP, BUT I TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, YESS!
UH-UH! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
NOW TO FIND THE BRASS HAT WHO HAS THE KEYS FOR THESE BRACELETS!
WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?
YI-YI-YI! STATEROOM-THERE!
SUB-MARINER HURLS THE SAILOR OUT OF HIS WAY!
FINE! NOW-GANGWAY!
TAKE OFF THIS JEWELRY-QUICK!
NO! NO! I CANNOT!
SUB-MARINER FORCES THE CAPTAIN TO OBEY. FREED, HE RUSHES TO THE DECK.
I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND!
HE SHOVES THE JAPS ASIDE AND DIVES INTO THE WATER.
GET ACQUAINTED, BOYS! I'M LOOKING FOR THE DOCTOR.

AS SUB-MARINER REACHES THE SHORE··· IN PURSUIT OF THE DOCTOR, HE SUDDENLY ENCOUNTERS SOME AMERICAN SOLDIERS.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU SICK?
MATTER? SICK—?
WHAT THE HECK GOES ON HERE? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ANYTHING?
A JAP CREEPS UP AND GIVES AN ORDER.
STRIKE!
THE AMERICAN OBEYS!
WHAP!
WELL DONE, SERVANT!
UNCONSCIOUS, SUB-MARINER IS THROWN INTO THE WATER.
THE FISH WILL FEAST UPON HIM!
THE RIVER CLOSES OVER SUB-MARINER!
SUB-MARINER STIRS, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND ONCE AGAIN SETS OUT.
THAT SERUM MUST BE USED TO DESTROY THEIR MINDS. I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT DOC BEFORE HE DOES MORE DAMAGE.
11


SEARCHING FOR THE CAMP, SUB-MARINER COMES UPON A ROAD CREW OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS!
MUST BE NEAR HERE!
THEN··· HE FINDS THE HIDDEN CAMP!
THERE ARE STORES IN THIS BUILDING— AND TRUCKS! THEY'VE SWIPED PLENTY!
THE ROADS ARE FINISHED— BY AMERICAN LABOR!
AND THEY WILL FIGHT FOR US AS WELL. THE WHITE PEOPLE ARE OUR SLAVES NOW!
PORK
SUB-MARINER MAKES A QUICK CHANGE AND REAPPEARS AS A YANKEE SOLDIER!
WONDER WHERE OLD SAW-BONES IS?
HE SEES A GROUP OF AMERICANS AND JOINS THE LINE.
GOT A HUNCH DOC IS GOING TO DOPE THESE GUYS··· SO, HERE'S WHERE I BELONG!
HEADQUARTERS
SUB-MARINER REACHES THE GRINNING DOCTOR···
STUTTERING STURGEON! IF HE SEES ME—!
NO PAIN··· NO MEMORY··· NO FEAR! AND EXCELLENT FIGHTERS!
MEDICINE HERE BRING BACK MEMORY— IF SUCH BECOME NECESSARY!
12

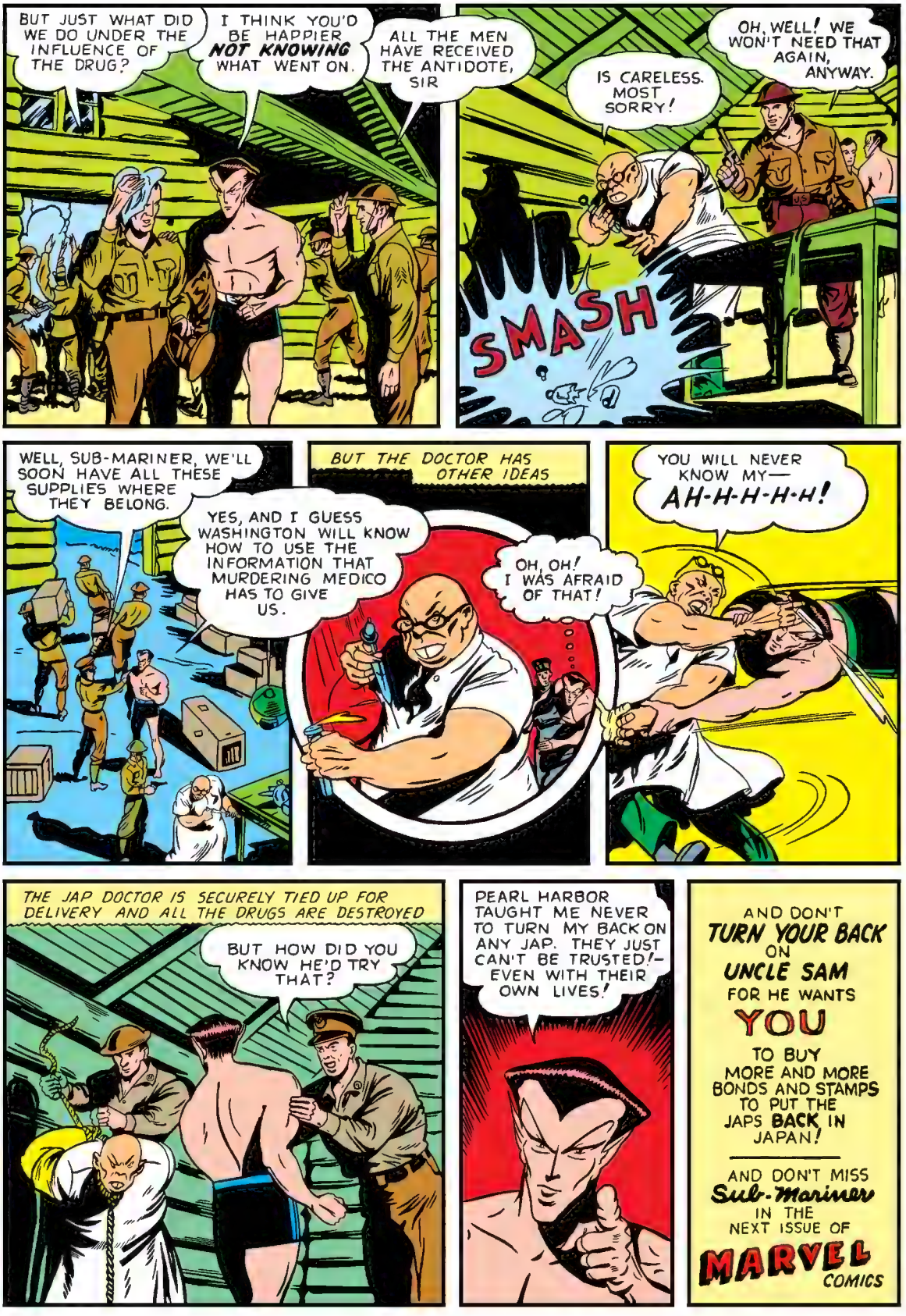
MEMORIES ARE COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY A SINGLE INJECTION!
HOLD UP, DOC!
SUB-MARINER DEFENDS THE HELPLESS MEN!
START USING THAT ANTIDOTE!
CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH YOU!
SUB-MARINER SNATCHES UP THE PRECIOUS FLUID.
CAN'T LET THAT GUY GET AWAY AGAIN! TAKE OVER, SOLDIER! UNTIE THE OTHERS!
THE DOCTOR'S RETREAT IS COVERED BY A JAP SENTRY.
YOU'RE WORKING OVER-TIME, BUDDY!
YOU'RE IN MY WAY— MOVE OUT!
NAMOR TAKES OVER THE MACHINE GUN..
NOW, FOR A LITTLE MOPPING UP!
13

THE FREED AMERICAN SOLDIERS ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUPPLIES.
WHILE SUB-MARINER COVERS THEM.
IF THEY COULD GET TO THE EQUIPMENT-
GUNS
ZIP!
SNEAKING UP BEHIND, AS USUAL!
COME ONE- COME ALL!
THE AMERICANS SEEM TO HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL HERE··· SUESS I CAN LEAVE.
SUB-MARINER NEEDS FAST TRANSPORTATION— SO···
DOC WOULD TAKE THE ONLY MOTORCYCLE!
U.S.A.!
JUMPING JEEPS! I'D RATHER SWIM!
USA
SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT THE RIVER BANK JUST IN TIME TO SEE A BOAT PULLING AWAY.
THE DOC'S ON BOARD THAT KICKER!
14


THE JAP BATTLESHIP STILL LIES AT ANCHOR
I'LL BET HE THINKS HE'LL MAKE A GET-A-WAY!
NOW, IF I CAN CATCH THAT RAILING—
ONE SIDE, BEAVER-TOOTH! I'VE GOT A DATE!
SUB-MARINER GOES BELOW TO FIND THE DOCTOR.
FLABBY'S PROBABLY HIDING DOWN HERE!
THIS TIME I'LL CATCH THAT PILL-PEDDLER. I'M TIRED OF PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK!
HE LEAPS FOR THE DOCTOR!
EMERGENCY CALL, DOC!
AMERICAN DESTROYER AND CONVOY SIGHTED ON— Y/—!
15

THE TERRIFIED DOCTOR BOLTS FOR FREEDOM···
STILL RUNNING AWAY EH?
AND RACES TO A WAITING PLANE
THIS 'TIME, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME BEHIND!
THE CATAPULT HURLS THE PLANE OUT OVER THE OCEAN.
FLAPPING FLOUNDERS! I HOPE I HANG TOGETHER!
ONE AMERICAN DESTROYER TURNS TOWARD THE JAP BATTLESHIP!
HM-M· MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM!
SUB-MARINER TWISTS THE RUDDER···
I'LL JUST TURN THE PLANE AND···
AS THE DOCTOR JUMPS, THE PLANE DIVES AT THE JAP SHIP.
THIS IS GOING TO BE CLOSE!
GUESS THE DESTROYER CAN HANDLE THINGS NOW!
THE FLYING TORPEDO BURIES ITSELF IN THE BIG SHIP AND EXPLODES.
WHOOM

SUB-MARINER PICKS UP THE DOCTOR AND HEADS FOR THE CAMP.
ANY MORE FUSS FROM YOU AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET AN INJECTION!
I'M BEGINNING TO LEARN THE USEFULNESS OF THESE FOUR-WHEELED BRONCOS!
USA
BACK AT THE CAMP, THE AMERICAN FORCES ARE IN COMPLETE COMMAND.
LINE UP ALL THOSE ZOMBIES. DOC IS GOING TO CURE 'EM!
THE JAP DOCTOR REFUSES!
AM INDISPOSED···
MAYBE THIS WILL HELP!
WILL DO! REFRAIN, PLEASE!
REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE FROM THE CONVOY··· JUST IN CASE!
THEY WERE ITCHING TO SEE SOME ACTION!
AND HERE IS THE UNBEATABLE TEAM— THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE SUB-MARINER!
HE WAS RATHER STUBBORN BUT I THINK THAT JEEP RIDE HELPED!
SOFTENING UP PROCESS, EH?
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!
17


BUT JUST WHAT DID WE DO UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUG?
I THINK YOU'D BE HAPPIER NOT KNOWING WHAT WENT ON.
ALL THE MEN HAVE RECEIVED THE ANTIDOTE, SIR
IS CARELESS. MOST SORRY!
OH, WELL! WE WON'T NEED THAT AGAIN, ANYWAY.
SMASH
WELL, SUB-MARINER, WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THESE SUPPLIES WHERE THEY BELONG.
YES, AND I GUESS WASHINGTON WILL KNOW HOW TO USE THE INFORMATION THAT MURDERING MEDICO HAS TO GIVE US.
BUT THE DOCTOR HAS OTHER IDEAS
OH, OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT!
YOU WILL NEVER KNOW MY— AH-H-H-H-H!
THE JAP DOCTOR IS SECURELY TIED UP FOR DELIVERY AND ALL THE DRUGS ARE DESTROYED
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE'D TRY THAT?
PEARL HARBOR TAUGHT ME NEVER TO TURN MY BACK ON ANY JAP. THEY JUST CAN'T BE TRUSTED!— EVEN WITH THEIR OWN LIVES!
AND DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON UNCLE SAM FOR HE WANTS YOU TO BUY MORE AND MORE BONDS AND STAMPS TO PUT THE JAPS BACK IN JAPAN!
AND DON'T MISS Sub-Mariner IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

Tommy's Taken For a Ride

PRIVATE TOMMY BRONSON, U. S. Army, stood at the side of the highway. He didn't hold up a hand with a thumb pointing southward. That was against Army regulations. But there wasn't any rule against just standing there—hopefully.

Three cars whizzed past. Then a battered old jalopy with brakes squeaking, skidded to a stop. Two men sat in the front seat.

"Hop in kid," one of them blurted out. "How far you goin'?"

"Only to Raleigh on this road; then I'll get a bus. Going that far, sir?"

The driver mumbled something which Tommy didn't get, then spoke in a low voice to his companion but the words were lost to Tommy in the rattle of the car.

Tommy was going home on a furlough and so far he'd played in luck. All week it had rained but today the sun was shining brightly. It hadn't been ten minutes after he left camp early that morning that he was picked up. The man was tops, too. Brought him from the camp near Washington down across Virginia and over the line into North Carolina before he finally reached his destination.

Tommy patted his pocket where the sixty dollars were. Fifty were for his mother; ten he'd keep for himself. There'd be some parties, he hoped and he'd need that little money himself. He imagined what Moms would say.

"Now, son, you shouldn't stint yourself so." But she'd be glad to get the fifty.

Tommy looked even younger than his twenty years. Maybe that was because he wasn't very tall. Maybe his clear blue eyes and wavy brown hair had something to do with it. Maybe it was just the honest, friendly way he met the world.

* * *

THE AIR IN THE CAR was stifling and there was a heavy odor of cigars as the driver puffed lengthily on a long black stogey.

"Watch for a good place to stop Hank!" he growled.

"O.K., Butch."

For the first time since he got into the car, Tommy felt a little apprehensive. He remembered several road houses of all kinds which they'd passed in the last half hour. But he tried not to show it. After all, he was a little tired and he suddenly remembered he hadn't had any lunch. Not a good idea to get jittery. But the thought of the money in his pocket kept popping into his mind. They passed through a village and then out on the highway again.

Altogether they must have gone twenty or thirty miles farther and Tommy was beginning to relax again a little, when the driver swerved the car over to the side of the road and stopped. A dense growth of pines lined one side of the highway. On the other, a little stream wound its way along and under a culvert. Butch turned and looked at Tommy. A week's stubble of beard covered his face and the corners of his mouth were stained with tobacco juice. He wore a tattered old coat.

"Got any dough, buddy?" he spat out. "Me and my pal here are broke and we sure could use some."

Tommy glanced from the speaker to the other man. What he saw made him do some quick figuring. Hank held a large wrench in his grimey hand.

Tommy's muscles tensed and he drew back his arm slightly. But he realized how foolish that would be. Both men were larger than he and to make matters worse, he was penned up in the back seat. The only doors were in front, opposite the driver's seat.

* * *

TOMMY HAD SOME coins in his trouser's pocket separate from the money in the wallet which he had put in his blouse pocket. Maybe if he gave Butch the change he'd be satisfied. He reached in his pocket and found three quarters, two dimes and some nickles. These he handed to Butch, who took them in a rough, greasy hand.

"That all ya' got, buddy?" he demanded. "How about some folding money?" Tommy didn't answer. Butch got out of the car, walked around to the other side and opened the door. He grabbed Tommy's wrist and twisted it.

"Hold that wrench handy, Hank." he commanded, "while I see what I can find."

Tommy's mind raced. If only they were outside, he'd

show these bullies what Army training had done for him but what chance did he have back there in the car with all the odds so strongly against him. Guess they'll win this round, he thought but wait. . . .

Butch located the wallet and transferred it to his own pocket. Meanwhile, Hank held the wrench menacingly. Then Butch grabbed Tommy's arm and jerked him from the car, knocking him to the ground.

"Beat it, kid," he growled. "And keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for yu'." He said as he jumped into the car. The rear wheels threw gravel from the roadside into Tommy's face as it sped away.

He made a note of the license number while he was still sprawled on the side of the road. He'd remember the car anywhere, and the men, too. Tommy got up, looked down the highway helplessly and watched the jalopy disappearing around a curve. From the other direction a car was approaching. It was a roadster and as it drew near he observed that a girl was driving.

Tommy snorted. "A girl of all things. . . ." And as if that weren't enough, she was alone. Of course, she'd fly past without even looking at him. That was the right thing for a girl to do. But she didn't. She was slowing down and pulling over to where he stood. She took in Tommy's soiled appearance at a glance. His face was streaked with dust and his uniform was badly in need of brushing.

* * *

"WHATS WRONG, soldier?" she asked. Soft brown eyes looked directly into his. Her light curly hair was all dishevelled and windblown. About eighteen, Tommy guessed. Any other time, he'd have been glad. . .

"Plenty's wrong," he snorted. "I've been robbed and thrown out of a car by . . ." He broke off. "But you're only a girl What I need is . . ."

"Oh, is that so? Only a girl . . . get in quick and we'll see about that." Her mouth tightened spoiling the curve of her lips.

Tommy got in and the girl let out the clutch. "Now tell me all about it. Uncle Pete'll want to know all the details and we haven't got much time."

"Who's Uncle Pete?"

"Oh, nobody; just the sheriff of this county. Right now, he's probably poking around in his garage adjusting carburetors.

Tommy told her.

"Sounds like the Henry brothers," she commented. "Uncle would be glad to get them with the evidence."

Within five minutes after they had reached uncle Pete's garage, the sheriff with two deputies, the girl, and Tommy were speeding after the thieves.

"Keep your eyes open, men," Uncle Pete snapped. "You, too, Dorothy." Tommy liked that name. What a brick she was! Plenty of spunk for a girl.

It was Dorothy who saw the muddy tracks leading off the highway on a little used dirt road.

"That's the way they went." she exelaimed.

Less than a mile farther on they sighted the jalopy with its flat tire.

* * *

BUTCH SAW THE CAR coming first.

"Beat it, Hank," he yelled and started running. Hank dropped the tire he was fitting on the wheel and raced after Butch but a bullet whizzing close to him changed his mind.

He turned and threw up his hands. Butch did likewise.

"Thought that would do the trick," Uncle Pete drawled.

Back in the village, Uncle Pete turned the evidence over to the Judge and the Henry brothers, for it was they, who were locked in separate cells.

"The hearing will be tomorrow morning," Uncle Pete announced later after he, Tommy and Dorothy were once more in his office in the garage. "And when these punks are on the way to the pen, this boy'll get his wallet back. What did you say your name was?" he asked, turning toward the youth.

Tommy had washed his face and hands. His uniform was spick and span again. And. Dorothy had gotten him a sandwich.

"Tommy Bronson, sir," he replied, "and I'll never be able to thank all of you enough. . .

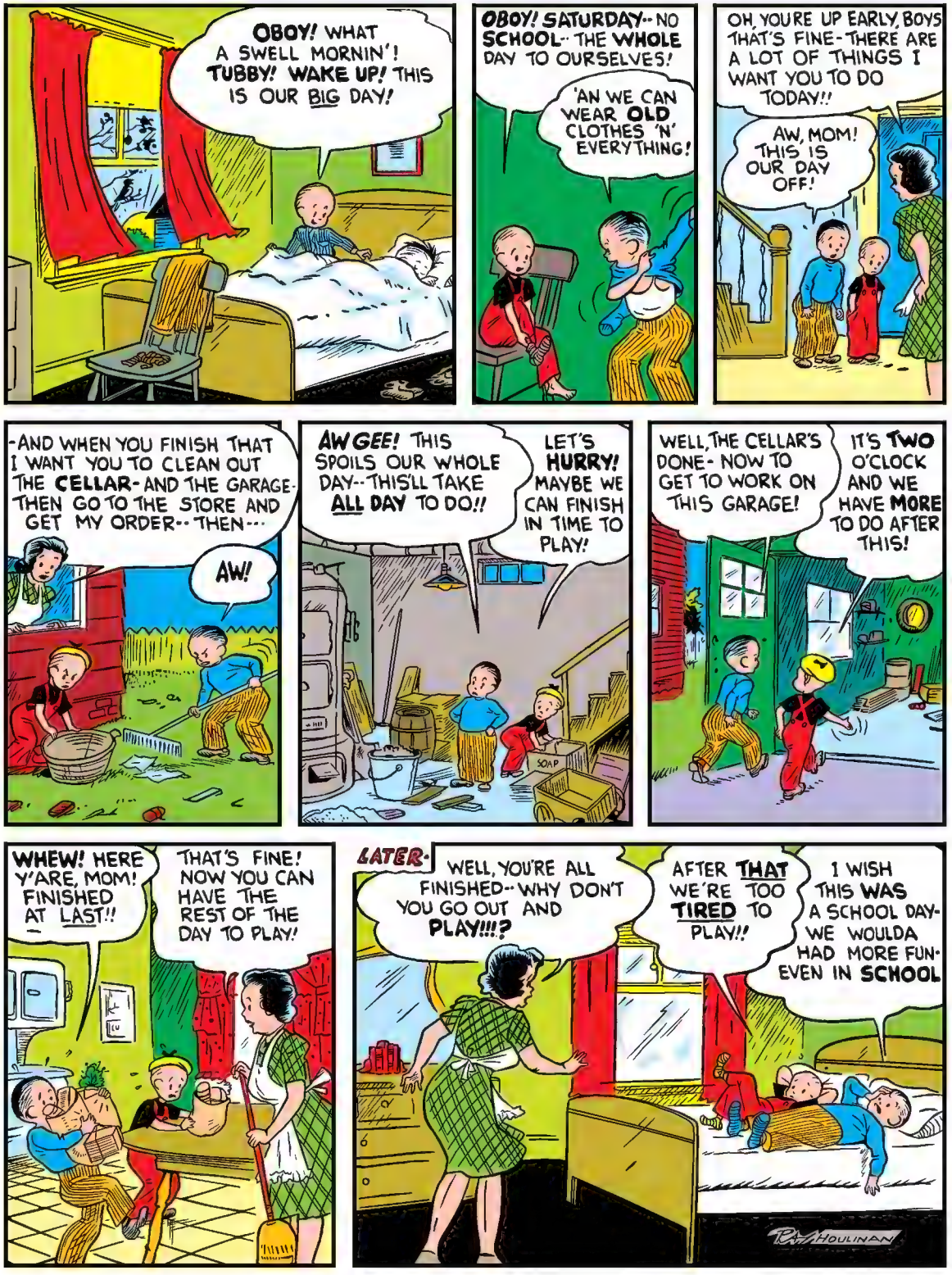
"Bill," Uncle Pete called out to one of the deputies. "How about letting that valve-grinding job wait awhile and taking this soldier boy home. It's not very far."

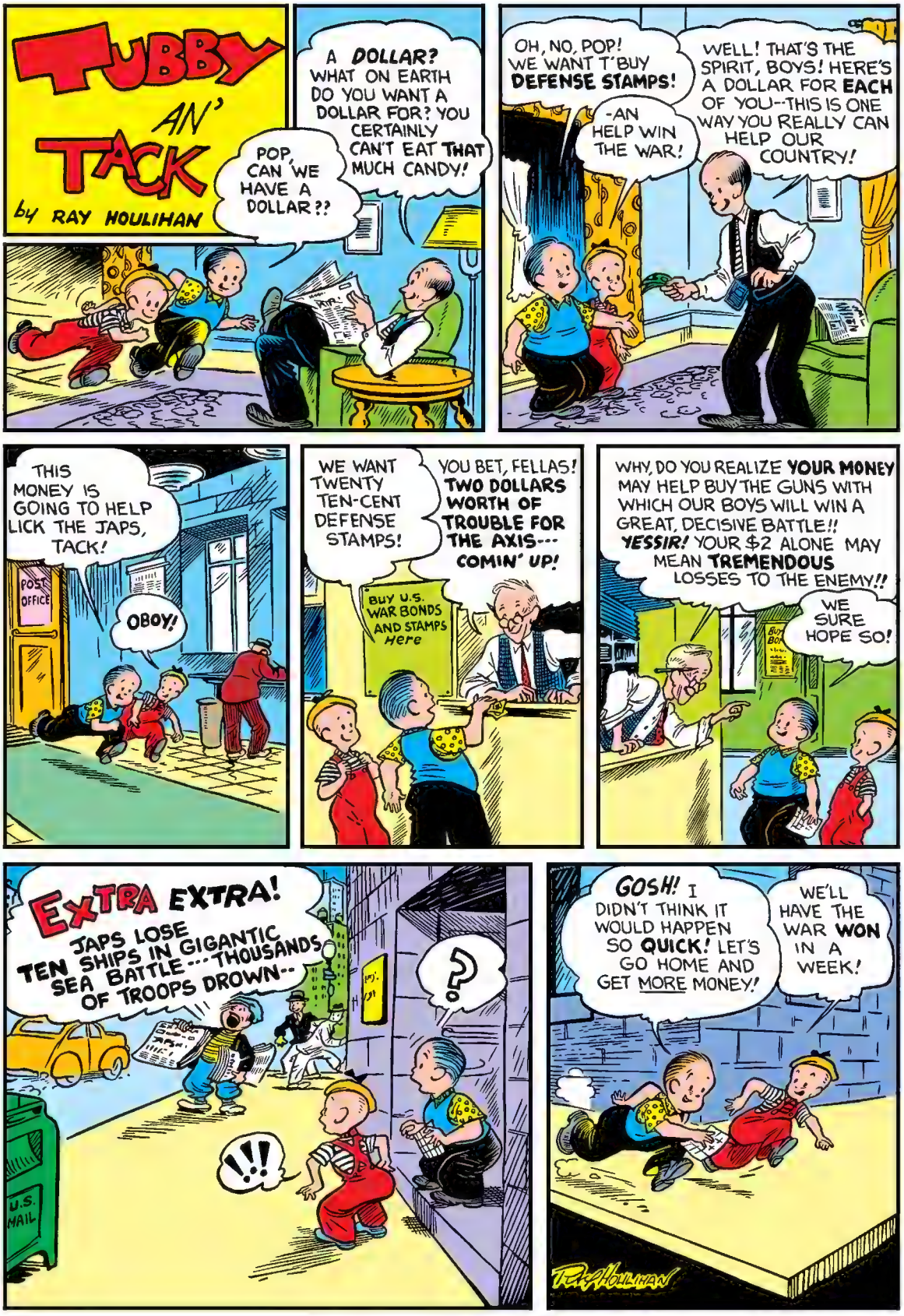
Dorothy's brown eyes opened wide. "Why, Uncle Peter," she said softly. "I'd planned to do that myself. There's a dance near here tomorrow night and Tommy might want to take me, after he gets his money back." She looked over at him and his bright smile assured her he'd like nothing more. "I should know him a little better before I go out with him . . . unless he can find more criminals to catch."

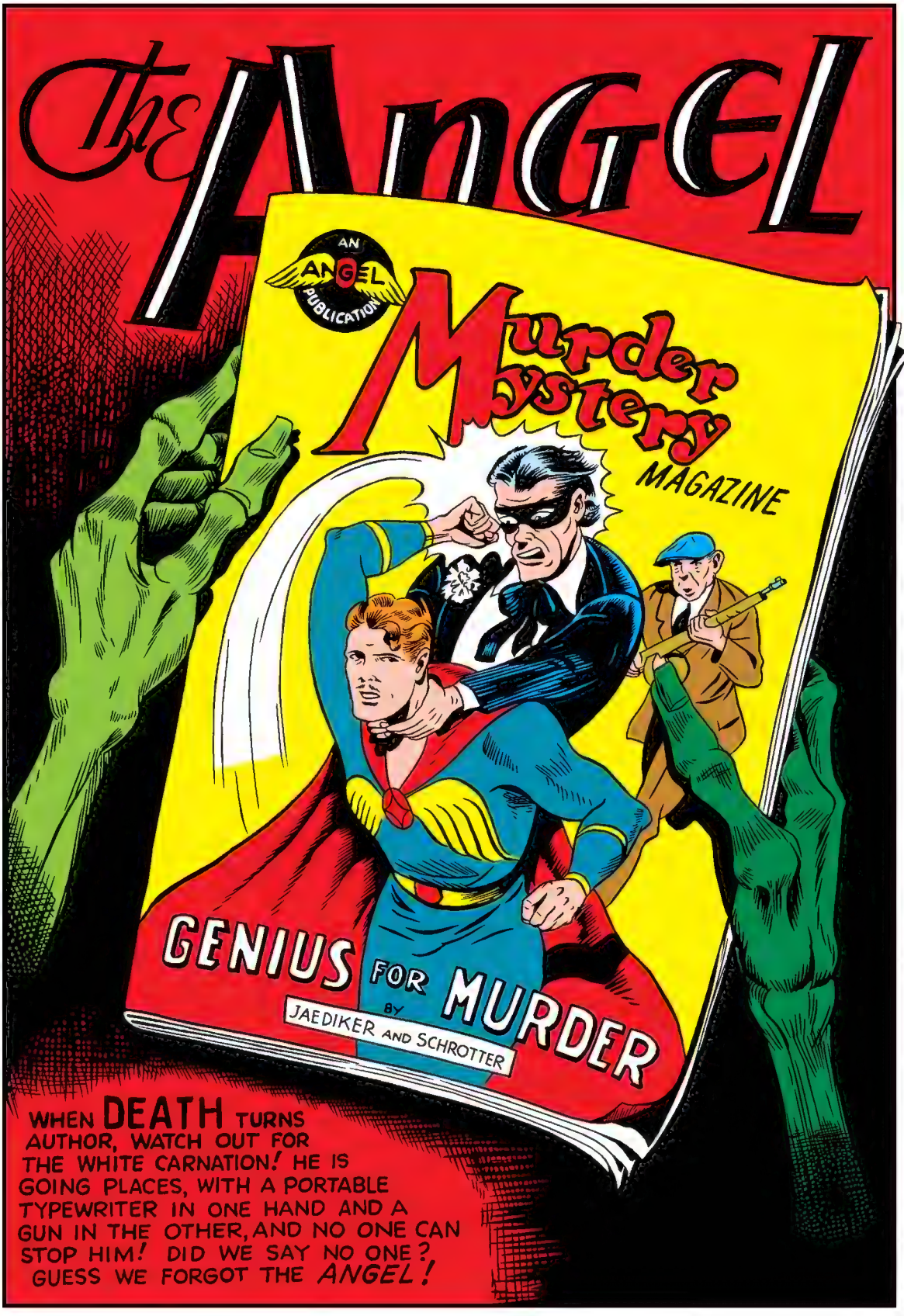
The End

TUBBY and TACK

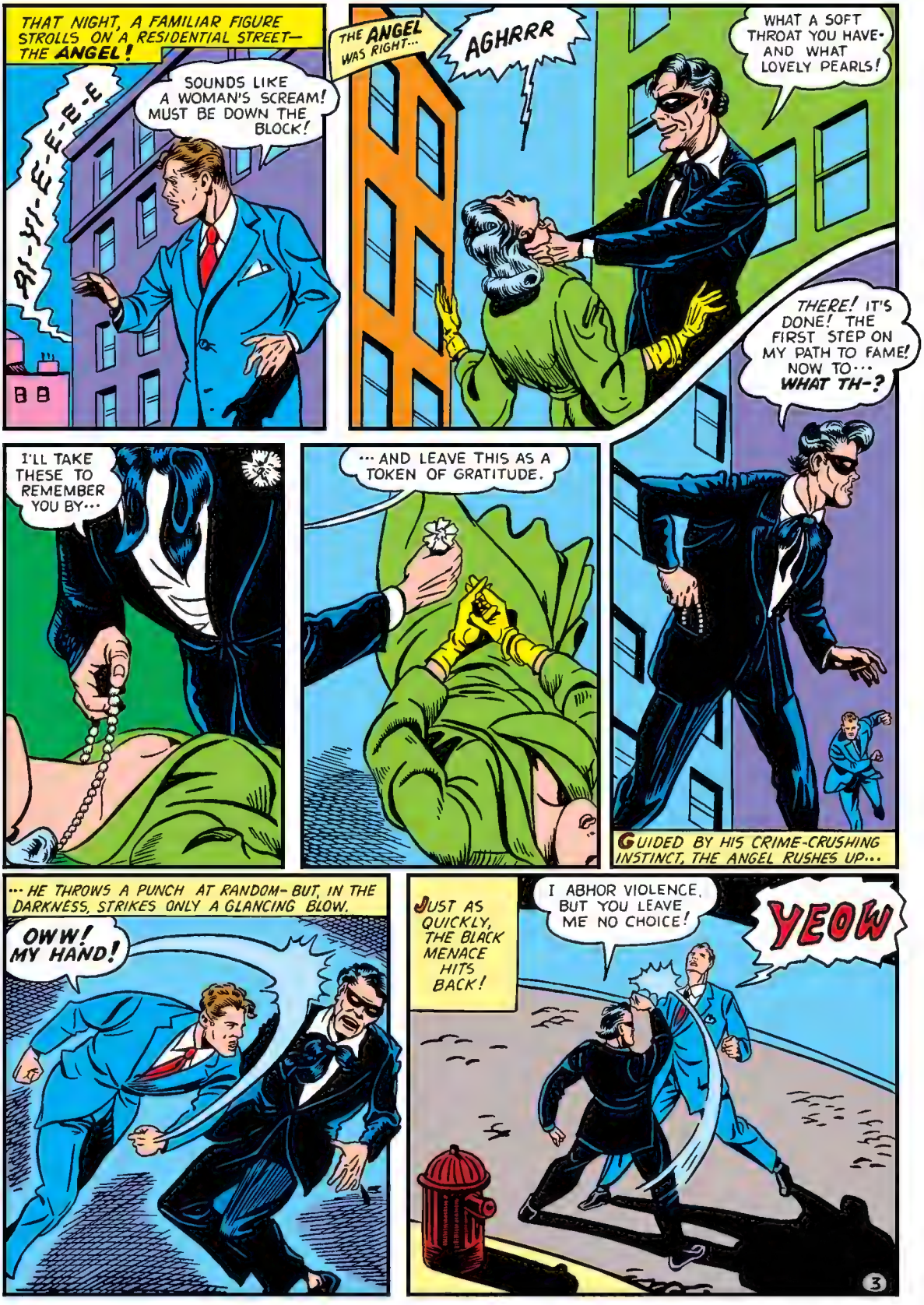
BY RAY HOULIHAN

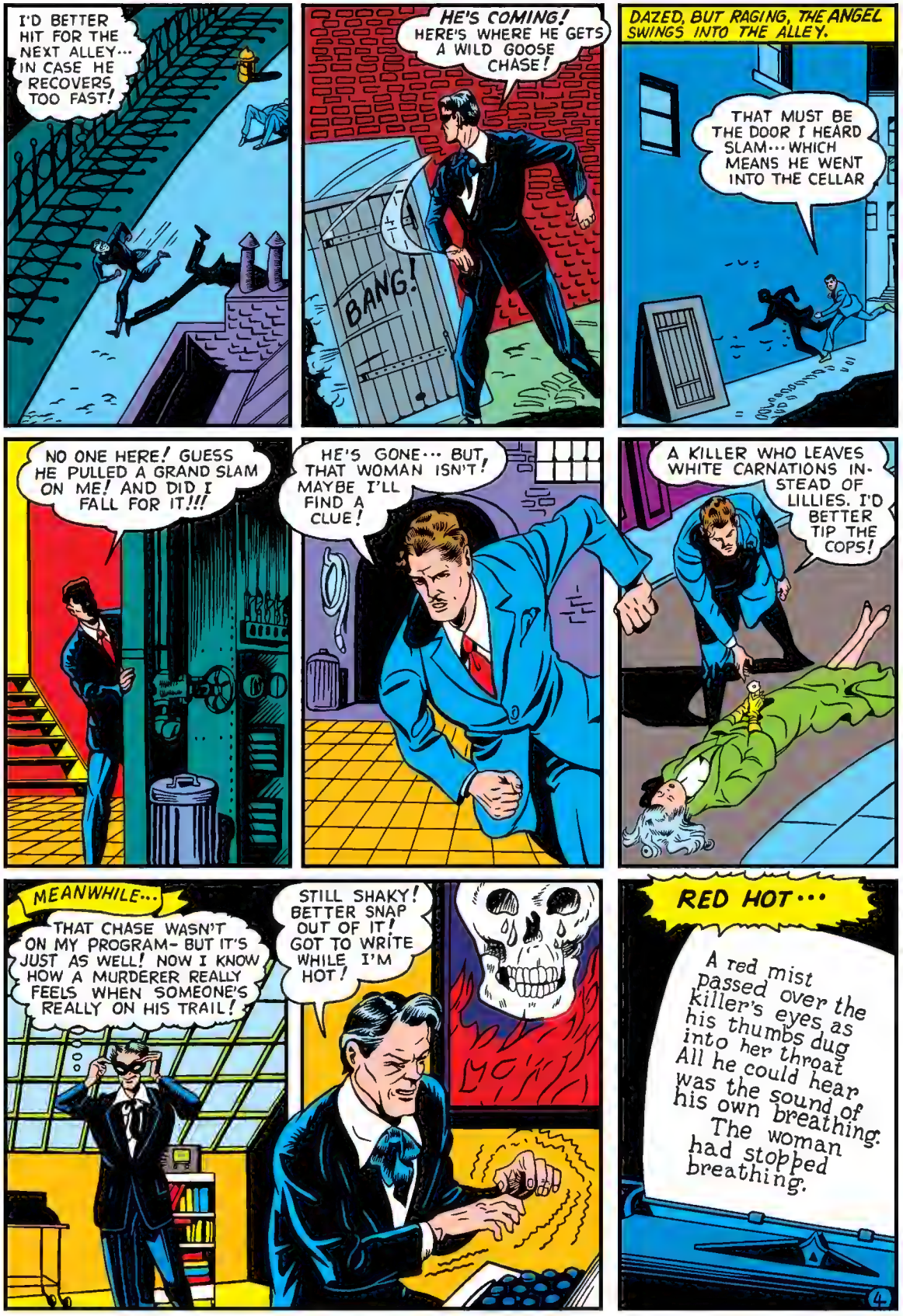

OBOY! WHAT A SWELL MORNIN'! TUBBY! WAKE UP! THIS IS OUR BIG DAY!
OBOY! SATURDAY-- NO SCHOOL-- THE WHOLE DAY TO OURSELVES!
'AN WE CAN WEAR OLD CLOTHES 'N' EVERYTHING!
OH, YOU'RE UP EARLY, BOYS THAT'S FINE- THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I WANT YOU TO DO TODAY!!
AW, MOM! THIS IS OUR DAY OFF!
-AND WHEN YOU FINISH THAT I WANT YOU TO CLEAN OUT THE CELLAR- AND THE GARAGE- THEN GO TO THE STORE AND GET MY ORDER-- THEN---
AW!
AW GEE! THIS SPOILS OUR WHOLE DAY-- THIS'LL TAKE ALL DAY TO DO!!
LET'S HURRY! MAYBE WE CAN FINISH IN TIME TO PLAY!
SOAP
WELL, THE CELLAR'S DONE- NOW TO GET TO WORK ON THIS GARAGE!
IT'S TWO O'CLOCK AND WE HAVE MORE TO DO AFTER THIS!
WHEW! HERE Y'ARE, MOM! FINISHED AT LAST!!
THAT'S FINE! NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY TO PLAY!
LATER-
WELL, YOU'RE ALL FINISHED-- WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY!!!?
AFTER THAT WE'RE TOO TIRED TO PLAY!!
I WISH THIS WAS A SCHOOL DAY- WE WOULDA HAD MORE FUN- EVEN IN SCHOOL
RAY HOULIHAN

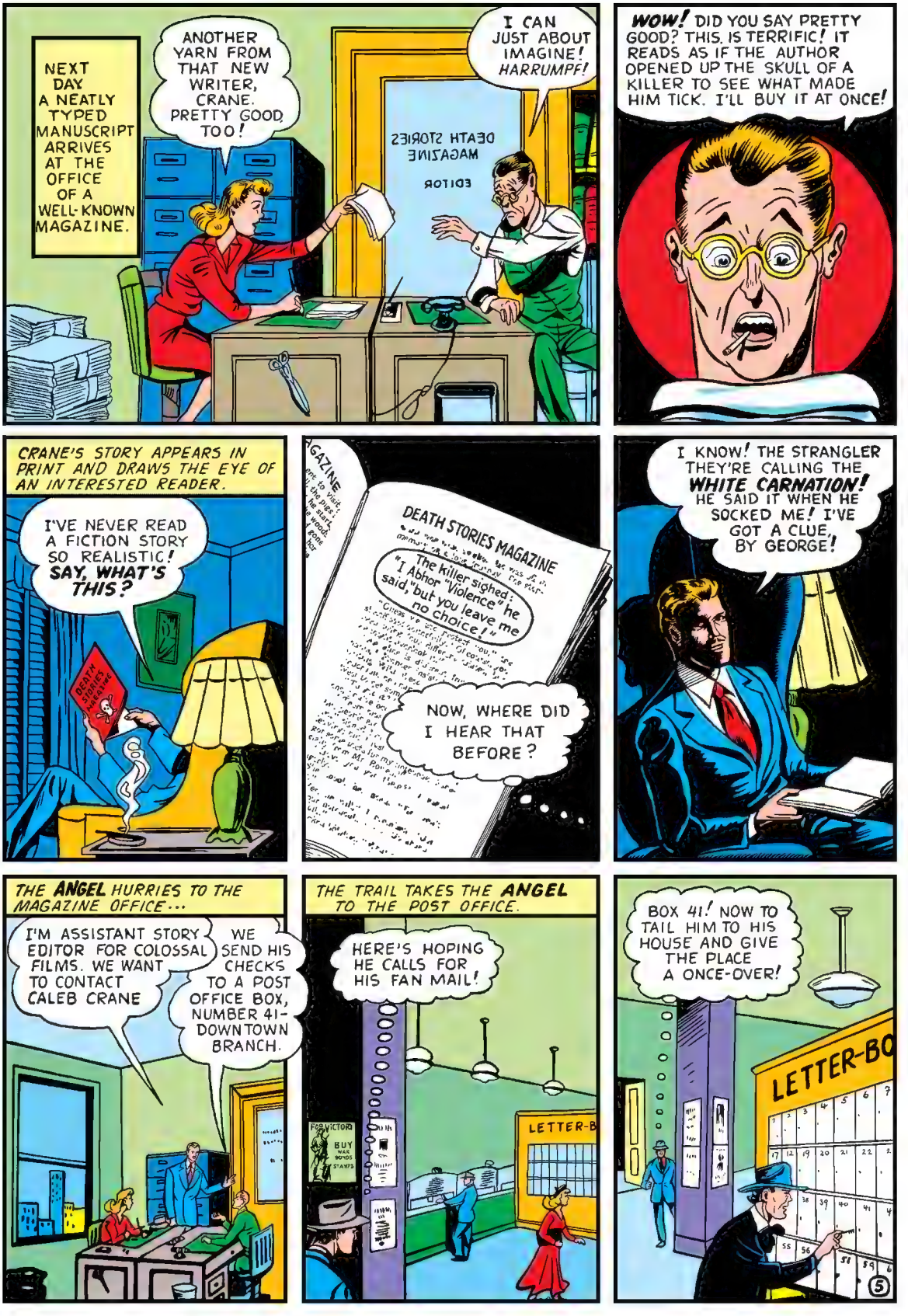

TUBBY AN' TACK
by RAY HOULIHAN
POP, CAN WE HAVE A DOLLAR??
A DOLLAR? WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT A DOLLAR FOR? YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T EAT THAT MUCH CANDY!
OH, NO, POP! WE WANT T' BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!
-AN HELP WIN THE WAR!
WELL! THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BOYS! HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR EACH OF YOU--THIS IS ONE WAY YOU REALLY CAN HELP OUR COUNTRY!
THIS MONEY IS GOING TO HELP LICK THE JAPS, TACK!
POST OFFICE
OBOY!
WE WANT TWENTY TEN-CENT DEFENSE STAMPS!
YOU BET, FELLAS! TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF TROUBLE FOR THE AXIS--- COMIN' UP!
Buy U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS Here
WHY, DO YOU REALIZE YOUR MONEY MAY HELP BUY THE GUNS WITH WHICH OUR BOYS WILL WIN A GREAT, DECISIVE BATTLE!! YESSIR! YOUR $2 ALONE MAY MEAN TREMENDOUS LOSSES TO THE ENEMY!!
WE SURE HOPE SO!
EXTRA EXTRA! JAPS LOSE TEN SHIPS IN GIGANTIC SEA BATTLE--- THOUSANDS OF TROOPS DROWN--
?
!!
U.S. MAIL
GOSH! I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HAPPEN SO QUICK! LET'S GO HOME AND GET MORE MONEY!
WE'LL HAVE THE WAR WON IN A WEEK!
R. HOULIHAN

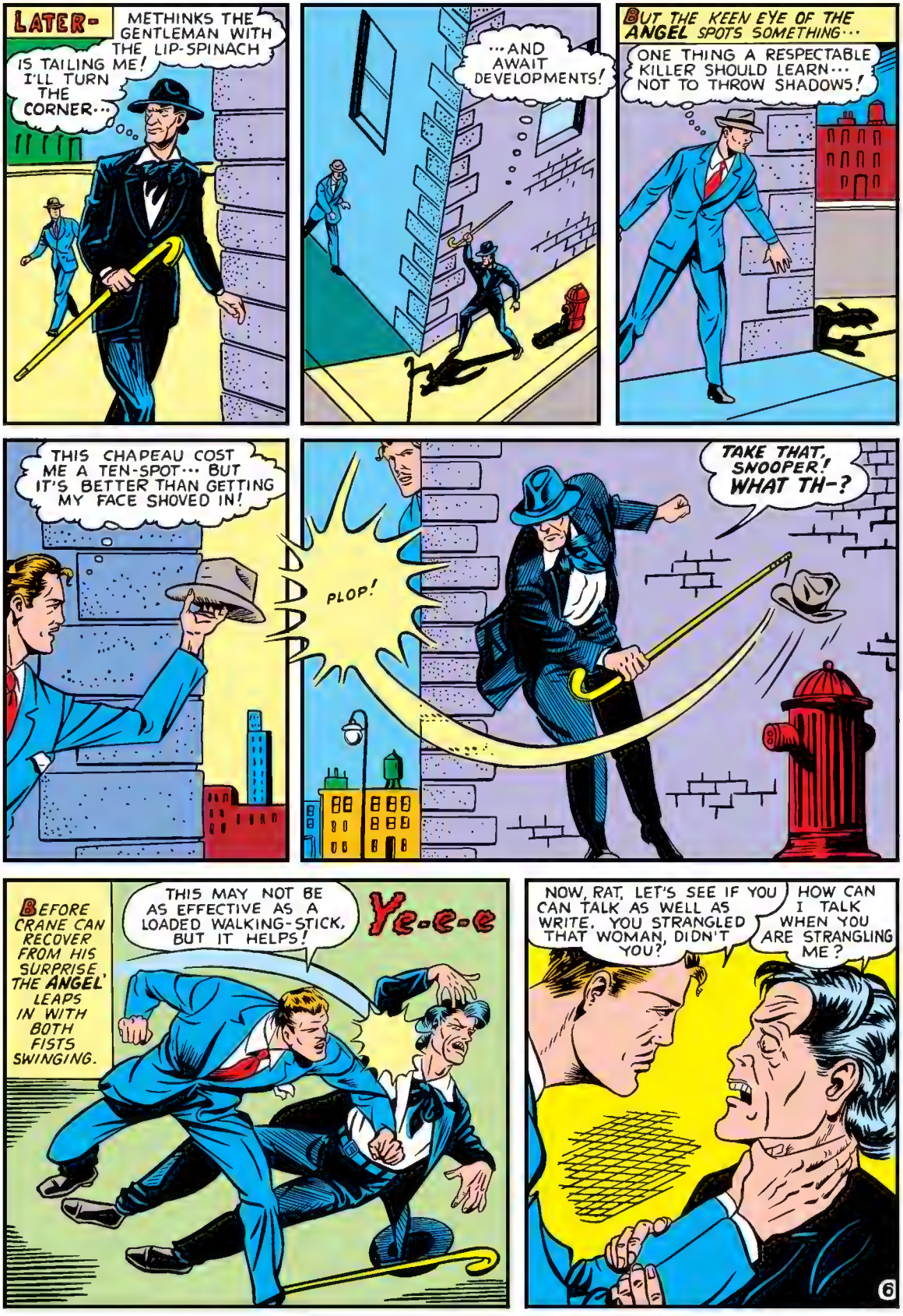

The ANGEL
AN ANGEL PUBLICATION
Murder Mystery
MAGAZINE
GENIUS FOR MURDER
BY JAEDIKER AND SCHROTTER
WHEN DEATH TURNS AUTHOR, WATCH OUT FOR THE WHITE CARNATION! HE IS GOING PLACES, WITH A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER IN ONE HAND AND A GUN IN THE OTHER, AND NO ONE CAN STOP HIM! DID WE SAY NO ONE? GUESS WE FORGOT THE ANGEL!

GREENWICH VILLAGE, HEART OF THE BIG TOWN'S ARTIST-WRITER COLONY··· NOW, IF YOU COULD LIFT THE ROOF OFF THAT QUAINT LOOKING BUILDING AT THE LEFT····
··· YOU WOULD SEE MR. CALEB CRANE···
EVERY TIME I COME IN HERE, MR. CRANE, I GET THE CHILLS! WHY MUST EVERYTHING BE BLACK?
MY DEAR MRS. MC GINTY. BLACK INSPIRES ME! BLACK, WITH A TOUCH OF WHITE! BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND··· ONLY A GENIUS KNOWS.
IF HE DIDN'T GET AN INCOME FROM SOME DEAD RELATIVE'S ESTATE, HE'D BE A GENIUS AT RENT-DODGING – LIKE THE REST OF MY BRILLIANT TENANTS.
LETTER FOR MISTER CRANE.
KNOCK
KNOCK
DIDJA SELL A STORY?
NO, BLAST IT! BUT I DIDN'T GET A REJECTION-SLIP THIS TIME. THE EDITOR SENT A LETTER···
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINES
You have talent Mr. Crane, but no knowledge of crime Why not write about things you know? It helps.
James Dodd, EDITOR
SO··· I NEED PERSONAL EXPERIENCE TO WRITE ABOUT CRIME! WELL····
2

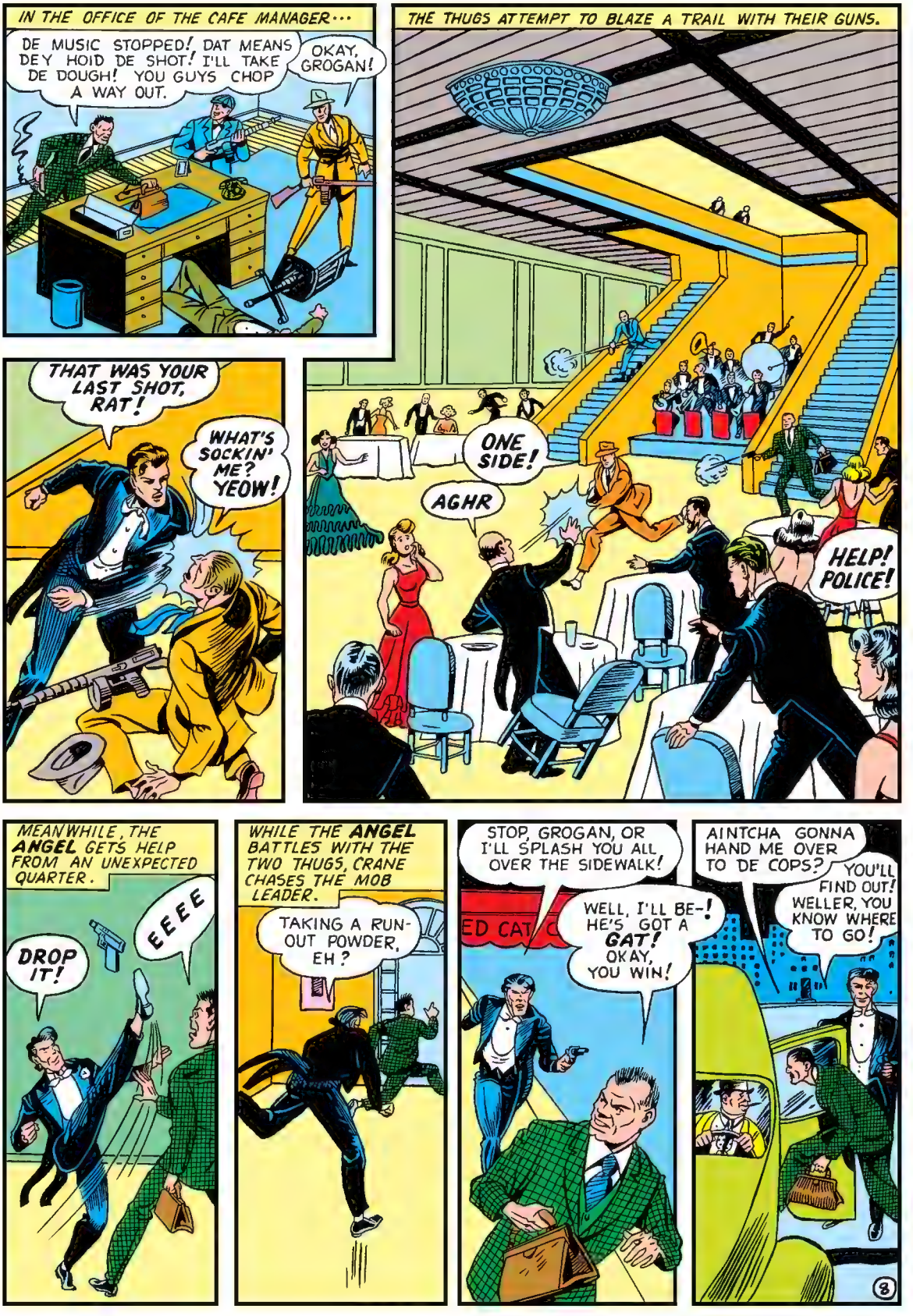

THAT NIGHT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STROLLS ON A RESIDENTIAL STREET— THE ANGEL!
SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM! MUST BE DOWN THE BLOCK!
AI-YI-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E
THE ANGEL WAS RIGHT...
AGHRRR
WHAT A SOFT THROAT YOU HAVE- AND WHAT LOVELY PEARLS!
THERE! IT'S DONE! THE FIRST STEP ON MY PATH TO FAME! NOW TO... WHAT TH-?
I'LL TAKE THESE TO REMEMBER YOU BY...
... AND LEAVE THIS AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.
GUIDED BY HIS CRIME-CRUSHING INSTINCT, THE ANGEL RUSHES UP...
... HE THROWS A PUNCH AT RANDOM- BUT, IN THE DARKNESS, STRIKES ONLY A GLANCING BLOW.
OWW! MY HAND!
JUST AS QUICKLY, THE BLACK MENACE HITS BACK!
I ABHOR VIOLENCE, BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!
YEOW
3


I'D BETTER HIT FOR THE NEXT ALLEY··· IN CASE HE RECOVERS TOO FAST!
HE'S COMING! HERE'S WHERE HE GETS A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
BANG!
DAZED, BUT RAGING, THE ANGEL SWINGS INTO THE ALLEY.
THAT MUST BE THE DOOR I HEARD SLAM··· WHICH MEANS HE WENT INTO THE CELLAR
NO ONE HERE! GUESS HE PULLED A GRAND SLAM ON ME! AND DID I FALL FOR IT!!!
HE'S GONE··· BUT, THAT WOMAN ISN'T! MAYBE I'LL FIND A CLUE!
A KILLER WHO LEAVES WHITE CARNATIONS INSTEAD OF LILLIES. I'D BETTER TIP THE COPS!
MEANWHILE···
THAT CHASE WASN'T ON MY PROGRAM- BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL! NOW I KNOW HOW A MURDERER REALLY FEELS WHEN SOMEONE'S REALLY ON HIS TRAIL!
STILL SHAKY! BETTER SNAP OUT OF IT! GOT TO WRITE WHILE I'M HOT!
RED HOT···
A red mist passed over the killer's eyes as his thumbs dug into her throat All he could hear was the sound of his own breathing. The woman had stopped breathing.
4

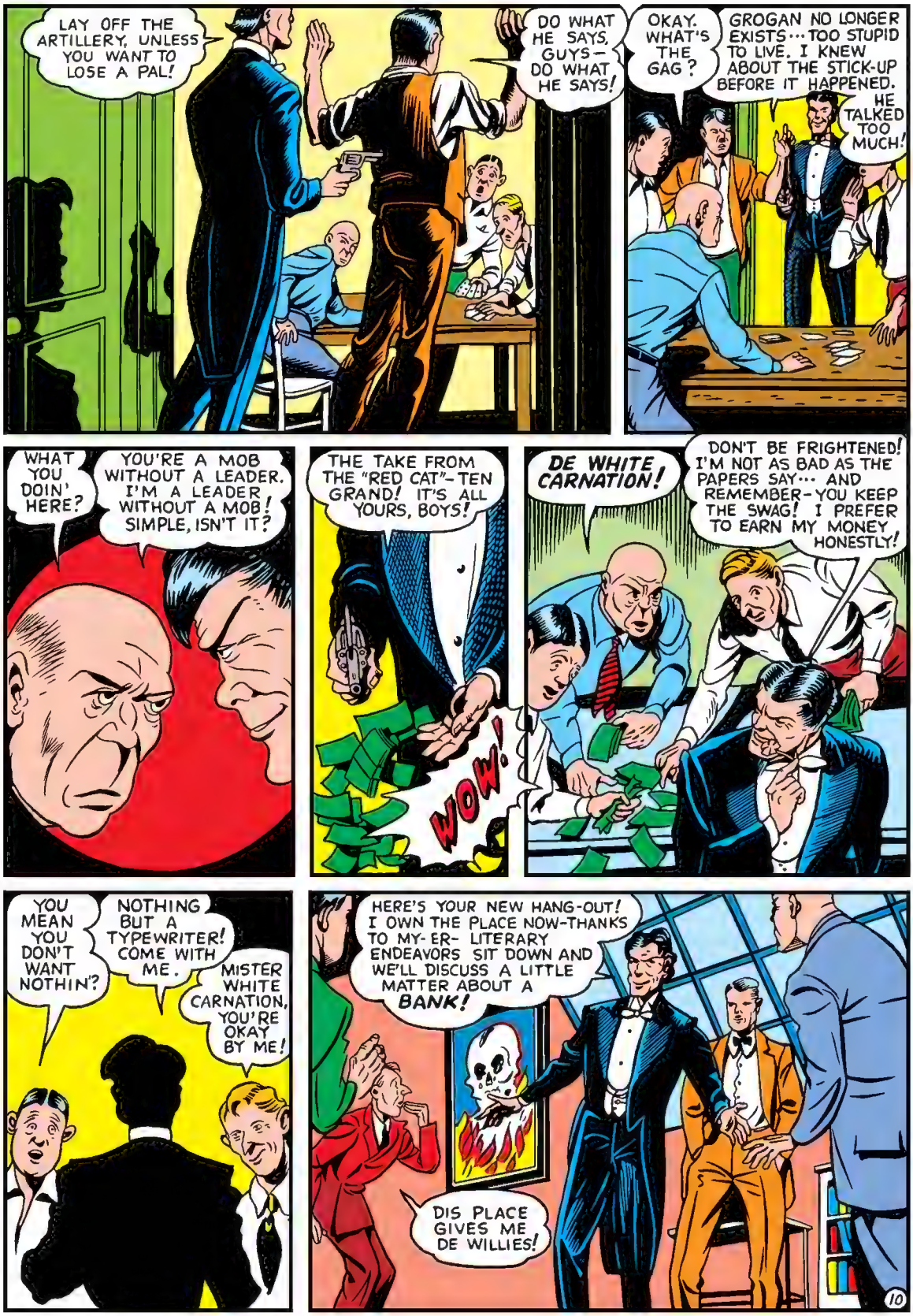

NEXT DAY A NEATLY TYPED MANUSCRIPT ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF A WELL-KNOWN MAGAZINE.
ANOTHER YARN FROM THAT NEW WRITER, CRANE. PRETTY GOOD, TOO!
I CAN JUST ABOUT IMAGINE! HARRUMPF!
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINE
EDITOR
WOW! DID YOU SAY PRETTY GOOD? THIS IS TERRIFIC! IT READS AS IF THE AUTHOR OPENED UP THE SKULL OF A KILLER TO SEE WHAT MADE HIM TICK. I'LL BUY IT AT ONCE!
CRANE'S STORY APPEARS IN PRINT AND DRAWS THE EYE OF AN INTERESTED READER.
I'VE NEVER READ A FICTION STORY SO REALISTIC! SAY, WHAT'S THIS?
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINE
DEATH STORIES MAGAZINE
The killer sighed: "I Abhor "Violence" he said, "but you leave me no choice!"
NOW, WHERE DID I HEAR THAT BEFORE?
I KNOW! THE STRANGLER THEY'RE CALLING THE WHITE CARNATION! HE SAID IT WHEN HE SOCKED ME! I'VE GOT A CLUE, BY GEORGE!
THE ANGEL HURRIES TO THE MAGAZINE OFFICE...
I'M ASSISTANT STORY EDITOR FOR COLOSSAL FILMS. WE WANT TO CONTACT CALEB CRANE
WE SEND HIS CHECKS TO A POST OFFICE BOX, NUMBER 41- DOWNTOWN BRANCH.
THE TRAIL TAKES THE ANGEL TO THE POST OFFICE.
HERE'S HOPING HE CALLS FOR HIS FAN MAIL!
FOR VICTORY
BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS
LETTER-B
BOX 41! NOW TO TAIL HIM TO HIS HOUSE AND GIVE THE PLACE A ONCE-OVER!
LETTER-BO


LATER-
METHINKS THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE LIP-SPINACH IS TAILING ME! I'LL TURN THE CORNER···
···AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!
BUT THE KEEN EYE OF THE ANGEL SPOTS SOMETHING···
ONE THING A RESPECTABLE KILLER SHOULD LEARN··· NOT TO THROW SHADOWS!
THIS CHAPEAU COST ME A TEN-SPOT··· BUT IT'S BETTER THAN GETTING MY FACE SHOVED IN!
PLOP!
TAKE THAT, SNOOPER! WHAT TH-?
BEFORE CRANE CAN RECOVER FROM HIS SURPRISE, THE ANGEL LEAPS IN WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING.
THIS MAY NOT BE AS EFFECTIVE AS A LOADED WALKING-STICK, BUT IT HELPS!
Ye-e-e
NOW, RAT, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TALK AS WELL AS WRITE. YOU STRANGLED THAT WOMAN, DIDN'T YOU?
HOW CAN I TALK WHEN YOU ARE STRANGLING ME?
6

A KILLER IN ONE OF YOUR BLOOD-AND-THUNDER YARNS TALKS EXACTLY LIKE A REAL MURDERER KNOWN AS THE WHITE CARNATION! HOW COME?
PURE COINCIDENCE!
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY! EVERY WORD MATCHED
RATHER FILMSY EVIDENCE, ISN'T IT, TO PIN A MURDER ON A WRITER OF MYSTERY STORIES?
I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT
OKAY, CRANE! MY ERROR.
I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL! I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
MAYBE I'VE GOT HIM WRONG, BUT I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
LATER..
BRNRNNNG
THAT MUST BE WELLER ABOUT TIME!
DIS IS WELLER! DERE'S A RUMOR DAT GROGAN'S MOB IS GONNA STICK UP DE RED CAT CAFE! TOMORROW!
GOOD WORK! I'LL SLIP YOU SOME-THING AFTER THE HOLD-UP!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, IN THE RED CAT CAFE...
NOW TO ENJOY MYSELF!
THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT SHADOWING CRANE, YOU GO PLACES!
SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE RHYTHMIC DIN OF SWING MUSIC, COMES AN OFF-KEY NOTE. SHARP BUT IRRESISTIBLE!
BANG!
7


IN THE OFFICE OF THE CAFE MANAGER···
DE MUSIC STOPPED! DAT MEANS DEY HOID DE SHOT! I'LL TAKE DE DOUGH! YOU GUYS CHOP A WAY OUT.
OKAY, GROGAN!
THE THUGS ATTEMPT TO BLAZE A TRAIL WITH THEIR GUNS.
THAT WAS YOUR LAST SHOT, RAT!
WHAT'S SOCKIN' ME? YEOW!
ONE SIDE!
AGHR
HELP! POLICE!
MEANWHILE, THE ANGEL GETS HELP FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.
EEEE
DROP IT!
WHILE THE ANGEL BATTLES WITH THE TWO THUGS, CRANE CHASES THE MOB LEADER.
TAKING A RUN-OUT POWDER, EH?
STOP, GROGAN, OR I'LL SPLASH YOU ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!
WELL, I'LL BE-! HE'S GOT A GAT! OKAY, YOU WIN!
AINTCHA GONNA HAND ME OVER TO DE COPS?
YOU'LL FIND OUT! WELLER, YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO!
8

MEANWHILE, POLICE ARRIVE AT THE CAFE.
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY! NO WONDER··· THE ANGEL!
THEIR LEADER GOT AWAY, BUT SOMEONE I KNOW GAVE CHASE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK.
THE ANGEL RUNS OUT OF THE CAFE.
CRANE, WHAT HAPPENED?
HE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME!
NICE TRY, ANYWAY! I SURE HAD YOU WRONG!
FORGET IT!
SO LONG, CRANE!
FROM NOW ON I'M LAYING OFF THAT GUY!
YOU SURE GOT A SWELL LINE, MISTER CRANE!
I MUST HAVE, TO FOOL A MAN LIKE THE ANGEL! HERE'S YOUR SHARE, WELLER. DROP ME AT GROGAN'S HIDEOUT.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHAT DO YOU WANT? GROGAN AIN'T HERE··· HEY!
DON'T GET EXCITED! YOU CAN RELAX··· THIS IS JUST A SOCIAL CALL!
NOW, IF ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS GET TOUGH, I'M USING YOU AS A HOSTAGE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO HOSTAGES!!!
YEAH! I READ DE PAPERS, TOO.
9


LAY OFF THE ARTILLERY, UNLESS YOU WANT TO LOSE A PAL!
DO WHAT HE SAYS, GUYS— DO WHAT HE SAYS!
OKAY. WHAT'S THE GAG?
GROGAN NO LONGER EXISTS··· TOO STUPID TO LIVE. I KNEW ABOUT THE STICK-UP BEFORE IT HAPPENED. HE TALKED TOO MUCH!
WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE?
YOU'RE A MOB WITHOUT A LEADER. I'M A LEADER WITHOUT A MOB! SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?
THE TAKE FROM THE "RED CAT"— TEN GRAND! IT'S ALL YOURS, BOYS!
WOW!
DE WHITE CARNATION!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! I'M NOT AS BAD AS THE PAPERS SAY··· AND REMEMBER— YOU KEEP THE SWAG! I PREFER TO EARN MY MONEY HONESTLY!
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT NOTHIN'?
NOTHING BUT A TYPEWRITER! COME WITH ME.
MISTER WHITE CARNATION, YOU'RE OKAY BY ME!
HERE'S YOUR NEW HANG-OUT! I OWN THE PLACE NOW-THANKS TO MY- ER- LITERARY ENDEAVORS SIT DOWN AND WE'LL DISCUSS A LITTLE MATTER ABOUT A BANK!
DIS PLACE GIVES ME DE WILLIES!
10

GUIDED BY THE WHITE CARNATION, THE MOB STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN, PROVIDING A WEALTH OF STORY-MATERIAL FOR CALEB CRANE'S TYPEWRITER.

AFTER EACH STORY IS WRITTEN, CRANE READS IT TO AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

"THE POLICEMAN'S HAND WENT TO HIS HOLSTER, BUT SMITTY WAS FASTER. HIS FINGER TUGGED AT THE TRIGGER..."

JUST A MINUTE, BOSS!

YOU DON'T TUG ON A TRIGGER. YOU SQUEEZE DE GUN!

I STAND CORRECTED. THANKS FOR THE CRITICISM!

BUT... ONE DAY, WHILE THE MOB GROWS RICHER AND THE NAME OF CALEB CRANE MORE FAMOUS...

BODY OF GROGAN, BIG-TIME MOBSTER, FOUND IN RIVER

LESS THAN A DIME FOUND IN POCKETS

GROGAN GRABBED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. THAT MEANS HE WAS HIJACKED! I WONDER IF CRANE...

Daily Star

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS!

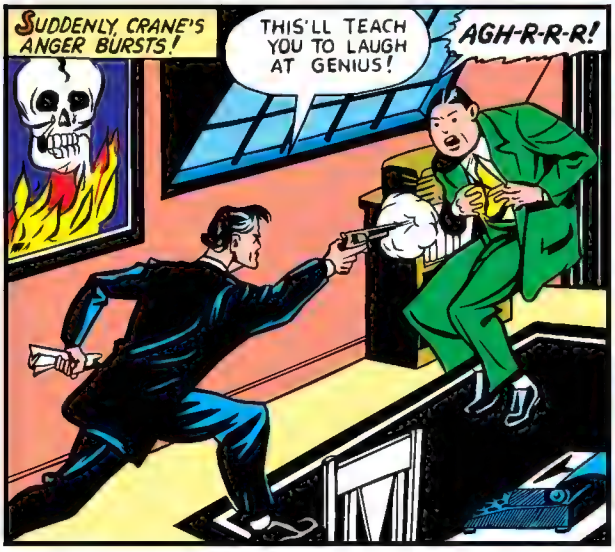
THE ANGEL HIRES A SMALL OFFICE...

MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE

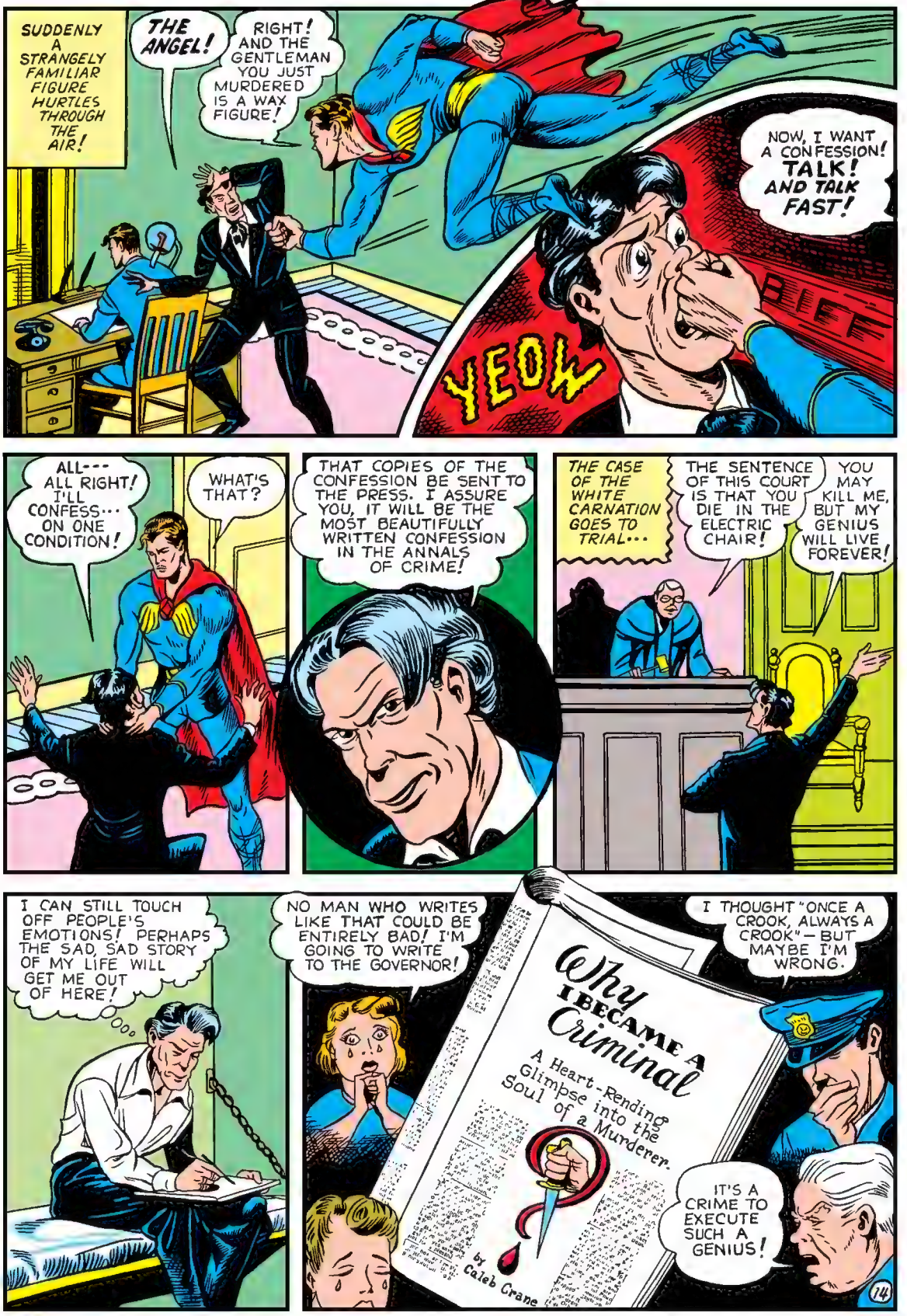
NOW TO PLANT THAT PHONEY AD IN THE AUTHORS' BULLETIN.

MURDER
MYSTERY
MAGAZINE
OFFERS A NEW FIELD TO THE WRITER! RATES RANGE FROM ONE TO FOUR CENTS A WORD.
FINE WRITING WELCOMED.
SEND IN YOUR STORIES AT ONCE!

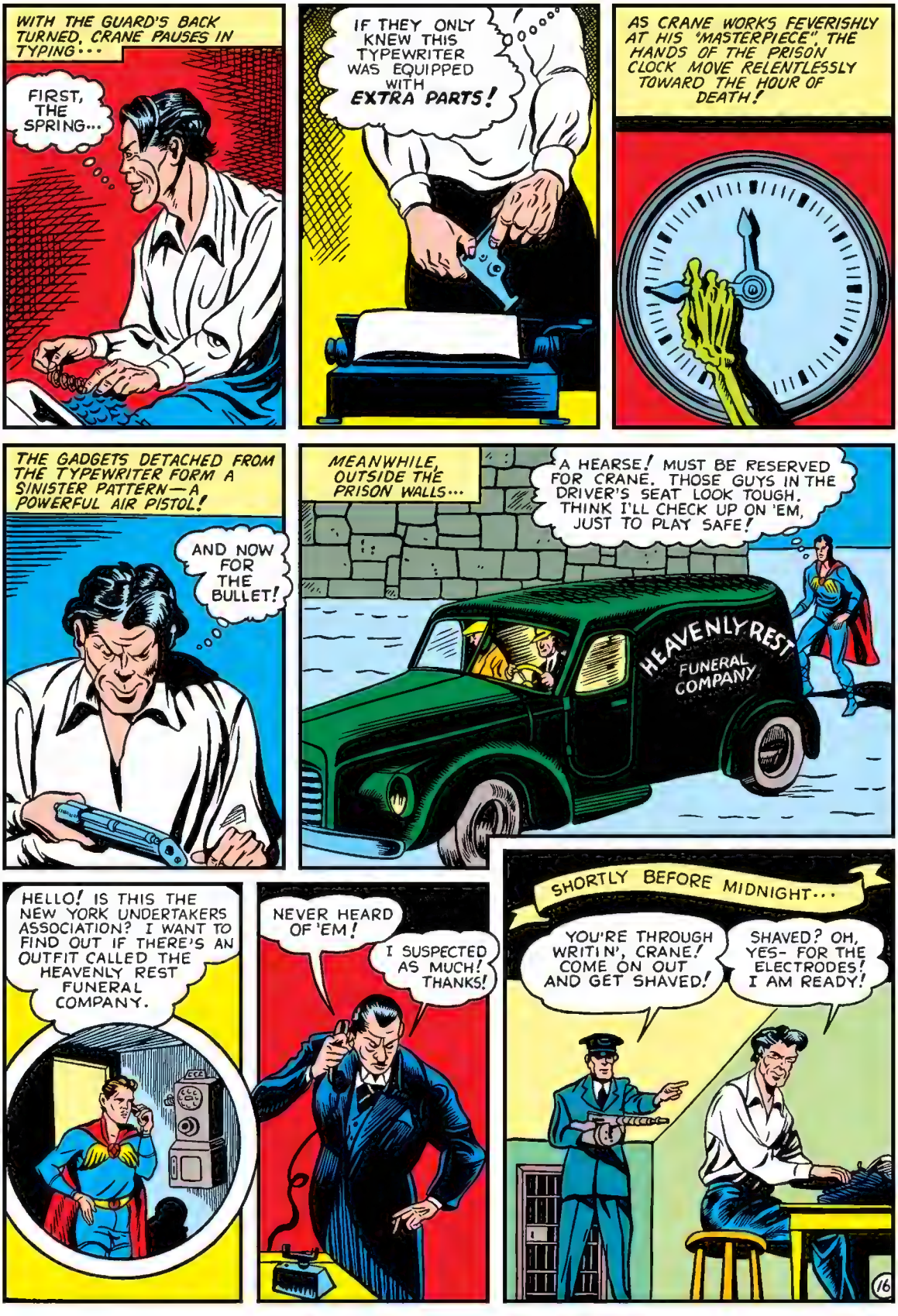
APPROVED BY CRANE'S EXPERTS, THE STORY IS SUBMITTED BY MAIL.

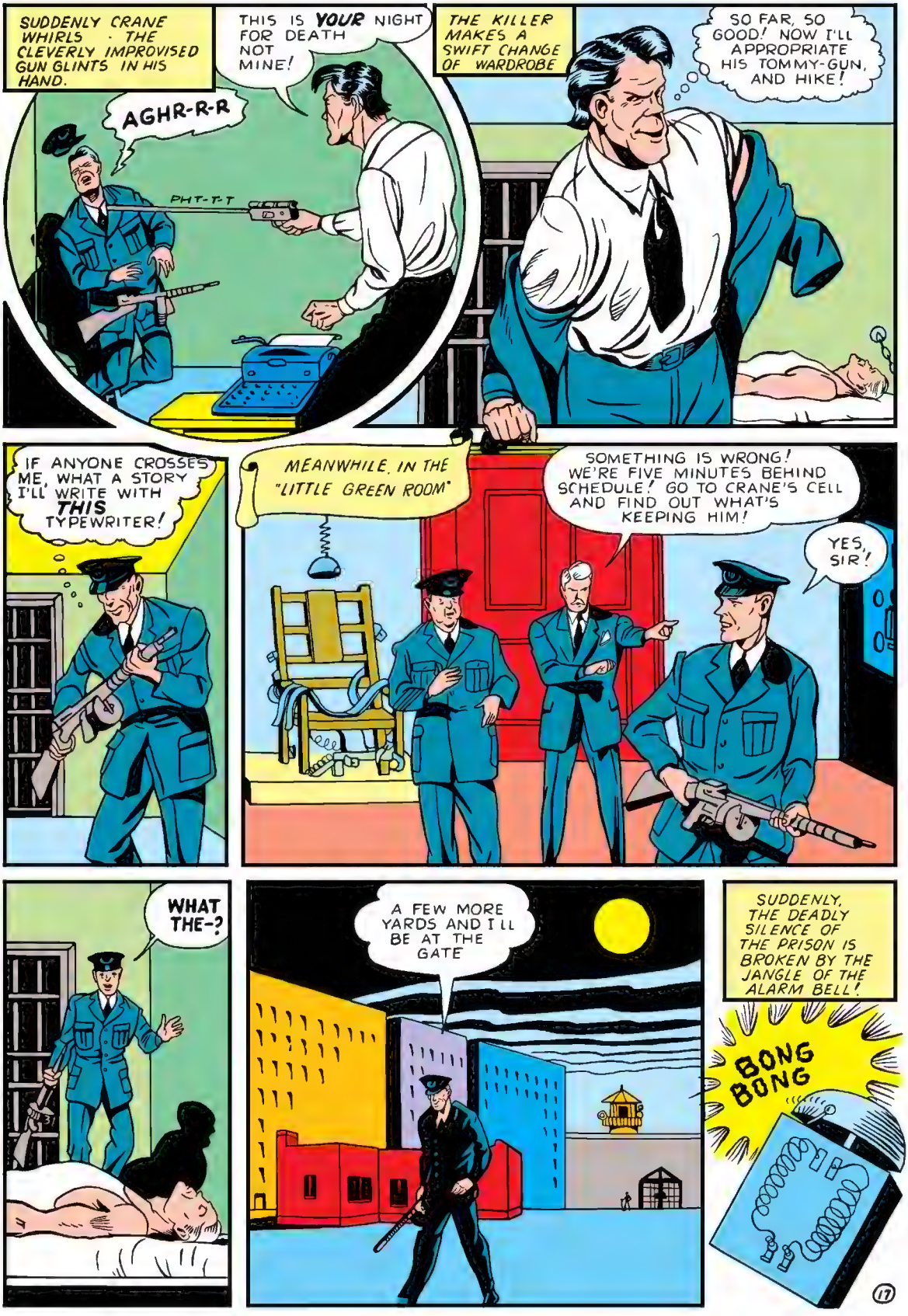


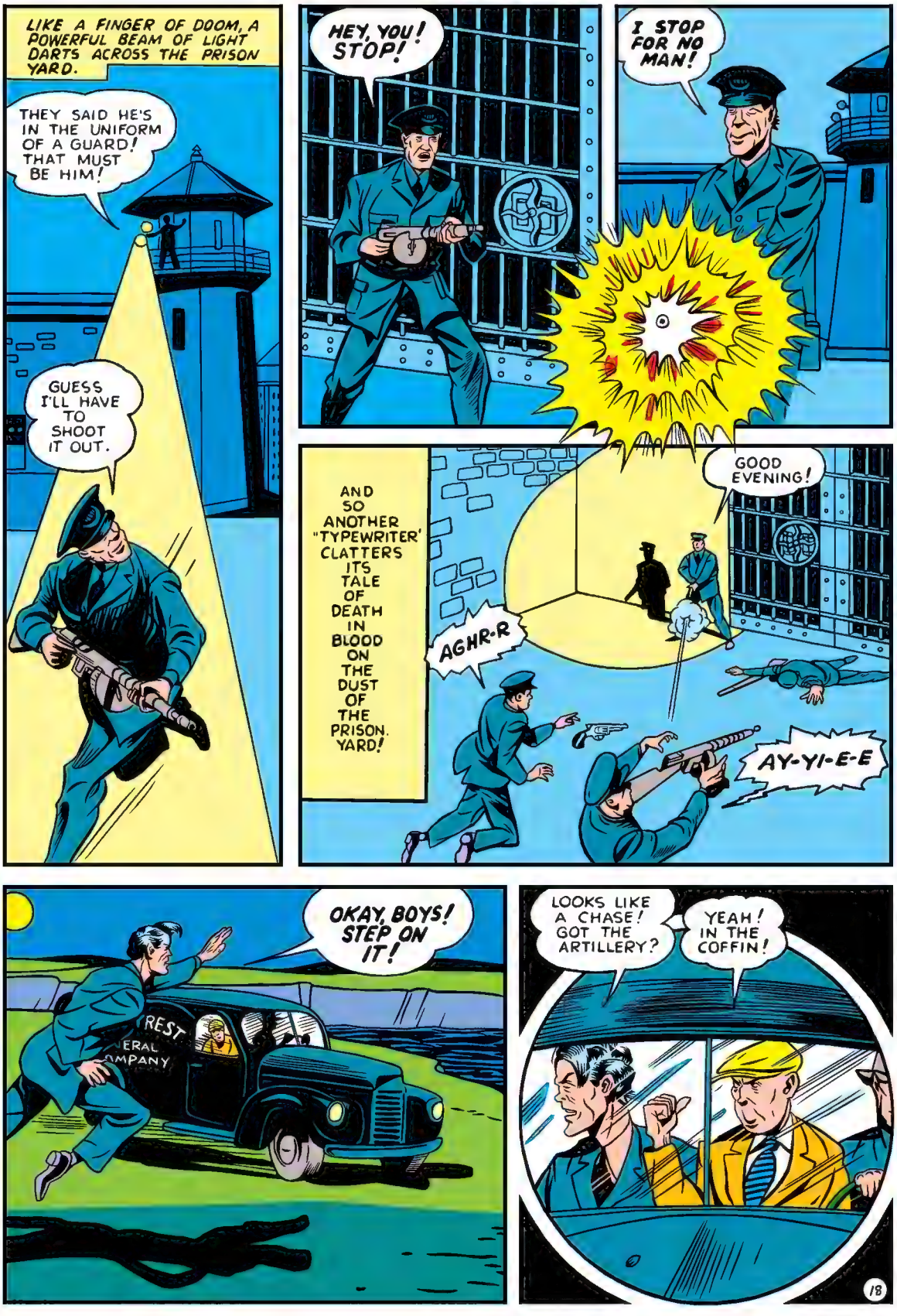
HELLO! MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE? THIS IS THE "AUTHORS BULLETIN" WE'D LIKE TO GET A LIST OF WRITERS WHO ARE SUBMITTING YARNS TO YOU...
GLAD TO HELP YOU... HERE ARE SOME NAMES... SIMON FITZJAMES, CALEB CRANE, FRANK TOUPE, HOWARD SMITH-
NOW, HERE'S WHERE I PICK A FALL GUY! AFTER ALL, EVEN A WHITE CARNATION CAN'T KILL AN EDITOR WITHOUT PINNING THE CRIME ON SOMEONE ELSE!
This is the third story you rejected. Any editor who doesn't know a good story when he sees it deserves to die — So, Beware! Howard Smith
WHEN THE COPS FIND THIS LETTER NEAR THE BODY...
... THEY'LL FIGURE SMITH KILLED MISTER EDITOR! WHICH IS JUST TOO BAD FOR SMITH!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, CRANE MOVES TO EXECUTE HIS PLAN OF MURDER.
HERE'S WHERE MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE GETS A REAL MYSTERY STORY!
A GUN'S TOO NOISY FOR THIS KIND OF JOB! BETTER USE A KNIFE!
MURDER MYSTERY MAGAZINE
EYES AGLEAM WITH LAUGHING MADNESS, CRANE KNIFES THE FIGURE.
SO... MY STORY WAS THE WORST YOU EVER READ! MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
13


SUDDENLY A STRANGELY FAMILIAR FIGURE HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR!
THE ANGEL!
RIGHT! AND THE GENTLEMAN YOU JUST MURDERED IS A WAX FIGURE!
NOW, I WANT A CONFESSION! TALK! AND TALK FAST!
BIFF
YEOW
ALL--- ALL RIGHT! I'LL CONFESS··· ON ONE CONDITION!
WHAT'S THAT?
THAT COPIES OF THE CONFESSION BE SENT TO THE PRESS. I ASSURE YOU, IT WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN CONFESSION IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!
THE CASE OF THE WHITE CARNATION GOES TO TRIAL···
THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT IS THAT YOU DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
YOU MAY KILL ME, BUT MY GENIUS WILL LIVE FOREVER!
I CAN STILL TOUCH OFF PEOPLE'S EMOTIONS! PERHAPS THE SAD, SAD STORY OF MY LIFE WILL GET ME OUT OF HERE!
NO MAN WHO WRITES LIKE THAT COULD BE ENTIRELY BAD! I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE GOVERNOR!
Why I BECAME A Criminal
A Heart-Rending Glimpse into the Soul of a Murderer.
by Caleb Crane
I THOUGHT "ONCE A CROOK, ALWAYS A CROOK"— BUT MAYBE I'M WRONG.
IT'S A CRIME TO EXECUTE SUCH A GENIUS!
74

THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE IS SWAMPED WITH APPEALS TO COMMUTE THE DEATH SENTENCE
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GRANT A REPRIEVE. THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S AROUSED!
DON'T BE SWAYED BY CHEAP EMOTION. CRANE HASN'T REFORMED-IT'S JUST AN ACT!
CRANE'S ATTORNEY BRINGS THE GOVERNOR'S DECISION TO HIS CLIENT.
SORRY, CRANE! NO REPRIEVE!
THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER WAY OUT. LISTEN!
LATER...
WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO LET MY CLIENT HAVE A TYPEWRITER, WARDEN? HE WANTS TO RECORD HIS EMOTIONS BEFORE GOING TO THE CHAIR... BUT TIME'S TOO SHORT FOR LONG-HAND.
OF COURSE!
I'LL LEND HIM MINE!
HE WANTS ONE MADE-TO-ORDER. THERE'S A CERTAIN TYPEWRITER SHOP WHERE HE BUYS THEM. HERE'S THE MONEY! YOU CAN SEND A GUARD.
AT A CERTAIN TYPEWRITER SHOP...
HERE'S THE DOUGH! HE SAID YOU'D KNOW. WHAT KIND OF MACHINE TO MAKE
AH, YES. I KNOW!
LATER...
CRANE'S TYPEWRITER, WARDEN!
PUT IT ON THE DESK WE'LL GIVE IT A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.
NO SAWS OR GUNS! TAKE IT TO HIM.
AH! NOW I CAN WRITE... WRITE FOR POSTERITY! THE WORLD WILL HOLD IT'S BREATH AS IT READS MY SAGA OF DOOM!
HOW'S THE NEW MACHINE?
IT WORKS BEAUTIFULLY-
BEAUTIFULLY!
15

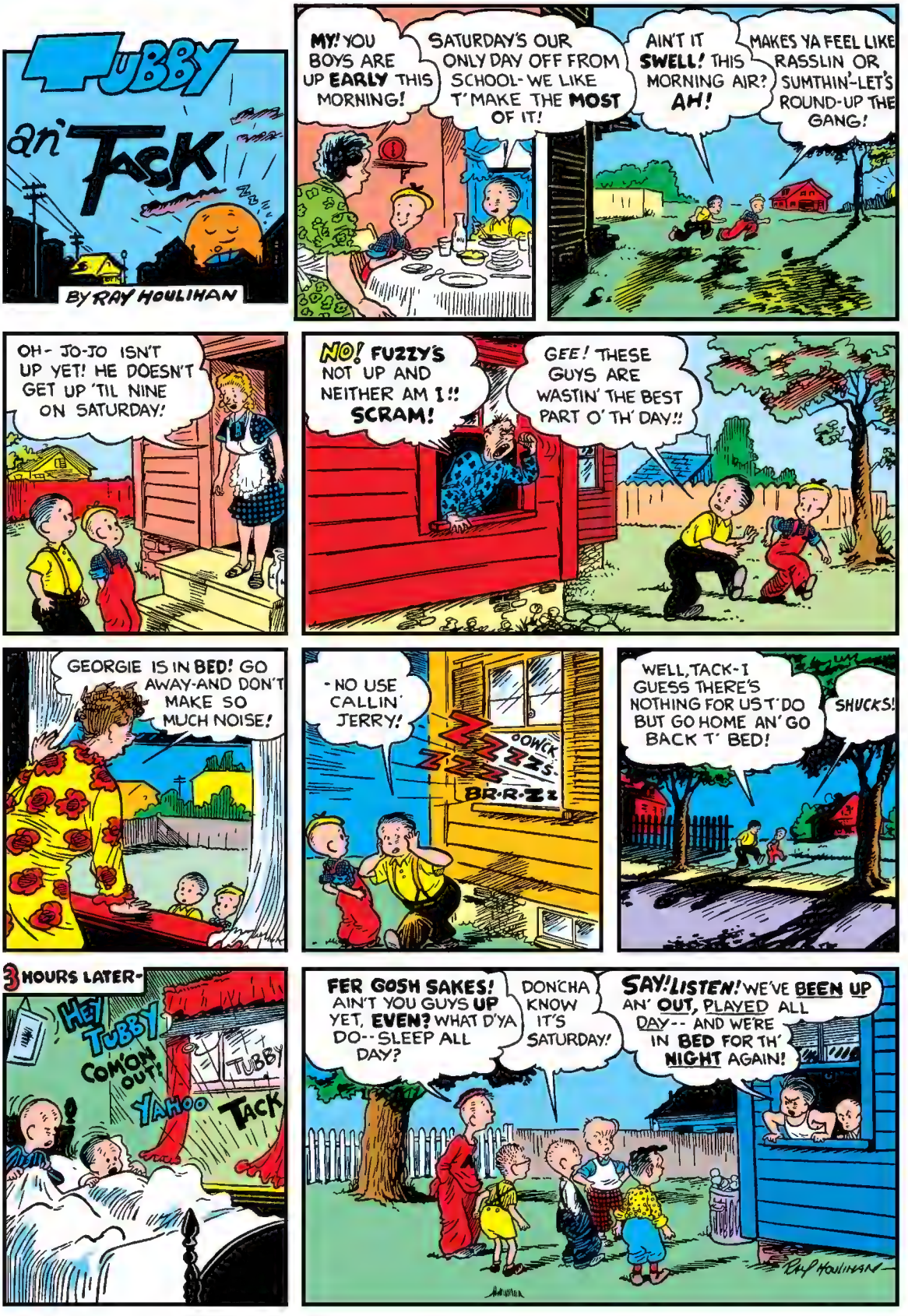

WITH THE GUARD'S BACK TURNED, CRANE PAUSES IN TYPING...
FIRST, THE SPRING...
IF THEY ONLY KNEW THIS TYPEWRITER WAS EQUIPPED WITH EXTRA PARTS!
AS CRANE WORKS FEVERISHLY AT HIS "MASTERPIECE", THE HANDS OF THE PRISON CLOCK MOVE RELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE HOUR OF DEATH!
THE GADGETS DETACHED FROM THE TYPEWRITER FORM A SINISTER PATTERN—A POWERFUL AIR PISTOL!
AND NOW FOR THE BULLET!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...
A HEARSE! MUST BE RESERVED FOR CRANE. THOSE GUYS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT LOOK TOUGH. THINK I'LL CHECK UP ON 'EM, JUST TO PLAY SAFE!
HEAVENLY REST FUNERAL COMPANY
HELLO! IS THIS THE NEW YORK UNDERTAKERS ASSOCIATION? I WANT TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S AN OUTFIT CALLED THE HEAVENLY REST FUNERAL COMPANY.
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM!
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH! THANKS!
SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT...
YOU'RE THROUGH WRITIN', CRANE! COME ON OUT AND GET SHAVED!
SHAVED? OH, YES- FOR THE ELECTRODES! I AM READY!
16


SUDDENLY CRANE WHIRLS · THE CLEVERLY IMPROVISED GUN GLINTS IN HIS HAND.
THIS IS YOUR NIGHT FOR DEATH NOT MINE!
AGHR-R-R
PHT-T-T
THE KILLER MAKES A SWIFT CHANGE OF WARDROBE
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW I'LL APPROPRIATE HIS TOMMY-GUN, AND HIKE!
IF ANYONE CROSSES ME, WHAT A STORY I'LL WRITE WITH THIS TYPEWRITER!
MEANWHILE, IN THE "LITTLE GREEN ROOM"
SOMETHING IS WRONG! WE'RE FIVE MINUTES BEHIND SCHEDULE! GO TO CRANE'S CELL AND FIND OUT WHAT'S KEEPING HIM!
YES, SIR!
WHAT THE-?
A FEW MORE YARDS AND I'LL BE AT THE GATE
SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY SILENCE OF THE PRISON IS BROKEN BY THE JANGLE OF THE ALARM BELL!
BONG BONG
17


LIKE A FINGER OF DOOM, A POWERFUL BEAM OF LIGHT DARTS ACROSS THE PRISON YARD.
THEY SAID HE'S IN THE UNIFORM OF A GUARD! THAT MUST BE HIM!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT.
HEY, YOU! STOP!
I STOP FOR NO MAN!
AND SO ANOTHER "TYPEWRITER" CLATTERS ITS TALE OF DEATH IN BLOOD ON THE DUST OF THE PRISON YARD!
GOOD EVENING!
AGHR-R
AY-YI-E-E
OKAY, BOYS! STEP ON IT!
LOOKS LIKE A CHASE! GOT THE ARTILLERY?
YEAH! IN THE COFFIN!

BUNS BLAST THE NIGHT AS THE HEARSE OF THE "HEAVENLY REST FUNERAL COMPANY" LEADS A STRANGE PROCESSION ALONG THE ROAD.
MY GUN'S JAMMED!
AN' I AM RUNNING OUTTA AMMUNITION!
I'LL GET THE GUNS IN THE COFFIN AND ATTACK FROM THE REAR!
AND TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE BEEN LYING IN THERE! HOW SAD!
AS CRANE LIFTS THE LID, A STARTLING FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE CASKET!
YOU'LL LIE THERE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
THE ANGEL!
WOW! IT AIN'T ENOUGH DAT DE COPS IS ON OUR TAILS··· BUT DE BOSS HAS TO GET JAMMED UP WIT DE ANGEL!
YOU WANTED GUNS··· HOW ABOUT A NICE, JUICY FIST!
YEOWEEE!
BAM!
SLOW UP WHILE I GET A BEAD ON HIM!
19

AS THE ANGEL FLATTENS CRANE, A GUN SPEAKS FROM THE CAB OF THE HEARSE.
MISSED!
ZING!
GRABBING A GUN FROM THE COFFIN, THE ANGEL HURLS IT!
RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZLE!
LAST MILE....
IS THE ANGEL IN THERE?
DON'T WORRY- YOU'LL SEE HIM BEFORE YOU BURN!
STOP THE HEARSE, OR IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!
O-O-O-KAY, M-M-M-MISTER!
CRANE AND COMPANY ARE REMOVED FROM THE HEARSE...
NICE WORK, ANGEL! NOW WE'LL GO BACK AND PROCEED WITH THE EXECUTION.
YES, WARDEN.
HEAVENLY RE FUNERAL COMPANY
THIS DESCRIBES MY LAST HOURS IN THE DEATH HOUSE... A GIFT FROM ONE GENIUS TO ANOTHER!
CONVEY MY THANKS TO MY PUBLIC, WARDEN TELL THEM I DIED FOR MY ART!
AS A LETHAL CHARGE CRASHES THROUGH THE CONDEMNED MAN'S BODY, A FLASH OF ELECTRICITY REVEALS A SHADOW ON THE FLOOR... THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL.
AS THE ANGEL FLIES, SO DOES MARVEL Comics—HIGH! READ "THE ANGEL" IN EVERY ISSUE.


TUBBY an' TACK
BY RAY HOULIHAN
MY! YOU BOYS ARE UP EARLY THIS MORNING!
SATURDAY'S OUR ONLY DAY OFF FROM SCHOOL- WE LIKE T' MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
AIN'T IT SWELL! THIS MORNING AIR? AH!
MAKES YA FEEL LIKE RASSLIN OR SUMTHIN'-LET'S ROUND-UP THE GANG!
OH- JO-JO ISN'T UP YET! HE DOESN'T GET UP 'TIL NINE ON SATURDAY!
NO! FUZZY'S NOT UP AND NEITHER AM I!! SCRAM!
GEE! THESE GUYS ARE WASTIN' THE BEST PART O' TH' DAY!!
GEORGIE IS IN BED! GO AWAY-AND DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE!
- NO USE CALLIN' JERRY!
OOWCK ZZZ BR-R-Z
WELL, TACK- I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING FOR US T' DO BUT GO HOME AN' GO BACK T' BED!
SHUCKS!
3 HOURS LATER-
HEY TUBBY COM'ON OUT!
YAHOO
TUBBY
TACK
FER GOSH SAKES! AIN'T YOU GUYS UP YET, EVEN? WHAT D'YA DO--SLEEP ALL DAY?
DONCHA KNOW IT'S SATURDAY!
SAY! LISTEN! WE'VE BEEN UP AN' OUT, PLAYED ALL DAY-- AND WE'RE IN BED FOR TH' NIGHT AGAIN!
RAY HOULIHAN

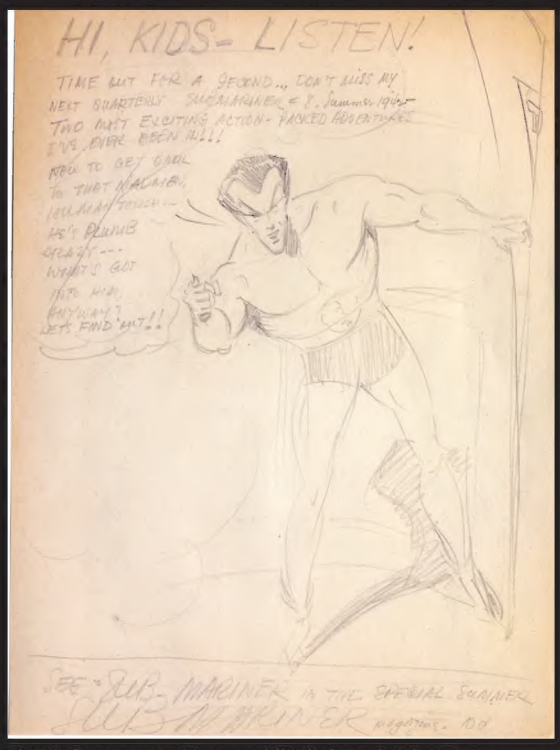
SPECIAL BONUS:

1969 photo of *Sub-Mariner* artist Carl Pfeufer, likely artist of the following sketches. Images provided courtesy of Robert Wiener and Roy Thomas, some of which are reproduced in Roy's book *The Marvel Vault*.

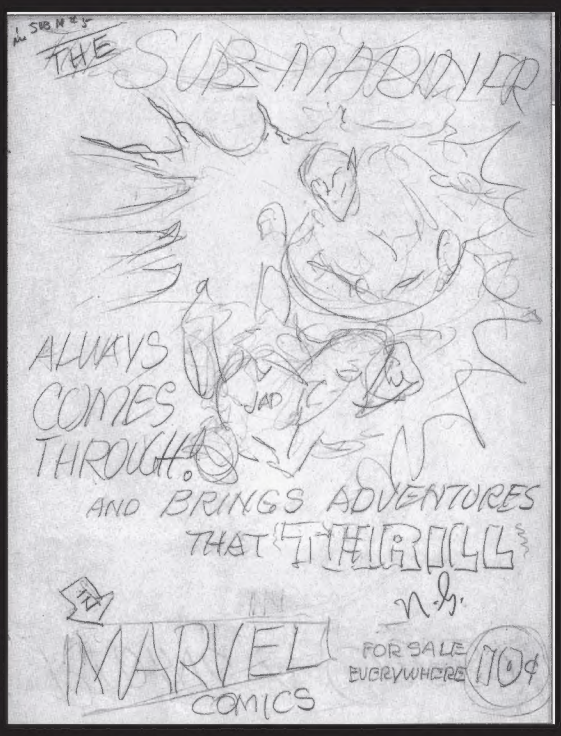
Photo by Wendell Crowley; courtesy of Marc Swayze, Roy Thomas & TwoMorrows Publishing

Smash RETURN!
THE HUMAN TORCH Nº 8
SUB-MARINER Nº6
HELLO, KIDS!
THIS IS JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU IN THE BRAND NEW ISSUES OF OUR OWN MAGAZINES! --- YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE GREAT FIGHT WE HAVE WITH EACH OTHER IN THE AMAZINGLY INTERESTING HUMAN TORCH COMICS Nº 8 --- --AND THE EXCITING UNDERWATER THRILLS WHICH AWAIT YOU IN SUB-MARINER Nº 6 -----NOW DON'T GET THESE MAGAZINES IF YOU CAN'T STAND EXCITEMENT, MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE---BUT IF YOU WANT STORIES PACKED WITH PUNCH --- WE'LL BE SEEIN' YA!!!
--JUST A SAMPLE!
ON SALE SOON! AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
WATCH FOR THEM!!

House ad from *All-Winners Comics #5*


HI, KIDS- LISTEN!
TIME OUT FOR A SECOND... DON'T MISS MY NEXT SMARTEST SUB-MARINER & T. Summer 1942 TWO MATT EXCITING ACTION- PACKED ADVENTURES I'VE EVER BEEN IN!!!
SEE "SUB-MARINER" IN THE SPECIAL SUMMER

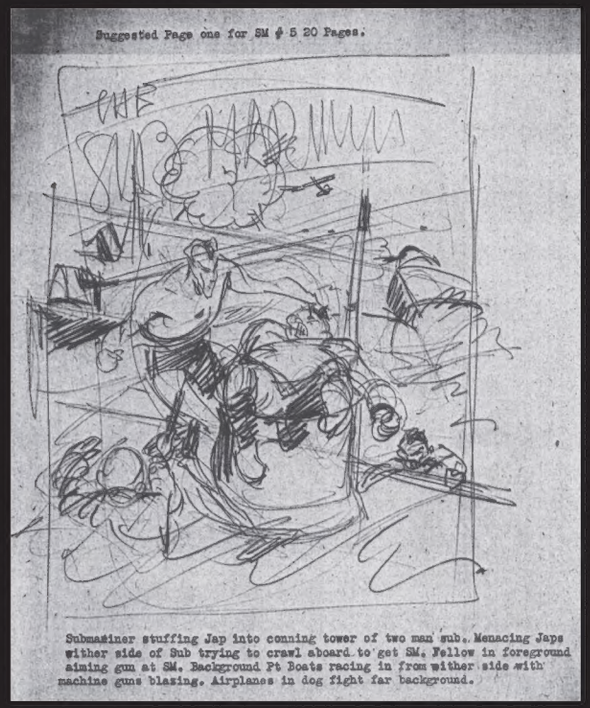
Sketch for an unused house ad likely intended for *Human Torch* #8. *Sub-Mariner Comics* #6 was the Summer 1942 issue, not #8 as described in the ad.



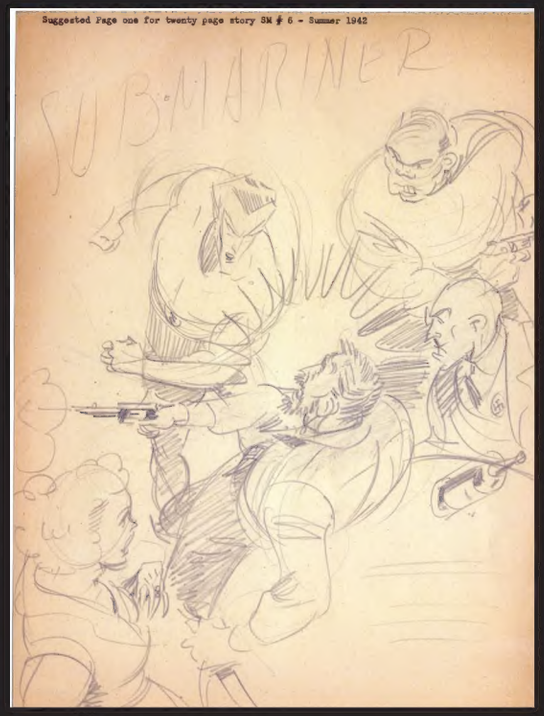
Sketch for an unused house ad for *Marvel Mystery Comics*

Unused and final layout for *Sub-Mariner Comics* #5, page 1

Suggested Page one for SM 20 Pages SM # 5
Jap stuffed into coning tower in background. SM has turned to met of crew and is handing out general pasting to all concerned. Those tossed overboard previously are trying to get back and rip into SM. Ship bearing down in left foreground and planes in fight overhead.


Suggested Page one for SM # 5 20 Pages.
Submariner stuffing Jap into conning tower of two man sub. Menacing Japs wither side of Sub trying to crawl aboard to get SM. Fellow in foreground aiming gun at SM. Background Pt Boats racing in from wither side with machine guns blazing. Airplanes in dog fight far background.

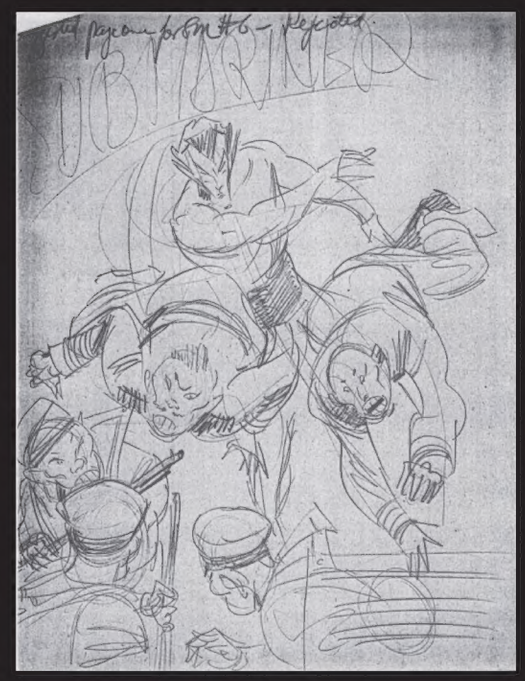
Unused layouts for *Sub-Mariner Comics* #6, page 1

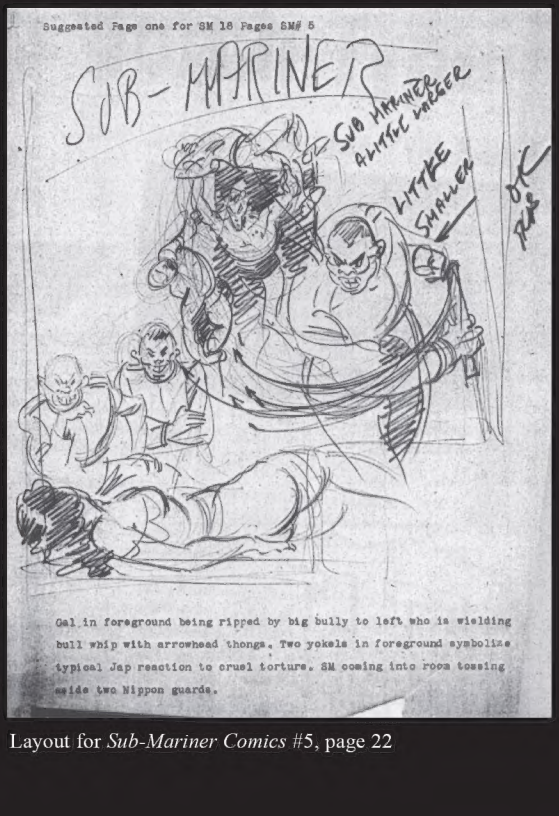


Unused layouts for *Sub-Mariner Comics* #6, page 22

Suggested Page One SM 20 Pages for SM# 5
Submariner jamming oversized Jap into conning tower of two man sub. Right foreground British PT boat with machine guns blazing will rip into Jap. Background cruiser and planes in fight.

Suggested Page one of SM 20 Pages SM # 5
Somewhat similar to last month's SM. However you might like. SM Using oversized Jap to bop off other japs from top side of two man Sub. Ship bearing down in immediate background.




Suggested Page one for SM 18 Pages SM# 5
SUB-MARINER
SUB MARINER A LITTLE LARGER
LITTLE SMALLER
Gal in foreground being ripped by big bully to left who is wielding bull whip with arrowhead thongs. Two yokels in foreground symbolize typical Jap reaction to cruel torture. SM coming into room tossing aside two Nippon guards.

Layout for *Sub-Mariner Comics* #5, page 22

Unused layout with notary stamp for James J. Fitzsimmons, production manager of Lloyd Jacquet's Funnies, Inc.

Unused layout for *Sub-Mariner* pages

The Marvel Masterworks proudly present the world's most famous comics and super heroes from their very beginnings in a series of painstakingly restored archival volumes.

Collecting *Sub-Mariner Comics* #5-8

MARVEL